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THROUGH FORMOSA

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[*Frontispiece*

NATIVES OF THE FORMOSAN HILLS.

THROUGH FORMOSA

AN ACCOUNT OF JAPAN'S ISLAND COLONY

By OWEN RUTTER, F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I.

Author of "British North Borneo," "The Song of Tiadatha," "The Travels of Tiadatha," etc.

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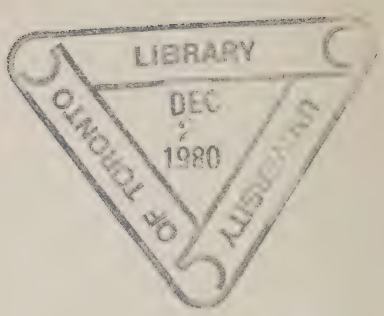

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TO

G. C. I.

Dengan salamat umor panjang.

PREFACE

THIS book, let me say at once, does not pretend to be a record of thrilling adventures or of hairbreadth escapes; nor does it pretend to be a standard work on Formosa. It is the work of a passer-by, who does not profess to have an intimate and exhaustive knowledge of the country such as can be attained only after many years' residence; it is an account of a journey through a beautiful and fascinating, but little-known, island to which foreigners are not usually encouraged to go, an introduction to its romantic history, to its rich natural resources, and to the unhappy story of the fortunes of the brown people who dwell upon its jungle hills.

Thanks to the courtesy of the Government of Formosa I was privileged, during my visit to the island, to look through many windows which ordinarily would have been closed to the traveller, and by the light of my knowledge of other Eastern colonies I have tried to show how in thirty years the Japanese have succeeded, marvellously succeeded, in developing economically what was, when they first took possession of it, little more than a wilderness; and to show too how they have failed, for all their good intentions, in their attempt to settle and administer the native tribes, made intractable by centuries of tyranny and oppression.

I owe a debt of gratitude to the British Consul in Formosa, Mr. G. H. Phipps, who has not only

checked and verified the facts and figures given in these pages, but also given me the benefit of many valuable suggestions. The opinions expressed are my own, and for them I alone am responsible.

The photographs were taken by my wife, with the exception of those on pages 208 and 260, for permission to reproduce which I am indebted to Mr. R. de B. Layard and Mrs. J. B. Montgomery McGovern.

O. R.

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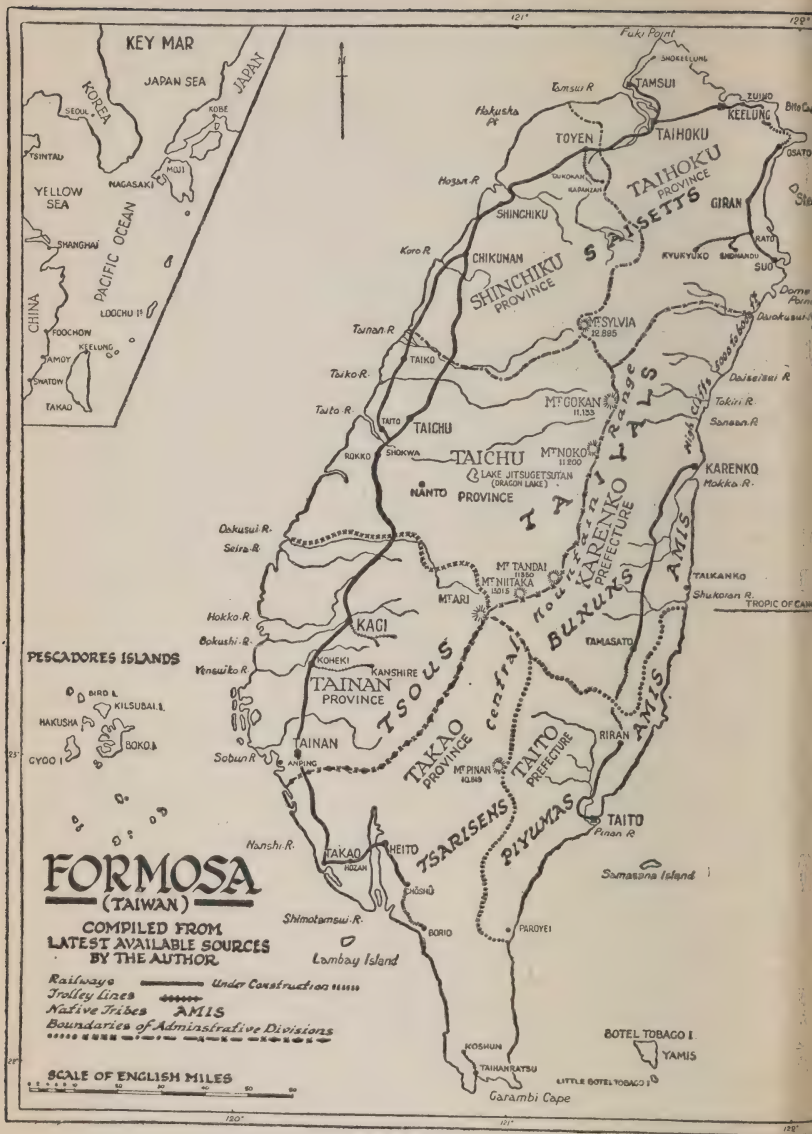

FORMOSA
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SCALE OF ENGLISH MILES
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KOREA
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SHANGHAI
PACIFIC OCEAN
CHINA
LOOCHU I.
FOOCHOW
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TAKAO
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Shimotamsui R.
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PAROYEI
Lambay Island
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YAMIS
KOSHUN
TAIHANRATSU
LITTLE BOTEL TOBAGO I.
Garambi Cape
121°
120°

THROUGH FORMOSA

CHAPTER I

APPROACHING FORMOSA

How we came to visit Formosa—Departure from North Borneo—The *Sourabaya Maru*—We reach Hong Kong—Passport difficulties—Our frustrated shopping expedition—We sail at midnight for Formosa—Arrival at Takao—Some account of Formosan geography—Area and position—The jungle hills of the east and the fertile plains of the west—Early history—Chinese intercourse—Dutch and Spanish settlements—Spaniards driven out by Dutch—Dutch surrender to Koxinga, the Chinese rebel chief—Formosa a dependency of China—The Japanese occupation.

§ 1

"I AM sent by the Governor-General to be your attaché."

These words, uttered by a bowing and bespectacled officer in the black uniform of the Civil Service, greeted my wife and me as we steamed through the narrow portals of Takao, the southern harbour of Formosa.

We were travelling to England from North Borneo by way of Japan and America. Even in the Far East few people know anything of Formosa, the island-colony of the Japanese, which lies in the China Sea, two days' steam north-east of Hong Kong and three south-west of Nagasaki. It is a land far from the beaten track of the tourist, nor has it yet been penetrated by the myrmidons of Thomas Cook. The passing traveller is not en-

couraged, and, unless a foreigner visits the island under the auspices of the Government or speaks Japanese himself, he may well find his path beset with difficulties.

The opportunity of seeing Formosa had been placed in my way by my friend Mr. G. C. Irving, a senior officer of the British North Borneo Civil Service. In North Borneo there is an increasing colony of Japanese, the settlers being mostly of the better class, for Japanese labour, though it has been tried often enough, does not thrive in the tropics. There is a considerable number of them at Tawau, on the east coast, where they cultivate coconuts and rubber, the Kohara Estate owning the largest planted area under rubber in the State. Mr. Irving had been Resident of Tawau at one time, and while there not only had he been able to give the Japanese planters considerable assistance in his official capacity, but he had also found himself on terms of personal friendship with many of them. No people in the world are more eager to return a kindness than the Japanese, and when Mr. and Mrs. Irving were going home on leave, they received and accepted an invitation to visit Formosa as the guests of the Japanese Government. Mr. Irving's account of the little-known country fired us with a desire to see it for ourselves, and when he suggested sending a letter of introduction to the Governor-General, in order that our way might be made easy, we gladly accepted his offer, although at the time we little realized how magical its effects would be.

§ 2

As we were to have many inevitable changes on our journey home, we thought it would be as well to

take advantage of the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, a Japanese line whose boats, on the Japan-Java run, touch at Sandakan, the capital of North Borneo, and the Formosan ports, calling at Hong Kong on the way. Accordingly, against the advice of our friends, we booked our passages by the *Sourabaya Maru.* She was several days late, but in her own good time she dropped her anchor in Sandakan Harbour. As we surveyed her through field-glasses one sunny morning from the veranda of our host's bungalow, our hearts sank. She seemed the only unlovely thing in all that glorious bay, pansy-blue and locked with green jungle hills. She appeared to have no cargo, and her side below the plummet line showed a broad expanse of rusty red, like a flannel petticoat hanging below a dress of dingy black. She was as gaunt as an Eastern fowl. People began to say:

"We told you so. You can't possibly take your wife on a boat like that."

My wife, however, had her own views on the subject, and (in our innocence) we replied:

"Anyhow, it's only four days . . . we can pig it for four days."

At that time the Chinese coolies in North Borneo had instituted a boycott on Japanese ships; consequently the cargo had to be worked by natives. It was said that on a previous visit of the *Sourabaya* the captain, exasperated by the behaviour of a Chinese coolie, had exacted punishment by the simple expedient of dropping the offender overboard, and to avoid the possibility of retaliation or other unpleasantness the ship on this occasion lay out in the harbour instead of coming alongside the wharf.

We were due to sail at eight in the evening, so we embarked at seven. The boat was so high out of the water that the steps from the launch to her iron

deck seemed as unending as the rungs of Jacob's ladder, and as we watched our heavy boxes being dragged up by coolies, at every moment we expected to see them topple over and plunge into the phosphorescent waters of the harbour. We found that our cabin was a fair size, though the portholes obviously had not been opened for weeks, and the saloon, though small, looked cosy. Our spirits began to rise. I discovered a steward and ordered whisky and soda for the friends who had come to see us off. Then the first blow fell. There was no whisky. Not because either the captain or the company had leanings towards the Anti-Saloon League, but merely because it had not occurred to the purser to order any. However, there was Japanese beer, and we had to be content with that.

Having said last good-byes to our friends and watched them clamber hesitatingly down the ship's steps, I made a few inquiries about dinner. Then came the second blow. There was no dinner. It had been served and eaten at 5.30. After a little gentle persuasion the steward brought us some bread and cold meat, but as the boat did not sail till midnight, we regretted that we had not dined with our hosts on shore.

Before turning in we went on deck to take a last look at Sandakan. The lights of the houses glimmered on the hillside; across the harbour came faintly the sound of a gramophone playing a record of Chinese music, rasping as the calls of a flock of seagulls; below us the phosphorescent water, lapping the *Sourabaya's* side, flickered with green fire. As we leant over the rail we felt a few regrets at leaving the jungle country we had come to love, but the thrill that was in our hearts made them seem of small account. We were bound for Home, that ever-desired

haven of the wanderer—particularly when it is far away. Their native heath always has the glamour of the unattainable for the exiles, although those who sigh the loudest for England when they are in the tropics are often the same people who wonder how anyone can live in the place after they have been home three months.

The only place to sit in the *Sourabaya,* apart from the iron decks, was on the captain's bridge, and here, next morning, we made ourselves comfortable in the Kudat chairs we had brought with us. The Kudat chair is a kind of super deck chair, with a foot-rest and convenient holes for glasses in its wooden arms; unfolding it is good exercise, and, once adjusted, no better chair of its kind exists. It was originated by a Chinese carpenter in Kudat, the old capital of North Borneo, and is now exported to all parts of the East. We intended to take ours to England and pictured ourselves spending many a pleasant hour in them under a shady tree in the garden; but having got them as far as San Francisco, we found that it was going to cost us twenty dollars gold—rather more than they had cost—to get them across America, so we basely abandoned them in the Customs, where they went to swell the army of less superior companions in distress discarded by other travellers.

The *Sourabaya's* bath was a quaint arrangement; it was always kept full of water, which did away with the necessity of turning on taps or letting water run away. The first time my wife went for a bath the steward appeared doubtful whether there was anyone inside (the bathroom-door had no lock) and solved matters by peering through the keyhole. After that, having perhaps more prudish ideas on such matters than the Japanese, we hung our dressing-gowns over the door once we were within.

We found that we were the only European passengers. All the Japanese were very polite; some spoke indifferent English, others none at all. Those who fancied the so-called European food fed with us; they were all noisy eaters, and most of them had as much success with their knives and forks as I have with chopsticks. Those who preferred their own diet had a Japanese meal after us, except at the 5.30 dinner, when a kind of compromise between the two was produced. We found dining at 5.30 a little trying, but fortified ourselves with biscuits before going to bed, doing our best to make each other believe that it was good for us to get out of the conventional rut of 8 o'clock dinner for a while. After all, our great-grandfathers had dined somewhere about the same time, although they certainly had a bottle of port each to console themselves with —a more stimulating beverage than Asahi beer.

I found the purser an amusing character, with a passionate admiration for the writings of Lafcadio Hearn, and had long conversations with him at meals. The second evening, seeing 'Hamburg steak' upon the menu, by way of a feeble joke I suggested 'Yokohama steak' as a fitting substitute. The purser appeared to find this a tremendous jest, roared with laughter and said several times, "Very curious, very curious." The next night we had 'Victory steak,' a tactful alteration which avoided showing favouritism either to Great Britain or Japan.

The skipper, a stocky little man with an enormous chest and slits of eyes, made up in politeness what he lacked in knowledge of English. He resembled an amiable and very active bear, and by the way he and his minions scuttled about the bridge, especially when performing the noonday ritual of taking the position of the sun, one might have thought that we

were in imminent danger of striking a coral reef. He seemed to be a rigid economist in the matter of coal, for I have never travelled in a slower boat. She was an ocean tortoise, only not so steady, for she reeled like a bottle in the water. One rather stormy day when we had left the lee of the Philippine Islands she only managed an average of 4·9 knots an hour, with the result that it took us seven days instead of four to reach Hong Kong.

§ 3

The captain had assured us that we should arrive by midday. That meant that we should have the whole afternoon to transact our business and a night ashore. As it was, the *Sourabaya* weakened when she was getting up to the green, and it was not until 5 p.m. that we came to anchor in that noble harbour which, with its Peak rising steeply above the water, always reminds me of Gibraltar and is as full of movement as Trafalgar Square.

I had sent a wireless message to the Hong Kong Hotel for accommodation, and after we had packed a suit-case in readiness for going ashore we leant over the side bubbling with excitement at the prospect of seeing civilization once more. Only those who have spent many months in a jungle country know what it means to come among shops and traffic and comfortable hotels again. We made all kinds of plans. It was the day we had been looking forward to for weeks. We hadn't had the chance of spending any money for ages. We would have an orgy of shopping. I had only visited Hong Kong previously as a bachelor, but I was able to assure my wife that there were hat-shops. Also there were other shops where one could buy all manner of

pleasant things. I called to mind one with ties, collars, shirts, and socks, of which I stood badly in need. A good shop. Not quite so good as those of the Burlington Arcade, perhaps, but good enough to replenish one's wardrobe for the voyage home. Then there was the passport to be *visé* by the Japanese Consul, none such existing in North Borneo. There were the tickets for the voyage to America and onwards to be collected. Most important of all, there was money to be obtained from the bank, for North Borneo notes are at a discount in any country except their own. We thought of all these things with a sense of delightful anticipation. There was a cold tang in the air that was exhilarating. We began to feel that we were almost home.

We watched a launch with the O.S.K. flag threading its way towards us through the crowd of vessels. She ran alongside and the agent, a Japanese, came up. The launch was followed by a fussy little motor-boat bringing the police authorities. Then came the shattering of all our dreams.

We were to sail at midnight.

"Let's pack our junk and get off the beastly boat," said I bitterly, feeling like a small boy who had been cheated out of a party. "We can get another on to Formosa in a couple of days."

But even this was not to be, for the agent handed me a message from the Hong Kong Hotel to say that every room was full. We learnt from the cheery Police Inspector who looked at our passport that there was no accommodation to be had in any hotel in the colony. Thereupon I suggested to the agent that the *Sourabaya* was so late already that she might just as well stay till noon next day. As well might I have tried to argue with the Nelson Column.

He had his instructions. An agent always has. So there was nothing for it but to put the suit-case sadly back into the cabin and to go ashore in the launch, intent on making the best of the few hours we had.

As we had feared, by the time we landed all the shops we wanted were shut; the shipping office was shut; the bank was shut; the Consul had long departed. It was very trying. Our shopping expedition could wait, but we had very little money, and, as I knew well, the Japanese officials are the last people in the world to overlook any irregularities in the papers of itinerant foreigners. The agent did his best for us. He rang up the Consul at his house and at the Japanese Club, but without finding him. Finally, at my urgent request and because I think he wanted to get off to his dinner, he gave us a document written in Japanese, explaining the position; with this I hoped to be able to pacify the outraged Japanese officials.

Our spirits were wilting like boiled collars at a tropical dinner-party, but outside the agent's office the bustle of the traffic, the lighted streets, and the atmosphere of civilization revived them. We found a chemist who by a lucky chance sold chocolates, and we laid in a store to keep away the pangs of hunger that were wont to assail us between 5.30 dinner and 8.30 breakfast. A packet of Mothersill's seasick cure was also considered a judicious investment. I have been twice round the world and pride myself (though not, I hope, aggressively) on never having been ill; nevertheless I always make a point of carrying with me a packet of Mothersill's pink and brown capsules. As the old lady who always made a point of bobbing at the mention of the Evil One said, "You never know." But I often wonder what would happen if, groping in the dark, you were to take two

capsules of the same colour instead of one of pink and one of brown. A solemn thought. I suppose the best plan would be to send a wireless message to Mr. Mothersill to ask him what to do about it.

Having spent as much as we dared at the chymist's (he was such a godsend to us that he really deserves to be spelt with a 'y'), we made our way to the Hong Kong Hotel. There we found an unsigned cable from Formosa which appeared to come from an authoritative source. It was thus quaintly worded:

"Saw Irving's letter welcome your visit. Kindly wire when arrive here."

It did not bode very well for the ease with which conversation would be carried on in Formosa, but it sounded extremely hospitable and was answered forthwith.

Feeling a little more braced with life, we dined in the grill-room of the Hong Kong Hotel. It would need a Newnham-Davis to do justice to that meal. To my mind the Hong Kong Hotel is the best in the whole of the Far East, but in any case one's first dinner after one has come out of the wilds is a thing to be remembered. It is symbolical of so much; it stands for all that one is, for all that one has been trained to be. However gladly one escapes from civilization into the jungle, one is always glad to get back again, just as a dog who howls to get out of his kennel in the morning is glad to go into it again at night. Things taste so much better—physically and mentally—when one has missed them for a little; a platitude many people do not realize or they would not become the creatures of habit they do. The shaded lights, the gleaming tables—snowy islands glittering with glass and silver—the soft music, the murmurous buzz of conversation and the snatches of laughter, cheery men in boiled shirts and white ties,

women in pretty frocks: it all seems so much more attractive the first night one comes back to it than it does when one can have it every night of one's life. At least it did to me that evening, even though, until the bill came all my mind, like King Arthur's, was 'clouded with a doubt' as to whether I had the wherewithal to pay.

I can imagine only one thing worse than discovering one hasn't enough money to pay for a dinner after one has had it, and that is making the same discovery beforehand. And it is a thing that may so easily happen to anyone. From long-ago days when I was reading Common Law the leading case of R. *v.* William Jones has always stuck in my mind. Mr. Jones had, to put it briefly, entered a restaurant, and ordered and eaten an excellent dinner, whereupon it transpired that he was without resources of any description. He was promptly given in charge by an unsympathetic manager and was subsequently convicted for obtaining credit by false pretences. My sympathies have always been with William Jones, and if I had been in Court when he left the dock I should have murmured, "There, but for the grace of God, goes me." As it was, on this particular night the memory of his little trouble rather spoilt the taste of the iced pudding. However, when the bill came I found, to my great relief, that it was not so violent as I had feared it might be, and out of sheer joy at not having to leave a good cigarette-case in pawn, I gave a handsome and quite unnecessary tip to the head waiter as a thank-offering to the fates.

After dinner we took a walk along Queen's Road, fluttering, as ever, with Chinese street-signs and golden with lighted shops full of wares so strange that it seemed extraordinary that anyone should ever want to buy them. Then, regretfully, we caught the

launch back to the *Sourabaya*. Regretfully, for there were so many things in Hong Kong to have done and seen: the Funicular Railway, that draws you almost perpendicularly to the Peak; the sight from the Peak when once you reach the summit, either in daylight when the ships and the harbour are spread out far beneath you like toys upon a pond, or at night when the lights gleam as close together as sequins on an eastern scarf; Happy Valley, home of concentrated sport; walks to Deep-water Bay across the hills; mysterious Chinese by-ways to explore, and—yes, shopping.

But we did none of these things, for in spite of the faint hope we still cherished that she would not sail till noon next day after all, the *Sourabaya* got under way on the stroke of midnight, the only occasion when she had done anything up to time since we had been aboard.

As we watched Hong Kong fading from our port-holes, the lights of the scattered houses on the Peak hanging in the darkness like stars, we wondered idly why Providence had been in such a hurry to get us away. We thought of the number of people who just got out of San Francisco before the Fire, and decided that a disaster of the same kind must be afoot. Hong Kong must be going to have a 'quake'—that was surely it. We almost felt that we ought to go back and mention it, or at least get the captain to send the Governor a message. Perhaps it was as well we didn't, for we never heard of a public disaster happening in Hong Kong about that time. Therefore we must have avoided a private one. We have since decided that had we stayed I should probably have been bowled over by a tram. We like to feel that our speedy removal from the colony was well meant.

There followed two calm, uneventful days, as we

plodded across the 360 miles of China Sea that separates Hong Kong from Takao. As time went on, the meals lost their novelty and became a nightmare. You may possess sufficient sense of humour to laugh at unpleasantness for one day, but you have to be a philosopher indeed if you can laugh at it for nine. Moreover, even the Asahi beer gave out, and apparently it had not struck the purser that it would be a good thing to get some more in Hong Kong. Our fellow-passengers became, if anything, still noisier over their food. I always think that the human race is divided into two classes: the people who make a noise when they eat and the people who don't, and I have often tried to puzzle out why the average better-class Japanese, having picked the brains of Europe and America, should not abandon their own methods of eating and learn to consume food without imitating the last gasp of water going down a waste-pipe. It is strange that the sound of men sucking soup should be so soul-racking when the sound of a dog lapping water is such sweet music, but so it is.

Our voyage drew to an end at last, however, even in the *Sourabaya,* which moved as leisurely across the sea as a cloud across a windless sky. We found with no little irritation that, after all, we might just as well have waited in Hong Kong, for on the evening of the second day the *Sourabaya* made Takao too late to get into the harbour and had to remain outside all night, like a returning reveller who has been locked out of his hotel. Doubtless the thrifty captain was still chuckling to think how he had saved his company the cost of a night's lodging for the ship in Hong Kong harbour. Nor did his passion for economy stop there, for, to make matters thoroughly cheery, all the lights were switched off just as we

were thinking of going to bed, and it was only by dint of harrying the cabin-steward that we managed to procure a smelly paraffin lamp. But all such minor worries were forgotten when, next morning, I looked out of my porthole and saw the coast-line of Formosa starting from the sea with the half-risen sun peeping above it like a golden hill.

§ 4

Takao lies on the south-western coast of Formosa, which is roughly plum-shaped, the tapering peninsula in the south, 30 miles long and 12 broad, forming a kind of stalk. The island itself has an area of just under 14,000 square miles, and so is nearly twice the size of Wales. From north to south, as the crow flies, the distance is about 250 miles, while the greatest breadth is 90. The island is, as it were, a great stepping-stone between Japan and the Philippines, the centre bead of the necklace of islands, great and small, which are strung out from north to south where the Pacific Ocean merges in the China Sea. The most southerly island of Japan proper lies 650 miles to the north, the most northerly island of the Philippines 250 to the south; 100 miles to the west is Amoy and the mainland of China; on the east the nearest land of any size is the Hawaian Islands, 5,000 miles across the vast Pacific.

In his monumental and exhaustive work, *The Island of Formosa,*[1] a model of its kind, Mr. J. W. Davidson thus recounts the Chinese legend of Formosa's origin: "Some fierce dragons which had dwelt for ages at Woo-hoo-mun (Five Tiger Gate), the entrance to Foochow, bestirred themselves into activity and for a day's frolic glided out unseen

[1] p. 1.

through the depths of the ocean. Arriving in the vicinity of the present island of Formosa, they became extraordinarily playful, and after ploughing through the earth itself they made their ascent, throwing up the bluff at Kelung Head, and then writhed their way towards the south and with violent contortions heaved up a regular series of hills and mountains until at last, with a flap of their formidable tails, they threw up the three cliffs which now mark the extreme south of the island."

The geographical features caused by the gambols of the picnicking dragons have some peculiar characteristics, which have greatly influenced the island's history. It is divided, almost as if someone had drawn a line down the centre, into two halves, the eastern and the western.

The eastern half is composed mainly of highlands; one lofty mountain range, jungle clad, running from north to south, forms the backbone of the island, its outstanding peaks being Mount Sylvia (12,895 feet) and Mount Gokan (11,133 feet) in the north; Mount Morrison, or Niitaka (13,015 feet), and Mount Pinan (10,818 feet) towards the south. Mount Morrison, so named by Vice-Consul Mr. Swinhoe, after the captain of the first British steamer to enter Anping and renamed Niitaka after the late Emperor, is the loftiest mountain in the Japanese Empire, and its summit is nearer heaven by 625 feet than the noble peak of Fuji.

From the principal mountain chain minor ranges and spurs run down to the east and west. Those on the east fall steeply to the coast, in some places forming cliffs which tower a sheer 8,000 feet above the sea, the highest in the world. The natural result of this formation is that on the east there are no navigable rivers and no natural harbours of any import-

ance. In this region of switchback hills and tumbling streams dwell the aborigines, or 'savages' as the Japanese call them, driven thither long ago from the plains to seek refuge from the invader's hand. Here they hold sway to-day, their territory largely unexplored, practising the head-hunting habits which have been handed down to them by their forefathers.

Had the features of the western half of the island resembled those on the east, it is unlikely that Formosa would have had the troubled history it has. No one would have coveted it. No one would have fought for it. It would have been left alone. But the west presents a strange contrast to the east, for the mountains slope down into lesser hills and thence to undulating plains, 5,000 square miles in extent, watered by many rivers and dipping into fertile valleys, a smiling land fought for by the Dutch, the Chinese, and the Japanese in turn.

§ 5

Formosa seems to have been known to the Chinese from very early days, but no great attention was paid to it by the authorities, and when, in the latter half of the seventh century, it was invaded by bands of wild Malays from the south who drove the existing inhabitants to the hills, the conquerors were found by such expeditions as did come to the island to be so fierce and uncompromising that they were left entirely alone. As in all probability the only object of the Chinese in visiting them was to exact tribute and make them profess allegiance to the Emperor, their attitude is intelligible. It was a case of "*Cet animal est très méchant. Quand on l'attaque il se défend.*"

Nevertheless, during the following seven hundred

years it is probable that there was considerable commercial intercourse between Chinese traders and the islanders. The shallow bays and harbours along the northern and western coasts also provided convenient strongholds for the Japanese and Chinese pirates who infested those seas. In fact the island was an admirable haven for a pirate, lying as it did close to important trade routes and within convenient raiding distance of the settlements on the coast of China, while it afforded many a refuge difficult to approach and more difficult still to destroy. The mere fact that Formosa was a kind of No-man's-land without any form of settled government made it a popular rendezvous for all manner of criminals and other fugitives from justice, besides giving sanctuary to victims of tyranny and persecution in China or Japan. In Formosa these folk found fertile land for the taking, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries they settled there in increasing numbers, always driving the natives of the island farther and farther inland as they encroached upon the plains.

The Chinese devoted their attention to the south-west, the Japanese to the north, and the pirates of both nations were for many years the pioneers of trade in those seas, making long and extensive voyages as far south as Borneo, Malacca, and Siam. As pirates they plundered defenceless boats and villages; as traders they bartered the loot which had fallen into their hands. Their calling was a happy compromise between the monotony of a commercial life and the excitement of a freebooting existence. It was not until 1592 that a band of Japanese merchants, having received special permission from their Government to engage in foreign commerce, formed a settlement at Tainan on the west coast, whence they carried on a regular and legitimate trade with

neighbouring countries. After this the Japanese Government made two attempts to subjugate the island, but without success, although the Japanese and Chinese elements continued to carry on their trade without open hostilities, and Chinese settlers, mainly Hakkas, who are born gardeners and the most hardworking immigrants that any country could desire, continued to flock to Formosa from their own overcrowded land.

It was not likely, however, that so attractive an island as Formosa should long remain neglected by the European powers which were then bent on extending their conquests and influence in the Eastern seas. The Portuguese were the pioneers in the East, and although there is no record of any Portuguese settlement on the island, it was they who, struck by its beauty as they sailed past its western shores, gave it the appropriate name of *Ilha Formosa,* by which it still is best known, although the Japanese official name is Taiwan.

In 1557 the Portuguese established themselves at Macao, an island opposite the mouth of the Canton River. This settlement was always looked upon with jealousy by the Netherlands East India Company, and many were the attempts made from the Dutch base in Java to capture it. Finally, in 1622, after an expedition consisting of six warships and two thousand men had failed to oust the Portuguese from their stronghold, the Dutch obtained a footing on the Pescadores, a group of small islands lying thirty miles off the west coast of Formosa, as a convenient base for competing with their rivals in the trade with China and Japan. They built a fort on the main island, and proceeded to enslave the inhabitants and treat them with great brutality. Negotiations were made by representatives of the company for permis-

sion to trade with China, and in 1623 an agreement was arrived at with the Chinese authorities whereby the Dutch were to be allowed freedom of commerce on undertaking to move their base to Formosa itself. Indeed, in their desire to see the Dutch established as far away from their own shores as possible, the mandarins complacently ceded the whole island, which, as Mr. Davidson remarks,[1] "considering that the Chinese had no right to it and had never claimed any, was probably not a heart-rending task for them."

The Dutch established forts at Tainan, on the west coast, and remained in possession until they were driven out of the island by the Chinese rebel chief, Koxinga, in 1662. In the meantime the Spaniards made two settlements in the north, one at Keelung and the other at Tamsui, and built forts, which they were compelled to surrender to the Dutch in 1641. After Koxinga had been succeeded by his son Cheng Ching as King of Formosa, representatives of the Honourable East India Company visited the island in 1670 and were granted permission to take over the old Dutch factory at an annual rental and to hoist the company's flag above it, the company on its side undertaking to keep two gunners for the King's service and also a smith for supervising the making of his guns.[2]

Cheng Ching seems to have been anxious to see an English factory established, but, although the East India Company recognized the favourable position of the settlement, it was found that the trade did not offer the opportunities which had been anticipated, and in 1682, the expenses of the establishment being considered unjustified by the returns, it was

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 12.

[2] *Formosa under the Dutch*, p. 498.

withdrawn. In the following year, after having been ruled by Koxinga and his descendants for twenty-one years, Formosa was attacked by the Tartars and was surrendered unconditionally by Koxinga's grandson, a boy of thirteen. The young King and all his followers were forced to shave their heads in accordance with the detested Manchu custom, and the island became part of the dominions of the Emperor of China.

At this period next to nothing was known in England of Formosa, and this gave an impostor who called himself George Psalmanasaar the opportunity of perpetrating one of the most impudent literary fakes on record. Psalmanasaar, who subsequently admitted that he was born at Avignon, passed himself off as a native of Formosa and stated that he had been brought from the island to Europe by a Jesuit priest in 1694. He published a book in Latin giving an entirely fictitious account of the island (which, as he said, was subject to the Emperor of Japan), its model government, its flourishing towns, its king, its prosperous inhabitants and their religion. He even went so far as to invent a Formosan language in which he gave translations of the Lord's Prayer, the Commandments, and the Apostles' Creed.[1]

His book was dedicated to the Bishop of London and was translated into English, and later into French and German. Copies are scarce, but an English version exists in the library of the Royal Geographical Society, and I was lucky enough to find one

[1] Dr. Laconpérie is inclined to think that Psalmanasaar had come across some information concerning a dialect of Formosa from some Portuguese sailor who had picked up a few words in his travels. He considers, however, that the prayers are forgeries. Vide *Formosan Notes*, pp. 52–56.

at Hatchard's recently. Speaking of the inhabitants, he stated : "Besides the ships they have for going long voyages into remote Parts, they have other Vessels which they call *Balcones* and *Floating Villages,* or *Arcacasseos,* which belong only to Noblemen, and are made use of by them to travel, or to take their pleasure upon the River.... They have no Coaches to travel by Land, but they have another kind of Carriage which is much more convenient, for they are carried by two Elephants or Camels, or Horses, in a thing like a Litter, called by the natives *Norimonnos,* into which thirty or forty Men may enter."[1] Illustrations were given of these convenient methods of transport.

The litters, said Psalmanasaar, were introduced into Formosa by Meryaandanoo, an imaginary Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese forces. This worthy, according to the gifted author, murdered his Emperor and Empress with a poisoned dagger, seized the throne of Japan, and then set himself to invade Formosa. He first stated that he wished to sacrifice to the god of the islanders. "He presently commanded a great Army to be made ready, and ordered the soldiers to be put in great Litters, carried by two Elephants, which will hold Thirty, or Forty men; and to prevent any suspicion of the Formosans, they placed Oxen and Rams to be seen at the Windows of the Litters." The litters were conveyed to Formosa and when they were opened the soldiers emerged and subdued the inhabitants.[2]

One may imagine that Psalmanasaar, if nothing else, was a student of Homer. But it was a long time before all this rubbish (admittedly rather picturesque rubbish) was exposed. Psalmanasaar became the

[1] *An Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa,* pp. 276-7.
[2] *Idem,* pp. 150 *et seq.*

lion of the day. He spoke before the Royal Society and was on intimate terms with some of the most eminent men of the time. At length he became discredited, however, and eventually, seeing the error of his ways, he reformed. For the last fifty years of his life he led an exemplary existence, and wrote the story of his life, which, in accordance with his directions, was not published until after his death. He became on terms of friendship with Dr. Johnson, who used to go and sit with him "at an ale house in the City." Boswell mentions that Johnson reverenced Psalmanasaar for his piety and said of him, "I should as soon think of contradicting a bishop." To have inspired that remark was perhaps the adventurer's crowning achievement.[1]

§ 6

After its capture by the Tartars, Formosa was administered as part of the Fokien Province, and Taiwan, the name of the then capital,[2] was applied to the whole island and has been retained by the Japanese. During the two centuries which followed the island was barbarously governed by China. The officials were corrupt. The mandarins were unable to maintain order. The strong oppressed the weak, the wealthy battened on the poor, and the result was chaos. No less than twenty-two serious risings and insurrections took place, while by their acts of cruelty and oppression the settlers earned and merited the implacable hatred of the aborigines. Nevertheless, so rich and so fertile was the island that, even under this régime of inefficiency and confusion, its trade

[1] In his recently published *Pious Opinions* Sir Chartres Biron has an interesting paper on this peculiar character.

[2] The present town of Tainan.

flourished and expanded, and every year it was enabled to send a larger supply of much-needed rice to the maritime provinces of China. Immigrants continued to pour into the island, but owing to the state of the government and to the absence of any attempt to enforce order or administer justice impartially, every man became a law unto himself, with the inevitable result that there was a return to almost savage conditions. Under such lack of social discipline the veneer of civilization quickly wears off (one can imagine that in this case it had never been very thick) and the human being reverts to the primitive animal.

It was not long before Formosa gained an evil name among mariners for the treachery and barbarity of its inhabitants. And not without just cause. As late as the middle of the nineteenth century several ships belonging to European nations and to the United States were wrecked upon the storm-tossed coasts and the survivors who reached the shore were plundered of their possessions and either killed, sold into slavery, or cast into filthy prisons to die of sickness and disease. In the case of the British steamer *Ann,* which was wrecked near Tamsui in 1842, fifty-seven of the crew, including fourteen Europeans and Americans and thirty-four British Indians, were captured by Chinese soldiers. They were dragged stark naked to the capital and imprisoned; several died under the fiendish treatment to which they were subjected, and the remainder, together with over a hundred and fifty Indians, survivors of a previous wreck, were eventually brought out in irons and beheaded one after the other on the plain beyond the city, ten being kept back to be sent to Peking for execution there. The heads of the victims were placed in cages upon the

sea-shore and their bodies were flung into a common grave.[1]

For these atrocities the Powers concerned never succeeded in obtaining any adequate redress from the Imperial Government at Peking, and, with the exception of a small expedition undertaken by a detachment of American marines after the crew of the United States bark *Rover,* including the captain and his wife, had been murdered by the inhabitants in 1867, no attempt was ever made to inflict punishment on the guilty parties or to exact retribution from the authorities. Even the American force was unable to make any useful example of the natives, who took to the jungle on the approach of the marines, and it had to retire after a senior officer had been killed while gallantly leading a charge. A few months later, however, General Le Gendre, the United States Consul at Amoy, by penetrating personally into the country of the aborigines, succeeded in meeting Tokitok and his brother chiefs whose people were responsible for the massacre of the *Rover's* crew, and exacted from them a promise that so far from molesting shipwrecked mariners they would give them succour.

This undertaking, so far as that section of the inhabitants was concerned, was faithfully carried out, and only goes to show what influence the Chinese authorities themselves might have obtained over the natives had they cared to do so and had they acted in a manner calculated to command respect and inspire confidence. As it was, they looked on with indifference, and the outrages upon foreigners both on the part of the Chinese and the natives continued unabated along the Formosan coasts.

[1] *The Island of Formosa,* p. 105.

It is to the great credit of the Japanese that, after a number of their own subjects had been brutally treated by the aborigines and the Chinese Government had disclaimed responsibility, they took matters into their own hands and, in 1874, sent a punitive expedition 3,500 strong against the Botal tribe which inhabited the district in the south of the island. After failing to effect a settlement by peaceful methods, they forced a passage, in the teeth of bitter opposition, through a rocky defile known as 'The Stone Gate,' the portal of the Botan country, and burnt the villages of the murderers; then, having inflicted upon them the lesson they so richly deserved, they encamped on the east coast and sent out exploring parties into the interior. Thereupon the Chinese authorities, who had but a few months before expressly stated that the districts inhabited by the aborigines were beyond their control, squealed out that the whole island belonged to them and that the Japanese had no right there.

This did not deter the Japanese from continuing the operations they had begun, and the Chinese, fearing that Japan was planning a general attack on them, suggested that they should co-operate in the expedition, and sent a commissioner with this offer to Saigo, the Japanese Commander-in-Chief in Formosa. As by this time the object of the expedition had been practically accomplished, the offer was naturally refused, but after a prolonged and occasionally acrimonious conference a basis of agreement was reached and forwarded for the ratification of the respective Governments.

In the meantime consternation as to the intentions of the Japanese prevailed not only in Formosa, but also in China itself: 10,000 reinforcements were despatched to the Formosan garrison and existing

fortifications were strengthened. Relations between the two countries became strained to breaking-point. A settlement was only reached and war only averted by the intervention of Sir Thomas Wade, the British Minister at Peking, after the Japanese envoy had broken off negotiations. Thanks to his agency an amicable arrangement was reached, whereby China agreed to pay Japan 100,000 taels for the relief of the families of the shipwrecked Japanese who had been ill-treated or murdered, and to take over, at a price of 400,000 taels, the roads and buildings left by the Japanese—thus sparing herself the humiliation of the word 'indemnity,' although the sum paid was nothing less. China further agreed to recognize Japan's action in sending the expedition as a just and proper proceeding, while, on the understanding that China would establish authority over the unsettled districts and give protection to shipwrecked sailors, Japan agreed to withdraw her troops. War was averted—or rather postponed—and while there is no doubt that Japan got the best of the bargain, there is also no doubt that China deserved to get the worst of it.

§ 7

The action of Japan in avenging the death of her subjects turned out to be an excellent thing for the welfare of the island in general. The authorities at last bestirred themselves, a better system of administration was introduced, and Taipeh (now known by the Japanese pronunciation Taihoku), a few miles from the northern port of Keelung, was proclaimed the capital of the island. But in 1884 the Chinese received a further shock, for at the close of the Franco-Chinese War a French squadron blockaded

the island and occupied Keelung for nine months, until the indemnity imposed by France on China was paid.

The Imperial Government then set to work to establish itself more securely in the island, realizing that if it were to be left without more effective defences and in a condition of internal unrest it was a weak spot in the empire's armour. The island was also created an independent province, administrative reforms were carried out, and a programme of development introduced for improving the harbours and for extending inland communications, the construction of a railway which was to run through the island from north to south being sanctioned.

A certain amount was accomplished, but in 1894 the Sino-Japanese War broke out, and when it was rumoured that the Japanese intended to invade the island the population promptly began to panic. The Japanese started the Formosan campaign in March 1895 by attacking and capturing the Pescadores Islands without serious loss. Three weeks after this, on April 17, Formosa was formally ceded to Japan by the provisions of the Shimonoseki Peace Treaty. The military party in Formosa were in despair. The Treaty had cut the ground from under their feet and surrendered the island before a Japanese soldier had set foot on it. Rather than tamely hand their territory over to the 'Japanese dwarfs' they resolved to make a fight for it, and, as a last resource, hurriedly proclaimed a republic and declared Formosa an independent State, with its former Governor as President.

The Japanese, however, wasted no time in claiming the prize war had brought to them, and, with a loss of two killed and twenty-six wounded, they captured Keelung by June 3. The fall of the capital

followed a few days later and the brief sway of the so-called republic in the north came to an untimely end.

The occupation of the central and southern parts of the island presented more formidable obstacles. The countryside was infested with large bands of quasi-soldiers who adopted guerrilla tactics and gave considerable trouble, while the republicans themselves concentrated at Tainan, electing as their President and Commander-in-Chief a famous pirate called Liu Tung-fu. This worthy was the chief of a gang of rapscallions known in China as the Black Flags, and on the outbreak of hostilities in 1894 had been sent over to Formosa with a number of his band by the authorities, who, too weak to suppress him, thought they had found an excellent way to rid themselves of his embarrassing presence in China. Liu's troops, however, did not live up to the reputation as tigers and fire-eaters they had brought with them from China, and, together with the republican army, they gave way in every action against the Japanese infantry, which pushed on steadily towards Tainan.

Finally, on October 18, Liu, finding that three columns were advancing upon his capital and having made tentative suggestions for a conditional surrender, realized that his work in Formosa was done and, disguised as a coolie, escaped with his eight dogs on the British steamer *Thales*. His disappearance put an end to organized military resistance in Formosa. Tainan surrendered unconditionally and was entered by Japanese troops on October 21, and the Formosan republic, its second wind having failed it, breathed no more.

It is difficult not to feel a certain admiration for Liu, even respect. He may have been a pirate, but he certainly loved his best friends: I doubt whether

any other person in history, escaping from a country that has become too hot for him, ever gave serious thought to the saving of one of his dogs—let alone eight of them. Although the *Thales* was pursued and searched by a Japanese man-of-war, Liu reached China safely and made his way to Canton, where he was received by the authorities with every mark of esteem. Since the former president of the north met with a similar official reception on his arrival in Shanghai, there seems little doubt that China approved, if she did not actually connive at, the formation of the so-called republic and its resistance to the enforcement of the treaty to which she herself had set her hand. This was Mr. Davidson's view. "No further evidence," he maintained, "is required to prove that the opposition in Formosa, the loss of over 12,000 men, Japanese and Chinese, and many millions of dollars, is directly attributable to the duplicity of the Chinese Government. In this trickery, for which modern history shows no parallel, China not only threw herself open to additional punishment from Japan, but she became liable for the total expense that the Japanese incurred in destroying the republic. Had any other nation attempted like treachery it would have been the signal for the immediate recommencement of hostilities."[1]

The Japanese, however, realized that there was nothing to be gained by revenging themselves on China. They had got what they wanted. The surrender of Tainan put them in complete possession of the explored portions of the island; during the campaign they had lost only 164 killed and 515 wounded, although there were many more casualties

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 366.

from sickness and 4,642 deaths. H.I.H. Prince Kitashirakawa, who was in command of the Imperial Guards, himself fell a victim to malaria.

Notwithstanding the surrender of the republic, there still remained a considerable amount of 'mopping up' to be done by the Japanese military authorities, for there were innumerable bands of outlaws and brigands who defied any form of government and resisted the operations to round them up for many years. Gradually, however, the country became pacified, and the Formosans themselves came to realize that the advantages of living a peaceful life under a settled form of government outweighed the attractions of an adventurous existence under a rebel chief.

Like most beautiful things, Formosa has had many owners, but it was left to the Japanese to cut and polish the gem they had coveted so long. During the twenty-eight years Japan has been in possession of the island she has succeeded in developing it in a manner which must be almost, if not quite, unparalleled in the history of civilization. I had heard much of this development, I had read much of it, and, thanks to the good offices of my 'attaché' and to the hospitality of the Japanese Government in Formosa, I was able to see the results with my own eyes.

CHAPTER II

TAKAO: THE HARBOUR OF THE SOUTH

We are met by Mr. Koshimura, of the Foreign Section—He attaches himself as A.D.C.—Obstacles vanish—Takao harbour—I call on the Civil Governor—A stroll to a hill-top—An account of Takao—Visit to Akō Sugar Refinery—The sugar industry in Formosa—Its progress under Japanese encouragement—Return to Takao—The ritual of card-giving—Government officials—Japanese methods of administration.

§ 1

ON the morning after our arrival off Takao we were up bright and early, as the purser had assured us that the police would be on board by six. Few ships' inspections, however, take place when they are timed to, and at eight o'clock no one had been near us. The captain's frequent hootings produced as much result as if he had been knocking at the door of an empty house.

For us it was rather an apprehensive period. No people observe more formalities or are more red-tapey than the Japanese. They are particularly strict in their inspections of passports, and I realized that we had only the Hong Kong shipping agent's note of explanation to account for the want of a Japanese visa on our own document. So, when it came at last, I watched the arrival of the launch which brought out the police and customs officials with mixed feelings. I knew that the police were quite equal to not letting us land at all, but the thought of that quaintly worded cable of welcome

from the Formosan Government kept my spirits up, and I went below to fish it out of my despatch-case in readiness for emergencies.

Then things happened beyond our hopes. As the bowing Japanese officer announced that he was to be our attaché he held out a card, from which I learnt that he was Mr. C. Koshimura of the Foreign Section of the Formosan Government. I produced a card in return and he bowed once more profoundly. We had a few moments' conversation, and I found that, on the strength of Mr. Irving's letter of introduction, all arrangements had been made for us to make a trip through the island under his personal guidance. I introduced him to my wife, and then gave him the defective passport and the agent's note.

Mr. Koshimura got to work at once and proceeded to place his services at our disposal and to act as our interpreter with much goodwill. A long harangue in Japanese took place in the saloon where the officials had congregated. The result was that the Chief Police Officer put his stamp upon the passport and marked all our luggage with a mystic symbol which saved us any further trouble with the minions of the customs who were swarming about the ship. I then informed Mr. Koshimura (with some diffidence) of our misfortune in finding all the banks closed in Hong Kong and of our consequent lack of ready money, whereupon he promptly insisted on lending me fifty *yen* in Formosan currency to enable me to pay my 'chits' and to tip the stewards, who did not seem to like the look of the few Hong Kong dollar notes I had.

The news that we were being received in Formosa as guests of the Government seemed to spread round the ship in three minutes, and in consequence our stock rose many points above par. During the

voyage there had been some doubt about our intentions, I was sure, although no one on board who could command any English had spared himself in attempts to find out all about us, either by hints or by direct interrogations. I am quite certain that the original Mr. Nosey Parker was a Japanese. It is true that I had mentioned casually to the captain that I had received a cable of welcome from the Governor-General's staff, but on hearing this piece of information he had made the same kind of noise that I should make if my barber told me he was lunching with the King, so I had not insisted. But when it was clear that so far from being impostors we were honoured guests, everyone became extraordinarily polite and affable, and one gentleman, who was manager of a store in Macassar, thrust his card into my hand begging me to come and see him if I ever passed his way.

§ 2

In the meantime the *Sourabaya* steamed slowly through the portals of Takao[1] Harbour, the mouth of which is but 350 feet wide and admirably adapted for defensive purposes. Upon the hill on the western side stands the old British consulate, untenanted for many years. One of the great disadvantages of Formosa is that there are few good natural harbours in the island. Takao, on the south-west coast, is the nearest convenient port to Hong Kong, and the Japanese have spent large sums in improving and developing it. In its natural state the harbour was little more than a shallow lagoon with a bottom of shifting sand and a bar which even

[1] Formerly spelt "Takow." The Japanese characters which form the name were changed recently.

at high tide had a depth of no more than fifteen feet. By dredging the bar and the harbour itself and by freeing the narrow entrance from obstructions, the authorities have enabled six steamers of 8,000 tons to lie alongside the wharves to-day, and six more of similar size can moor in the harbour, while there are another six buoys for smaller vessels. Another year or so will see the final improvements and the completion of a breakwater to protect the entrance and to prevent the bar from silting up. The widening of the harbour mouth to 500 feet is a scheme for the future. When lying outside one receives a peculiar impression of the harbour, for it looks as though the coast had been blasted through to effect an opening to an inland lake.

As soon as we came alongside the wharf a gang of coolies, summoned by the magic wand of Koshimura, appeared for our luggage and we went ashore. Rickshaws were called and we were haled off to pay our respects to the Governor of Takao. We arrived at the offices of the Local Government, a very modern building of red brick. The place seemed to be deserted except for an unshaven old ragamuffin in a kimono. I took him for a caretaker and was surprised to see Koshimura bowing to him. He turned out to be a secretary, and after a long confabulation between him and Koshimura I was informed that the Governor was not in office as it was a public holiday. Nevertheless, I was stripped of three of my scanty supply of cards: one for His Excellency and two for his satellites.

Koshimura then took us for a stroll to the top of a hill, where there was a little tea-house gay with fluttering flags. From the garden, beset with rocks as a sea with islands, we had a splendid view of the town below, its closely packed shops and houses

THE ENTRANCE TO TAKAO HARBOUR.

THE LANTERN PAINTER.

and the strange medley of Eastern and terribly Western architecture with which we were soon to become familiar. The Japanese houses, with their curving ash-grey gables, were as attractive as they are in other parts of the Empire, and in comparison with them the glaring brick of the public buildings, as violent as a red tie, looked utterly detestable. The streets were broad and well laid out; in some of them avenues of coconut trees had been planted, but latitude 22° is too far north for the palms and they were not flourishing; it did not seem likely that they would ever produce nuts to fall unexpectedly upon the heads of passers-by and cause a panic in the traffic.

Takao is situated slightly over a degree south of the Tropic of Cancer and therefore has a subtropical climate, with a spring and a mild winter; so different from those changeless days of heat in lands a thousand miles to the south where there are no seasons, though Koshimura told us that in the summer the thermometer rose to over 85°. The day of our arrival, however, was in pleasant April. Since Takao is in almost the same latitude as Hong Kong we had expected to find it cold and had dressed accordingly, but the sun was hot and by the time I had reached the top of the hill I should have been glad of a small drink. Koshimura, however, had so definitely assumed the rôle of host that I did not like to say so.

From our hill we were able to watch the start of a Marathon race to Tainan, the next big town, thirty miles away. Besides a large crowd, the two motor-cars of Takao and a large pack of bicycles followed the runners. When the last of them had disappeared round the corner of the main street, Koshimura consulted the itinerary to which he appeared to be

working and informed us that it was time to set off to visit a sugar refinery, the directors of which were expecting us.

At the railway station we found the Governor's Chief of Staff waiting to see us off, card in hand, full of apologies that there had been no one to receive us at headquarters. The train took us to Akō,[1] a small town fifteen miles away, crossing what we were told was the longest bridge in the Japanese Empire—it is 5,000 feet from end to end and spans a wide and stony water-course. All the land for miles on either side of the line was intensively cultivated with wet rice, sugar, and potatoes.

After a short rickshaw ride from Akō we reached the offices of the refinery and were ushered into an ante-room furnished (rather stiffly) in the Western fashion. Introductions to the directors of the company and an exchange of cards followed. Green tea in tiny porcelain cups without handles was produced, together with some sugar wafers and chocolates. Then, after a long wait, came luncheon in what Koshimura called European style. All five courses were set on the table at once and there was only green tea to drink, but as we had breakfasted at seven and it was then two o'clock it tasted very good indeed. We were rather perturbed at first because we could find nothing to eat our fish with, but when we unfolded the paper table-napkins, to our relief a set of tools, as they say in Canada, fell out upon the clothless table with a clatter.

§ 3

Unfortunately on the day of our visit the refinery was not working as the cane harvest was over, but

[1] Re-named "Heito" about 1920, but the old name was still used.

we were taken round the works and the mysteries of the machinery were expounded by one of the directors amidst a sickly and all-pervading smell of sugar.

The sugar industry is one of the few important enterprises in Formosa that is not a Government monopoly, and it is certainly the most successful. It has developed rapidly on a large and scientific scale and has paid huge dividends. For instance, the Formosan Sugar Manufacturing Company, whose guests we were for the moment, had paid a dividend of 50 per cent. for the preceding six months on a capital of 30,000,000 *yen*. I was given a copy of the balance sheet (printed in English), and was interested to see that the pension and relief fund amounted to over a million *yen* and the fund for recreation of the employees to a million and a half. The company obviously believes in looking after the welfare of its servants, and its example might well be followed by less progressive Japanese employers of labour, who are only too often indifferent in such matters, as, for example, the ravages of tuberculosis among the girls employed in cotton mills in Japan clearly show.

The cultivation of the sugar-cane is one of the oldest forms of agriculture in the East. The original home of the cane is said to have been the coast region extending from Bombay to Assam, and the inhabitants of Bengal sent sugar to China as tribute as long ago as the third century. From India the cane was introduced to China, and thence to Formosa by the early settlers. It was the most important agricultural export when the Dutch first gained a footing on the island at the beginning of the seventeenth century, large consignments being sent to Japan especially from the southern districts, where the

annual rainfall is about 58 inches. This is the precise amount of humidity required for growing sugar under the best conditions, particularly when the greater part of the rain falls, as it does in Formosa, during the hot season. When the Dutch had been driven out of the island by Koxinga, the sugar industry was encouraged and became even more important; fresh seed plants were obtained from China, new methods of cultivation and manufacture were introduced. In fifty years the production of the island was doubled, but after Formosa had been under the sway of China proper for some years the industry came to be looked upon by the officials as a convenient sponge from which to squeeze revenue. Heavy taxes were imposed, with the result that cultivation was neglected and the prosperity of the industry waned. Sugar is a most exhausting crop to the soil, and as no precautions were taken to put back what was removed from it, the ground became impoverished and the quality of the sugar suffered accordingly. Indeed it was only because the soil was so exceptionally rich and the climate so peculiarly suitable that the industry did not die out altogether.

It is interesting to see how the Japanese authorities turned their attention to the encouragement of sugar cultivation soon after the cession of the island by China. The importance and the possibilities of the industry were realized at once. Experts were called in to examine the position from every standpoint in a scientific manner, and, in order to give practical effect and support to their recommendations, the Government issued regulations for the encouragement and protection of sugar planting. Both the small planters and the manufacturers were assisted. Government land was leased rent free and the farmer was given the ownership as soon as he

had succeeded in bringing a crop of cane into bearing; he could apply for grants of money to help him open up and cultivate his land; he was given further assistance to enable him to buy seedlings and fertilizers; when the cost of irrigation and drainage of the land amounted to over 1,000 *yen* he could apply for a grant up to half the amount he had laid out. The manufacturers of raw sugar were assisted on their part with subsidies if they installed machinery which could deal with over 75,000 lb. a day, and the refiners were assisted in a like manner if their machinery was capable of refining over 15,000 lb. of crude sugar a day.

Money was lent out at a low rate of interest, cuttings were obtained from Hawaii, Java, and Australia; nurseries were established and experiments with various species of cane were carried out, whereby it was ascertained that the 'Lahaina' and the 'rose bamboo' from Hawaii were the varieties most suited to Formosan conditions and gave not only a greater yield of cane per acre than any others, but also a greater yield of sugar per pound of cane. The authorities even went to the expense of importing seven modern crushing-mills for loan to the southern manufacturers. Government officials were sent to visit the great sugar-producing countries, Java and Hawaii, and returned with the latest information regarding scientific production, the methods of improving the quality of the output, and the use of the by-products, especially for the making of alcohol. I doubt if any Government in the world, with the possible exception of Germany, would go to such lengths in assisting an industry as Japan has done.

The progressive measures and proposals of the Formosan Government at first did not receive the

attention they deserved in the island itself, for no person on earth is a more hide-bound conservative than the Chinese peasant. Nor did they find any immediate acceptance among those in whose hands the manufacture of the sugar lay. The methods that had been good enough for a former generation were good enough for them, said they, and they viewed the innovations with suspicion. More enlightened capitalists were found in Japan. The rich opportunities held out were seized, with the result that several large companies were floated, the first of which was, so my host told me, the Formosan Sugar Company. This came into existence in 1901, with a guaranteed dividend of 6 per cent. from the Government; many prominent Japanese were associated with it and a considerable interest was held by the Imperial Household. The company's first factory was erected at Kyoshito, between Tainan and Takao, and at first met with strong local opposition, as all those interested in the primitive native factories not unnaturally did their best to prevent the new company from obtaining cane. However, as the Government regulations and subsidies bore fruit, more and more land became planted; consequently cane was obtained in abundance, the company flourished and was enabled later to extend its activities to Akō.

To-day the old native mill, still familiar in some parts of China and Malaya, has passed away. It was simplicity itself, the cane being crushed by means of revolving stone rollers worked by a couple of water-buffaloes. As the cane was crushed by the rollers the juice flowed off through a bamboo tube into a receiving-pan. Thence it was ladled into receptacles under each of which was a furnace, and by this means was boiled down into raw brown sugar of the crudest description amidst the filthiest surround-

ings. In Formosa these mills were usually owned by money-lenders, who also owned the sugar-land, leased it out to the small farmers, and took a share of the produce as rent. They lent the farmers money to work the land at a high rate of interest—anything from 14 to 24 per cent.—and moreover they expected their tenants to dispose of their produce to them as well as paying 7 per cent. for having the cane crushed in their mills. From the point of view of the money-lenders the system was ideal. It is obvious how much they made out of the business and how little the farmers, who, as their burden of debt grew heavier, became slaves in all but name.

This nefarious system, together with the primitive methods of manufacture, has long been superseded. The sugar-land is owned by the companies and is rented out on fair terms to the farmers, who are supplied with seedlings, tools, and advances, while the companies take over the produce at a fixed rate. Narrow-gauge railway lines have been laid through the plantations by means of which the cane is brought to the factory door; it is taken from the trucks up a rollered shoot into the mills, where it goes through the various stages of preparation by automatic machinery until it leaves in the form of refined sugar or pure alcohol.

At the present time there are thirteen companies engaged in the sugar industry in Formosa and some forty-five refineries with modern machinery. The land under sugar-cane cultivation is about 300,000 acres, while the annual export of sugar is 250,000 tons, ten times the amount exported at the time when the Japanese took over the island. Some companies also import raw sugar from Java for refining. The prospects are promising, for so great is the demand for sugar from Japan alone that an even greater

production can still be absorbed and the consumption per head is said to be increasing. At the same time matters are not so rosy in 1923 as in 1921, the year of our visit, and with the fall in the price of sugar and the relatively high costs of production, 50 per cent. dividends are not likely to be seen in the near future.

§ 4

Having seen all there was to see, and a little bemazed by technicalities either explained in rather halting English or translated by Koshimura with some difficulty, we returned to the ante-room where we found some excellent iced papaya and soda-water waiting for us. The fruit looked so tempting that I began eating mine before I was meant to and was covered with confusion when our host came in and invited me to start.

Another director then appeared armed with books and pamphlets. A long disquisition on the sugar industry followed and some books and photographs were presented to my wife. Then we said good-bye, after a most interesting afternoon, and set off again by rickshaw to catch the train for Takao, parting with another card for the sub-prefect of the district on the way.

This card-giving amused me at first, but I had still to learn how important a part the ordinary visiting-card plays in modern Japanese etiquette. Everywhere we went in Formosa we were met by officials; on an introduction being performed by Koshimura these gentlemen bowed gravely and produced cards. Some had their names and offices printed in Japanese characters, which I got Koshimura to translate for me afterwards; some, more up-to-date, had their name in Roman letters on the obverse, as they say of

medals; whilst others, more enlightened still, kept a supply both of Japanese and Western cards to meet all emergencies. They all expected to get one in return, but, not having come prepared for such contingencies, I soon found that my meagre supply was becoming exhausted, and, even though I managed to eke them out by pressing those of my wife into service, I had to take care not to be too lavish.

The card ceremonial is a strange example of how a Western social custom can be adopted and intensified by an Eastern nation; but, when one comes to think of it, the whole thing is extremely sensible. As a rule Americans seldom forget names when they are introduced. They seem to have a simple method of memorizing them by repetition. They just say "Glad to know you, Mr. Snooks," and they have got Mr. Snooks in a pigeon-hole of their mind for all time. With the English it is different. To begin with, no Englishman ever listens when he is being introduced. Even if he did he would listen in vain, because the introducer usually forgets at least one of the names at the critical moment, or, if he happens to remember, gives them in an inaudible mumble. Unlike the American, who makes no bones about it, the Englishman is too shy to ask his new acquaintance to repeat his name. On the rare occasion when he might hear it he is too busy criticizing the owner's personal appearance, and when he begins to grope for it in his mind the name is gone. More often still he really doesn't care a hoot what the other fellow's name is, and if, later, he wants to attract his attention, he does so by saying 'Er.' That is why people in England

'Answer to Hi! or any loud cry,'

simply because it has become customary with us to

know people for months without knowing their rightful names. Everybody prides himself on remembering faces, but few care to pride themselves on remembering names, though I have always liked the story of Oscar Wilde, who, when a lady said to him, "Don't you remember me, Mr. Wilde? I'm Miss Smith," replied with a delightful smile, "I remember your name perfectly, but I cannot quite recollect your face."

There is no doubt that our social life might be simplified by adopting the methods of the Japanese, although even if card presenting were to become the fashion we should probably stuff any cards we received into our pockets and forget to look at them, or confuse Mr. Jones's with Mr. Brown's, which would be worse.

§ 5

The number of officials in the Formosan Civil Service seemed to be very great, for the Japanese are as bureaucratic a nation as the Germans.

Since 1920 the island has been divided for administrative purposes into five provinces, Taihoku, Shinchiku, Taichu, Tainan, and Takao, each under a Governor, and two prefectures, Kwarenko and Taito, each under a Prefect. The prefectures comprise the less developed regions along the east coast, and have a larger proportion of aborigines among their population than the five provinces. The chief administrator, with his seat in Taihoku, the capital, is the Governor-General, appointed directly by the Emperor, with a Vice-Governor, or Director-General, as his Chief of Staff. The provinces and prefectures are themselves divided into districts each administered by a sub-prefect, who has his headquarters in

the chief town of the area under his jurisdiction. The three cities of Taihoku, Tainan, and Taichu are municipalities under a mayor, and are independent of the sub-prefectures, being placed directly under the Governor of the Province. The smaller units of local government are the *gai* (town), presided over by a Town Officer or Headman, and the *sho* (village) which is under a Village Headman. There are also branch police offices in the charge of police officers.

From what I saw of the police in Formosa, they seemed to play a most important part in the subordinate branches of the civil administration. Their duties are far more comprehensive than the term 'policeman' usually conveys. Just as they do in most outstation districts of our Crown colonies, they assist in the conduct of government and the collection of taxes; besides their ordinary police work they are messengers and heralds, often the link between the peasants, with whom they are in touch, and the machinery of administration.

Besides the police and the purely administrative officers there are large numbers of Government servants in the judicial, prisons, customs, educational, medical, railway, and engineering departments. The Monopoly Bureau employs many hundreds; there are also State departments for technical research and agricultural experimental stations, as well as an institute for scientific investigation.

Every official, high or low, wears the uniform of the Civil Service both on and off duty, except of course in his own house, when he changes it for a kimono. The uniform consists of a black serge tunic buttoning to the neck and bound with black braid, trousers of the same material, and a peaked cap with the Government emblem. Badges of rank are only

worn on ceremonial occasions, so that it is impossible for the uninitiated to distinguish between a governor and a clerk. Referring to the introduction of this uniform by a former Governor-General at a time when the administration had become very lax, Mr. Y. Takekoshi says in his *Japanese Rule in Formosa*[1]: "This ingenious device not only saved expenses for clothes, but also helped the wearers to maintain their proper dignity, adding to their sense of importance, and making them more ready to bear hardships in the performance of their duty. Thus it proved very effectual in maintaining order and discipline."

This may have been so when the innovation was introduced, but by now it seems a little overdone; every second Japanese one meets seems to be in uniform, which becomes rather oppressive. In fact the Government officials, who number about 22,000, form 25 per cent. of the total male Japanese community, while doorkeepers, messengers, and the like make up another 3,000. I suspect that the pay of the majority is inconsiderable, for the Governor of a province receives only £700 a year,[2] and the Governor-General, in spite of his high position, only £1,200, whereas the Governor of Ceylon receives the equivalent of £8,000 a year. On the other hand, the average Japanese official has fewer expenses than a British civil servant in a tropical colony; he need spend less on household, clothing, and education; he does not have to entertain, play games, belong to clubs, or keep a car. Koshimura informed me, a little sadly, that the Imperial Government was reducing the number

[1] p. 21.

[2] This figure includes a 50 per cent. bonus on his substantive salary. All Japanese officials in Formosa receive this bonus, and consequently are better off financially than their colleagues in Japan.

of its civil servants throughout the Empire by 12,000, so that it seems probable that before long many of those in Formosa will be 'axed.'

§ 6

On the way back to Takao, Koshimura became absorbed in his time-table of arrangements and seemed rather agitated lest anything should go wrong. But he was a pleasant companion and a mine of information—as long as he understood the questions we showered upon him. He was small, even for a Japanese, and slight; he was a great smoker—he once described himself as 'a good cloud-compeller'; his gold-rimmed spectacles gave him a studious air, and he spoke with deliberation. As a race I do not consider the Japanese good linguists (a statement of superb insularity, I admit, considering that few Englishmen can speak any foreign language, let alone Japanese, with any fluency), and I think they are inferior to the Chinese in this respect. Koshimura had never been in Europe, but he had obviously worked hard at the study of English. He was very modest about his accomplishments, and I think that until he became used to the sound of our voices conversation was rather a strain for him. I was sometimes inclined to think that he was having 'shots' when he replied (and this led me to verify the information he gave me whenever I could), but occasionally even a shot was beyond him. He would hesitate, put his head on one side while he looked for the meaning of a remark as one looks for the hall-mark on a piece of silver, and finally, being unable to find one, would abandon further efforts and declare with a laugh:

"I do not understand what you say."

This non-comprehension used to come over him in waves, but once or twice I think it was brought on by my asking too inquisitive questions. Doubtless he felt it was more courteous to appear dense than to tell me that I was knocking upon forbidden doors. It was very tactful. In fact Koshimura was one of the most tactful people I have ever met, and before we parted I drew a smile from him by telling him that he would make his name as A.D.C. to a general in the next war.

After making some alterations with his fountain-pen he showed me the itinerary which seemed to cause him so much concern. I found that our programme had been mapped out for days ahead, and that we were due that night at Tainan, the southern capital of the island.

When we arrived back at Takao we had some tea at Koshimura's hotel and an hour later were in the train again, this time travelling north, through flat, fertile country brilliant with the glorious green of young rice, than which there is no lovelier colour in the world, and broken by sudden ranges of rugged hills. We had had as strenuous a day as the most hardened sight-seer could have desired. We began to look forward to dinner and bed with a sense of anticipation which was mingled with a glorious uncertainty as to what either would be like, for we had gathered from Koshimura that the only European hotel was at Taihoku and that accommodation had been arranged for us at a Japanese inn.

CHAPTER III

KOXINGA, THE REBEL CHIEF

We reach Tainan, the southern capital—The Japanese inn—Bathing difficulties—A night on the floor—A visit to the Governor's palace—Koshimura takes us to the shrine of Koxinga—An account of Koxinga—The coming of the Dutch to Tainan—They built Forts Zeelandia and Provintia—Trade with China and Japan flourishes—Fears of Koxinga's hostile intentions—Indifference of authorities at Batavia—Koxinga attacks—Fort Provintia surrenders—The siege and defence of Fort Zeelandia—Relief fleet under Caeuw arrives—Caeuw's treachery—The surrender of the Dutch—Character of Koxinga.

§ 1

WE reached Tainan station at 7.30 p.m. and found four officials waiting to receive us. The usual exchange of cards and polite speeches followed—I found that I was getting into the swing of the thing and becoming quite good at it. Then Koshimura produced a porter to look after our luggage and we were whisked off in a motor to the Shihiuen Hotel, the chief Japanese inn of the town.

Lafcadio Hearn's books—which, by the way, every educated Japanese seems to know and to respect—had made us in some measure familiar with the Japanese inn. So without fuss we sat on the doorstep and removed our shoes, being provided in exchange with slippers in which we scuffed along the smooth pine-wood passages until we came to our rooms. Here the experience that I had acquired from Lafcadio deserted me, for, instead of leaving my slippers on the threshold as one is expected to do, I flip-flapped on to the spotless mats with which

the room was closely carpeted—much to the amusement of the two little maids, bright as butterflies in their kimonos and obis, who were waiting to welcome us. I felt as though I had walked into a drawing-room with my hat on. Hurriedly I returned to the passage and kicked off the slippers, praying that there were no holes in my socks. Somehow a man always feels rather idiotic in what are known as his 'stockinged feet.' I don't know why this should be so, for in hot countries Europeans (anyhow the bachelors) are accustomed to pad about their bungalows in bare feet and pyjamas or a *sarong*. But with socks on and no shoes one always feels neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring; at any rate I did, although Japanese floors, covered as they are with mats sewn over mattresses, are delightfully soft to walk upon.

The rooms of Japanese inns and houses have a very equal individuality. They are always built on exactly the same plan and are all as much alike as silver *yen*. Our rooms consisted of an outer and an inner chamber, divided by the *shoji*, sliding doors with tiny panes of rice-paper broken by a band of glass half-way down. There were no windows, but, instead, more sliding doors back and front, opening on to a passage or veranda. In the inner room was the *tokonoma*, a little alcove in which hung a *kakemono*, a hanging scroll; before this stood a jar of green porcelain with a single spray of blossom. This is the only artistic adornment one ever sees in a Japanese house. For a long time I thought it must be an extremely simple and inexpensive method of decoration, until Koshimura disillusioned me by telling me that the *kakemono*, together with the vase or figure or other little work of art which is placed before it, is changed as often as the means of the

owner will allow and those not in use are carefully stored away. The Western fashion of displaying in a house every object the owner possesses seems to the Japanese the height of vulgarity (as often well it may), and for the creation of artistic effects it is a platitude to say how much we have to learn from them. But whenever I see a single hat, displayed in expensive solitude in a milliner's window in London, I always think that there, consciously or not, is someone who is imbued with the spirit of Japan.

The furniture in our rooms was as simple as the decoration: a short-legged table of blackwood, used for writing purposes, a little cabinet for tea-cups, a blue and white china *hibachi,* where a charcoal fire is always smouldering, ready for the kettle which is kept full of water for making tea. That was all the furniture the rooms normally contained, and it was all they ought to have contained, but, in her desire to make her foreign visitors at home, the proprietress had imported for our special benefit a hideous wooden table (with long legs) and three commonplace bent-wood chairs. They looked as out of place as paper bags in a forest glade, but we felt that we had to make use of them, although, amidst our surroundings, we should have preferred to squat cross-legged upon the little floor-cushions as does every Japanese —every Japanese, that is, who has not abandoned his own perfectly good customs and institutions for the less picturesque ones of the West.

On our arrival green teawas served,and some sweet cubes made of seaweed, which tasted much better than they looked, were set upon the table in a lacquer box. Mr. Sakakibara, one of the officials who had met us at the station, came in and drank a cup of tea with us. He said that he was deputed to look after us during our stay in Tainan and discussed some of

his plans for us next day, promising to call at 9 o'clock on the following morning with a car. He went off and ordered dinner for us, and this appeared shortly afterwards, having been brought from the nearest restaurant by a boy on a bicycle. The *pièce de résistance* consisted of rather tough chicken cutlets shrouded in batter, a dish which we had already sampled at the sugar-factory luncheon. Koshimura, feeling, I expect, that one so-called foreign meal a day was enough for him, had a Japanese dinner in his own room—there are no public dining-rooms in Japanese inns. All we could get to drink was soda-water, and, after a strenuous day, I sighed for a whisky-and-soda or at least a bottle of Japanese beer.

After dinner, not being able to make the serving maidens understand, I sought out Koshimura.

"What about a bath in this establishment, Mr. Koshimura?" I asked.

"I think very difficult now," replied Koshimura, looking harassed. "There are many guests."

It then transpired that there was but one bath in the hotel, the water of which was only changed last thing at night. As Koshimura said, there were many guests. Keen as we were to do as Rome does and to leave our conventionalities behind us for a little, we could not help jibbing at the idea of bathing in the same old water as twenty Japanese. It seemed prudent to give the bath a miss that night and to get first turn the next.

Having failed in our laudable efforts to get a bath, the next proposition was to get a bed. There was no sign of one in either of our rooms and I racked my brains trying to remember a passage of Lafcadio that would help me not to make a fool of myself, but in vain. We were beginning to wonder

if it would be very hard sleeping on the floor wrapped up in overcoats when the two little maids fluttered in and brought out from a cupboard built into the wall with a sliding door, which had escaped our notice, a quantity of bedding. They proceeded to lay our mattresses (there were three of them) out for us upon the floor, spluttering with laughter as they did so; indeed our stay at the inn seemed to make life one long jest for them. A sheet was spread on top of the mattresses, and, as a covering, a great thick eiderdown with another sheet tacked on underneath, whilst a vast green mosquito-net was hung above the bed by means of strings. Then, after yet another cup of tea (brought as a kind of doch and doris), we went to bed and, in spite of the hardness of the hay-stuffed pillows, neither of us ever slept better.

Unless you shut all the doors fast there is no privacy whatever in a Japanese room. In fact there is not intended to be, for the Japanese, looking upon life from a more natural standpoint than we do and having no false modesty, require no privacy. Nevertheless we preferred not to sleep in full view of every passer-by, so shut the doors had to be, fug or no fug.

Early next morning we were awakened by the maids getting our tea ready in the next room. No sooner had we gone to get it than they swooped down upon our bed, folded it up, bundled it into the cupboard, opened wide all the doors and swept the floor. The room was 'done,' and it had not taken five minutes to do it. It all seemed very simple, but less simple was the problem of dressing in an open room which looked out on to the main veranda of the inn. My wife spent a lot of time that morning shutting doors, for as soon as her back was turned someone came and opened them. One washed at a

basin in the inn lavatory, into which I was ushered by one of the smiling fairies. Whilst there I noticed that a toothbrush had, apparently, been provided by the thoughtful management for the use of visitors. At the time this brought home to me the gap between the East and West. I felt that the man who could use a communal toothbrush would do anything, but it has since occurred to me that this particular brush was one that had been left behind by another guest. Perhaps it is best to let it go at that.[1]

§ 2

After breakfast we found Koshimura looking rather worried.

"Matters are not going as I had planned," said he.

It appeared that the promised car was not forthcoming. Koshimura became less crestfallen when I told him that we should be even happier in rickshaws, and so we set out to call upon Mr. Eda, the Governor of Tainan.

The Governor's Palace (as Koshimura called it rather grandiloquently) was built and furnished in foreign fashion. It is no good my trying to pretend that it was beautiful, because it was not. To my mind it was hideous, and particularly hideous were the chairs upholstered in apple-green plush on which we were asked to sit. It has always struck me as being one of the strangest things about the Japanese that, while in their own style of decoration they have a taste which is unerringly faultless, as soon as they get on to Western ground they display as much taste as would a coalheaver who has made a fortune, in

[1] Mr. Phipps tells me that toothbrushes are sometimes provided in Japanese inns, but that these are cheap wooden ones, supplied fresh for each guest, and thrown away after use.

spite of the fact that they are as a race the quickest and cleverest brain-pickers in the world. It is the same with clothes: for although Japanese men dress unostentatiously in Western garments, I have seen few Japanese women in hats that were really becoming to them and none who would not have looked more attractive in her native kimono. It is true that few Western women can wear a kimono with the same grace as a Japanese. But then few try.

The Governor received us amidst his apple-green furniture, dressed in a lounge suit. Proceedings began by his placing a card on the large round table that stood in the centre of the room covered with an olive-green cloth. By this time I knew the rules of the game and had a card of my own ready. I placed it beside his, feeling inclined to shout 'Snap!' He spoke, or would speak, no English, but like everyone else we met he had delightful manners and beamed with kindness, though in his heart he probably looked upon our incursion as a nuisance.

While we sipped the inevitable green tea I made a little brisk conversation with the aid of Koshimura. Then the Governor's son came in, dressed in a kimono. To my relief I found that he spoke excellent English and was indeed in business in Australia, whence he had recently returned on leave. Eventually a gentle hint from Koshimura warned me that it was time to be going, and as we took our leave His Excellency was kind enough to say that we might have the loan of his own car for the rest of our visit.

Then began another day of hearty sightseeing. Tainan is the old capital of Formosa, with a population of over 75,000, and since it has many historical associations there is much to see.

As soon as we had found the Governor's car, the

chauffeur of which reminded me of a Paris taxi-driver so furiously did he tear about the little town, we paid a visit to the shrine dedicated to Koxinga, the Chinese rebel chief who in 1662 captured Tainan and with it the whole island from the Dutch.

In this high-walled Chinese sanctuary, where the atmosphere, although the main road lay close at hand, was one of peace, it was interesting to reflect how much the Japanese owe indirectly to that indomitable conqueror who, driven from his own country and still fighting an unequal battle against the invading Tartar hordes, is wholly a figure of romance. For as well as being the conqueror of Formosa, he lives in history as the only Chinese to whom a European colony has definitely and utterly surrendered.

§ 3

At the time of the Tartar invasion of China, Koxinga, who was the son of a famous Chinese pirate and a Japanese mother, gathered round him an army of irregulars to support the fallen Ming dynasty. He became a thorn in the side of the invaders, attacking them both on land and sea. Even when by determined efforts they defeated him and drove him to the coast, he took to his ships and was able to maintain hostilities for many years before he swooped down upon Formosa.

In the meantime the servants of the Dutch East India Company, having left the Pescadores, settled on the island of Formosa in 1624 and made their headquarters on a barren sand-bank about four miles from where the town of Tainan stands to-day. The position was about a square mile in extent, and separated from the mainland by a narrow strait.

This strait has since silted up owing to the violence of the south-west monsoon, so that the old Dutch territory now forms part of the mainland and is known as Anping. On this inhospitable site the settlers constructed a fort, sixty yards square, and gave it the name of Castle Zeelandia. The walls, which were built with bricks brought specially from Batavia, were six feet thick, and the stronghold was surrounded on the northern and western sides by a barricade three feet high.

The site was a bad one strategically, for it was overlooked by higher ground from the mainland. This important point, however, was apparently not realized until the fort had been completed, and to remedy the defect a small redoubt called Utrecht was built later on the eminence which commanded Zeelandia. This was the second error of judgment, but it did not occur to anyone that in the event of an attack Utrecht would prove a very dangerous outpost, difficult to hold, and, once in the enemy's hands, the key to the capture of the main stronghold.

This was the initial folly of the Dutch. They came to an unknown island in the midst of pirate-infested seas, inhabited by wild tribes, many weeks' sail from their base in Java—their one source of supplies and reinforcements. Yet they took no greater care to render their position secure, even though, as years went by, in addition to the other dangers which beset them, the menace of Koxinga grew greater and greater and the rumours that he intended to seize Formosa as a base of operations became as threatening as a rising storm.

As time showed, Dutch rule in Formosa was a long series of blunders. Nor were these made wholly or even principally by the men on the spot. The original founders of the settlement made what turned

out to be serious strategical mistakes, but it may be supposed that they acted as best they could. Certainly had more funds been available they would have been enabled to build defensive positions better calculated to withstand a siege. The fault for what followed undoubtedly lay rather with the authorities in Java in failing to vote enough money for the works which the circumstances required, in neglecting to keep the garrison up to strength, and in meeting appeals for assistance with indifference.

For a time, however, all went well. Permission to trade had been granted by the Chinese mandarins and goods were procured from China for barter with Japan. For this purpose the position of the settlement was ideal, and large profits were made. The chief exports were raw silk and sugar to Japan, silk piece goods, porcelain, gold, and preserved ginger to Batavia; spices from the Moluccas, pepper, amber, hempen garments, and tin were imported and were re-shipped to China, together with Formosan products such as rice, sugar, hides, and deer-horns. Numbers of European traders settled on the sandy plain beyond the fort, and in time this quarter came to be known as the City of Zeelandia.

The Dutch laid themselves out to make friends with the native tribes, a policy which was only too rare in those days, and treated them fairly; missionaries were sent to work amongst them and many became converted. The company had undertaken to allow the Chinese and Japanese who had already settled in the island to remain there without molestation; others were allowed to come as they would. In consequence there was an influx of settlers who, driven out of their native land by the unsettled conditions caused by the Tartar invasion, were thankful to find a refuge in Formosa. Although the

Japanese settlers who had established themselves before the coming of the Dutch gradually left the island, disgruntled at the treatment they received, it was not long before the Chinese colony amounted to 25,000 men, besides their women and children.

These settlers were all men capable of bearing arms, and, moreover, were used to a life of fighting and insecurity; many of them were little better than pirates. They were not the breed to form a very law-abiding community, and the result was that as an outcome of the Dutch levying oppressive taxes, in addition to export duty on rice and sugar, a serious revolt broke out in 1652. All the settlers sympathized with the aspirations of Koxinga and expected his assistance if their plans for overpowering the Dutch succeeded. This rising was put down with the assistance of 2,000 Christian natives who proved themselves invaluable allies, but it made the Dutch realize how hazardous was their position and their apprehension as to the coming of Koxinga increased.

In an official despatch the Governor of the day told the authorities in Java that "his hairs stood on end and he was continually in fear about Koxinga's intentions on Formosa." Consequently in the following year another fort, called Provintia, was built, this time on the mainland; it was four miles distant from Zeelandia, and its remains still stand in the present city of Tainan. The future was to show how unwise a move this was, for instead of strengthening the position of the Dutch the new fort did but weaken it. The scanty garrison had to be split up to defend another poorly fortified stronghold when unity would have been its only hope.

§ 4

In 1656 Frederic Coyett was appointed Governor

of the settlement. He was a man of some vision and, wisely enough, did everything in his power to placate Koxinga. An envoy was despatched with letters and presents, and returned with a communication from the rebel chief expressing his friendly feelings towards the Dutch East India Company and its servants.

For a while the tension was relieved. Trade with China, which had long been waning owing to the uncertainty of the future, began to flourish once again. Then Koxinga was severely defeated by the Tartars and was forced to retreat to his last stronghold at Amoy, the nearest Chinese port to Zeelandia. The fears of the garrison were again aroused. They knew that if once the hard-pressed rebel were driven from Amoy it would only be a matter of days before he appeared in Formosan waters. Reinforcements were appealed for. Leading Chinese settlers were seized as hostages. Export trade with China was closed lest the ships should fall into Koxinga's hands.

There was considerable delay in sending assistance from Batavia to the anxious garrison, but finally it occurred to the authorities that if a relief fleet were despatched it might well serve two objects, and, having settled affairs in Formosa, on the way back to Java effect the capture of Macao, that Naboth's vineyard of the Portuguese on which the Dutch had for so long cast covetous eyes. Accordingly in 1660 twelve warships with 600 soldiers on board sailed for Formosa. This had the effect of making Koxinga postpone the attack he was meditating and again he protested his good intentions. Bickerings then arose between Governor Coyett and the commander of the relief expedition, and eventually the squadron returned to Batavia without even making an attempt on Macao. Once back, the commander

reported that the fears of Governor Coyett and the Formosan garrison were groundless, and that with the numbers at their disposal they were well able to defend themselves in the unlikely event of an attack taking place.

The departure of the relief squadron offered Koxinga his chance, and he took it. At dawn on April 30, 1661, he appeared off Zeelandia with a large fleet and an army of 25,000 men. A force was landed on the coast, where it was met by a band of disaffected Chinese settlers several thousand strong, whilst the fleet took up a position at the entrance of the strait between Fort Zeelandia and the mainland.

The Dutch watched these preparations with consternation. The whole garrison then numbered about 2,200 men, besides 600 European settlers. They had but two war vessels, the *Hector* and the *Gravenlande*. The only other boats on the harbour were a bark, the *Vink*, and a yacht, the *Maria*. These four, however, sailed out gallantly to attack Koxinga's junks. Soon after the engagement started the *Hector* was blown up by an explosion in the magazine, but the battle was kept up by her consort and the two smaller vessels. Several of the junks were sunk and the hand-grenades flung by the Dutch did considerable execution.

On land, however, the defenders did not fare so well. Instead of the Dutch attacking the enemy with all the force at their command before he had time to make dispositions, 240 picked men went out to do battle with a band of 4,000 Chinese. They underestimated the courage of their adversaries, for the Chinese put up an unexpected resistance and attacked the Dutchmen with such ferocity that they turned tail and fled, many flinging their muskets

away as they ran. The captain and 118 of his men were left dead or wounded upon the field, and the survivors only escaped thanks to the pilot boat. A second party of 200 men also advanced against the enemy, but they too were attacked with such determination that their commander thought it prudent to return to the fort, and managed to carry out his retirement without loss.

Before coming into contact with them the Dutch had despised the Chinese, but they very soon found them formidable fighters. Koxinga's best soldiers were his archers, whose part was to throw the enemy's ranks into confusion, whereupon shock troops armed with shields and swords tried to break through, covering their heads and bodies with their shields and hacking with their swords. The second line was composed of men armed with broadswords which were affixed to poles and wielded with both hands: these either broke the enemy's charge or followed him up when he was in retreat. The bodies of all these men were covered with flexible iron mail, which left their arms and legs free. In addition to his Chinese troops Koxinga had two companies of Malays and others, many of them runaway Dutch slaves who had learnt to use the musket. He was, moreover, well equipped with ammunition and other supplies of war.

With such a force at his disposal and with complete freedom of action Koxinga had matters entirely his own way. He disembarked his men unopposed and laid siege to Fort Provintia, thereby cutting off all communication between the two Dutch strongholds. The Formosan natives could offer no resistance and the Chinese settlers greeted him with open arms. Within a few hours of his arrival he sent the Governor an arrogant demand to the effect

that unless both forts were surrendered immediately he would take them by storm and put the whole garrison of the colony to the sword.

Governor Coyett and his Council met to consider their desperate position. An anxious consultation it must have been. Deserted by the fleet that might have saved them, reinforcements weeks away, hemmed in on every side: their plight must have seemed well-nigh hopeless to those stern-faced Dutchmen as they counted up the odds. Finally, for want of a better plan, two emissaries were despatched to Koxinga with instructions to offer him an indemnity if he would leave the island, or, failing that, to negotiate for the cession of the mainland to him if he would permit them to remain undisturbed at Zeelandia to carry on their trading operations.

The envoys were conducted to the general's headquarters. They were kept waiting while he had his hair dressed, after which they were granted an audience. Koxinga refused to agree to the proffered terms. He declared that the possession of the whole island was necessary to him if he was to succeed in his campaign against the Tartars, but he offered to allow the Dutch to embark their effects in his own junks, to dismantle their forts, and to remove the cannon to Batavia. He gave them until eight o'clock on the following morning to accept or to refuse his ultimatum. If they decided to accept, they were to display his own banner from the fort. If they refused, they were to hoist a blood-red flag, the flag of war.

At the close of the audience the envoys were allowed to visit Fort Provintia. They found that the garrison was short of water and supplies, and quite unable to withstand a protracted siege. As all assistance from Zeelandia was cut off, there was

nothing for it but to give the commander authority to make the best terms he could with Koxinga. The fort was therefore surrendered and the defenders, who might so well have helped to hold Zeelandia, became prisoners of war.

On the return of the envoys to Zeelandia the Council met again to consider Koxinga's terms. The outlook was black indeed. The defences of the fort were weak; stores and ammunition, although considerable, were not abundant; the water in the wells was brackish. There was little hope of any help from Batavia reaching them for twelve months, for Koxinga had astutely planned his attack at the beginning of the south-west monsoon; this meant that, although it was normally only three weeks' voyage from Formosa to Java, a ship would have to wait six months for the north-east monsoon before it could sail south with the news and that it would be another six before the south-west monsoon could bring a relief squadron.

Nevertheless, Governor Coyett and his colleagues were no cowards. The thought of tamely abandoning their trust was intolerable to them; nor, it may be supposed, did the thought of what would be their reception in Batavia serve to weaken their resolution. They swore that Zeelandia should be defended to the last, and in the morning the blood-flag fluttered defiantly over the battlements of the fort.

§ 5

The Chinese lost no time in taking possession of the city of Zeelandia, whence the inhabitants had already been hurried into the fort, as no protection could be given them in their exposed and undefended position. No attack was made upon the fort itself

until May 26, when the enemy, having brought up twenty-eight guns, began a furious bombardment with the object of making a breach in the walls through which they could storm the fort. But now the advantage lay with the Dutch, for, although the brick walls of the fort received severe punishment, the position of the enemy's batteries was exposed and the fire was returned with deadly effect.

The story goes that the Chinese commander who was in charge of the operations had promised Koxinga that he would storm the fort at the first attempt or forfeit his head. He flung reinforcements recklessly into the fight until over a thousand of his men had fallen; then one by one the batteries were abandoned, while a storming party which had advanced against the fort along the sand-dykes from the south was put to flight. As soon as it was seen that the guns had been deserted, a sortie was made from the fort and, covered by the fire of the soldiers, a party of sailors spiked the batteries in spite of a rain of arrows from the Chinese archers, and then, having captured the enemy banners which had been planted on the palisade, returned in triumph.

This engagement showed Koxinga plainly that the Dutch were determined to defend Zeelandia with their lives, and, after two more fruitless attempts, he abandoned the idea of taking it by storm. He was not, however, above trying to attain his object by persuasive methods. He employed as an ambassador a missionary named Hambroek, who, with his wife and several of his children, had been taken prisoner whilst working among the natives, and sent him to Zeelandia with instructions to do his best to induce the Council to surrender.

Mr. Hambroek, on reaching the fort, did nothing of the kind, but exhorted the garrison to hold out to

the last. Then, in spite of the entreaties of two of his daughters who were in the fort and although he must have known that he was going to a certain death, he returned to Koxinga and told him that the Dutch would never surrender. This so enraged the commander-in-chief that he gave an order for all the Dutch male prisoners to be put to death, on the pretext that they had been inciting the natives to revolt against him. Many of these wretched people, including the dauntless Hambroek and some of the women and children, were beheaded. Some, more unhappy still, were crucified. One of Mr. Hambroek's daughters Koxinga took into his own harem, while the remainder of the women were divided amongst his officers.

Koxinga then resolved to force the Dutch into surrender by means of a blockade, thinking that no reinforcements could reach them from Java for many months. But here he made a miscalculation. The captain of the little *Maria,* which had taken her part in the first day's fighting, seeing that matters were desperate and fearing to fall into the hands of the Chinese, had slipped away under the cover of darkness. In spite of the furious contrary winds of the south-west monsoon he succeeded in bringing his ship to Batavia by way of the Philippine Islands, accomplishing a hazardous voyage, during which he was many times all but wrecked, in fifty days.

At the news of the disaster which had befallen the Formosan settlement the authorities at Batavia were aghast, more especially because two days previous to the arrival of the *Maria* they had sent out a new Governor, Hermanus Clenk, to replace Coyett, who was to be recalled in disgrace on account of what had been considered his panicking despatches about Koxinga.

Now that it appeared that Coyett's fears were only too well founded, they sought to cover up their blunder by sending a vessel after Clenk's ship to fetch her back. Owing to adverse winds, however, it was found impossible to overtake her. In the meantime a relief expedition was hurriedly collected. It consisted of ten ships and 700 soldiers under the command of one Jacob Caeuw, a person of no experience and worthless parts, who apparently only received the appointment because no one else cared to accept the responsibility. It is recorded of him that he was defective in his power of speech and could only speak through his nose, but he was to prove himself even more defective in courage, leadership, and loyalty to his friends. His squadron left Batavia on July 5, 1661, and by it a letter was despatched to Coyett authorizing him to retain his position as Governor.

§ 6

The relief expedition did not overtake Hermanus Clenk, who arrived off Zeelandia on July 30. As may well be imagined, he learnt the condition of affairs with mixed feelings. Here was the Governor who was to be recalled in disgrace for cowardice besieged within the walls of his own fort; his successor would assume command of a caged garrison whose hopes of getting out were forlorn indeed.

Under the circumstances it would not have required a big man to put his services at the disposal of the harassed leader he had come to relieve, but there was nothing big, or even mediocre, about Hermanus Clenk. He delivered his despatches, the contents of which filled the Council with dismay, but showed no desire to take over his new office. In fact

he had so little liking for it that he did not even go ashore, and, after hanging about for a few days, he made an approaching storm the excuse for leaving his anchorage and stood out to sea. That was the last the garrison of Zeelandia saw of Hermanus Clenk, for, after plundering a Chinese ship like a pirate, he set his course for Batavia and abandoned his fellow-countrymen to their fate.

Hardly had Clenk taken himself off when, to the wild joy of the besieged, the relief fleet under Caeuw came in sight. The rejoicing became more subdued when it was learnt that the force consisted of only 700 men, for it was clear that no offensive could be taken against Koxinga with so small an addition to the weakened numbers of the garrison.

Koxinga, knowing nothing of the voyage of the *Maria* through the storms of the monsoon, was unable to account for the arrival of the squadron. At first he was not a little perturbed that his calculations had miscarried, until, having taken prisoner some men from one of the ships that chanced to run ashore in a gale, he elicited, by means of torture, the true strength of the reinforcements. Finding that matters were not so serious as he had imagined, he determined to reduce the fort before further aid could come.

The Dutch on their side planned an attempt to drive the Chinese from the city of Zeelandia and to destroy the junks, but, although a series of actions was undertaken both on land and sea, they met with no success. Nevertheless, reports they had from deserters gave them some encouragement. Koxinga himself was said to be in difficulties: he had lost over 8,000 men during the campaign, and his junks were deserting whenever an opportunity presented itself. There was also another ray of hope. The Tartar

Governor of the Fokien Province of China, seeing a possibility of making an end of the troublesome rebel chief once and for all, offered to send Governor Coyett assistance for a combined attack. This proposal gave the Dutch fresh courage. Once more they resolved to hold out, but it was reluctantly decided to utilize some of the ships for sending women and children and other *bouches inutiles* to Batavia in order to eke out the supplies. A discussion also took place as to whether it would not be advisable to transfer the merchandise and other property in the fort to the ships for safety, but the commanders had enough knowledge of psychology to realize that the *moral* of their men would quickly weaken if there were no treasure left to defend; moreover they felt, very shrewdly, that if the worst befell and they were driven to make terms, it would be as well to have something of value with which to bargain.

It was now that Caeuw began to reveal his true character. No sooner had the Council renewed its decision to face the odds against them than this worthy suggested that he should return in person to Batavia for further reinforcements. His motive was all too plain; permission was refused and he was expelled from the Council (in which, as commander of the relief squadron, he held a place) for unbecoming conduct.

Coyett and his advisers then decided to accept the Tartar Governor's offer of assistance and to send part of the relief squadron to him with proposals for a combined attack on Koxinga's forces which were still in China, in the hope of creating a diversion and drawing the enemy away from Formosa. The ships, their mission once accomplished, were to

bring back a supply of much-needed stores to the straightened garrison.

It was a well-conceived plan and one which seemed to offer every hope of success. Caeuw entered into it with enthusiasm and volunteered to command the expedition himself. The Council, so far from suspecting his real motive, imagined that he wished to retrieve his reputation. They accepted his services, entrusted to him despatches and presents for the Governor of Fokien, and allowed him to sail away from Zeelandia with five ships.

Caeuw, however, had never had the slightest intention of doing anything but save his own skin. He had only been biding his time to follow in the wake of Hermanus Clenk. Soon after he had put to sea three of his squadron, by a lucky chance, were driven back to Formosa by a gale, but with the remaining two Caeuw sailed for Batavia, in spite of the protests of his officers. On his arrival he explained his return to the authorities by a story of having been driven south by storms; it was not long before the truth of his perfidy leaked out, but even then, although it seems scarcely credible, he escaped with a small fine and six months' suspension from office, after which he was reinstated: an unpleasant example of the methods of the company's administration in those days. Worst of all, no further help was sent to the beleaguered garrison of Zeelandia, which was left to work out its own salvation to the end.

§ 7

When the three ships which had been driven back to the Formosan coast reached Zeelandia with the news of Caeuw's treachery, the spirits of the defenders sank low indeed. The fates must have

seemed to be working against them. Their last hope had failed. Supplies were running short; their privations were becoming terrible; their numbers were depleted by the desertion of Caeuw, and the survivors of the garrison were weakened by the hardships and rigours of the siege. Once more they felt themselves abandoned, as indeed they were. The soldiers began to desert. Among them was a Dutch sergeant, and from this traitor Koxinga heard the story of Caeuw's flight, discovered the dispositions of the garrison, and learnt that it consisted of no more than 600 disheartened and exhausted men.

Once more he determined to attack. He concentrated his forces on the sandy plain before Fort Zeelandia and directed three batteries against the Utrecht Redoubt, for he had long recognized that the possession of the high ground on which it stood would give him the key to the whole position. On January 25, 1662, he began a furious bombardment of the redoubt, and although the Dutch detachment which held it gallantly repulsed the storming parties sent against it the whole day, by sunset it was reduced to a heap of crumbling ruins. The defenders were forced to fall back to the main fort, but before evacuating their untenable position they lighted fuses to four barrels of gunpowder in the cellar and had the satisfaction of blowing up a party of eager and unsuspecting Chinese.

A meeting of the Council was then held in Fort Zeelandia—the last of many such. Governor Coyett, whose indomitable spirit no misfortunes had the power to subdue, urged his colleagues to hold the fort until further help arrived or until their strength gave out. But other members of the Council pointed out despairingly that they were already well-nigh at the mercy of Koxinga. Nothing could save them:

their supplies had almost run out, their men were in the last stages of exhaustion, the enemy now had control of the passage to the sea and so could deny a landing to any reinforcements, even should they come. They had done all that men could do, and it was better, they urged, to make terms with Koxinga while the fort was still in their hands than to wait and become his prisoners when he delivered the last assault.

It must have been a bitter moment for the brave Coyett, but, seeing that his fellows were against him, he yielded.

Negotiations were then entered into with Koxinga for the surrender of the fort. A truce was agreed to and, after five days' parleying, the terms were arranged on February 1, 1662.

The evacuation of Fort Zeelandia began forthwith, and two hostages were given on either side until the provisions of the treaty had been complied with. All artillery, materials, merchandise, money, and other property belonging to the company, with the exception of the records, were surrendered. The besieged were allowed to retain enough provisions for their voyage to Batavia; the Dutch officials were allowed to retain their private property. Prisoners of war in Koxinga's hands were released and the vessels which had been captured were handed back. No other than the white flag was flown from Zeelandia until the evacuation was complete, nor were any of Koxinga's men permitted to enter the fort until the Dutch had marched out—and this they were allowed to do with loaded muskets, flying colours and beating drums.[1]

[1] The foregoing account is based mainly on the translation from *'t Verwœrloosde Formosa*, 1665, in Rev. W. Campbell's *Formosa under the Dutch*, pp. 384 *et seq.*

§ 8

Thus it was that the island of Formosa, which would have been so priceless a possession to the Dutch to-day, was allowed to fall into the hands of a Chinese rebel chief. The blame for this must rest not upon the heads of the gallant Coyett and his men, but upon their superiors at Batavia, who betrayed the settlement by their neglect of warnings, their refusal to sanction the necessary fortifications, and their failure to send adequate assistance. With the fall of Zeelandia they lost for ever the opportunity they had had of linking together the trade with China and Japan by means of a base in the China Seas; all missionary efforts in the island came to an end and the inhabitants were allowed to return to their pristine paganism; Dutch prestige in the Eastern seas fell—and with good cause—to a low ebb.

The amount of treasure, merchandise, and materials that were surrendered to Koxinga amounted to less than half a million guilders, and there is no doubt that Koxinga, although he showed himself inhumane in his treatment of prisoners, might have treated the members of the Dutch garrison, who were completely at his mercy, far more severely than he did. He offered them no indignities: on the contrary, he allowed them to carry away from that ill-fated fort upon the barren sandbank their honour and their arms. And these things, one may suppose, were dearer to the hearts of those dauntless warriors, who had won the respect of the Chinese chieftain by their dogged courage and endurance, than all the packages of amber and blood corals that were given up.

But they were not dearer to the hearts of the Batavia authorities. It is a bitter fact that the men

who had won the grudging admiration of the barbarian for having defended their country's honour to the last were treated by their own people like deserters. Governor Coyett and the members of his Council were flung into prison on their return. Coyett, having been imprisoned for two years, was condemned to banishment for life upon a lonely island in the Malayan seas. He was eventually released through the intercession of the Prince of Orange, who listened with sympathy to the entreaties of his children and friends, but even then his freedom was conditional on his giving an undertaking to settle in the Netherlands and never to take any part in Eastern affairs again.

Such was the fate of one who deserved well of his country. The strange thing is that while every decade of history has its Coyetts and its Caeuws, many of them receive like rewards.

No serious attempts were ever made by the Dutch East India Company to retrieve its fallen fortunes in the China Sea. Koxinga remained in undisputed possession of the island and made his headquarters at Fort Zeelandia, to which he gave the name of Anping-Chin—City of Peace. Here he appears to have ruled wisely and well, but he was not to enjoy the fruits of conquest long, for a few months after the surrender of the Dutch he died, at the age of 39, at a time when he was organizing a large expedition to attack the Spanish settlements in the Philippines.

Koxinga was, without doubt, one of the most striking martial figures the East has ever produced. Mr. Campbell would condemn him as a cruel barbarian. Cruel we know him to have been, but, as Mr. Davidson more justly says, it is impossible to judge him impartially without taking into account the conditions and times in which he lived. The Christian

commanders of those days were cruel, sometimes merciless: the Spanish *conquistadores,* the Portuguese adventurers, and the Dutch themselves committed barbarities—often under the cloak of their religion—more terrible than any recorded of Koxinga. Moreover, he had other qualities in his character that atoned for this defect. Contrary to its usual course, in him nature seems to have contrived that his mixed parentage should bring out the best qualities of both races to which he could claim kinship, for he had the courage of the Japanese warrior combined with the subtlety of the Chinese diplomat, two essentials of success in military leadership.

Koxinga, however, was more than a successful general. He was that rare thing, a man with a single purpose in his life: the restoration of the Ming dynasty which had been overthrown by the Tartars. To this cause he subordinated all other aims, devoted his whole existence. The capture of Formosa from the Dutch was to be but a stepping-stone to the achievement of his single aim, and it is recorded of him that as he breathed his last he cried, "How can I meet my Emperor with my mission unfulfilled?"

As I stood in the peaceful shrine with Koshimura by my side I could not help wondering whether, had Koxinga never lived, the island would have become a second Java, or whether the Japanese, working out their predestined expansion as a colonial power, would have wrested it from the Dutch. And as I gazed at a crude Chinese picture representing Koxinga's victory I thought how well it would be for China to-day if she had a man of such iron will, such compelling personality, and above all such

single-hearted devotion to his country's cause as this pirate's son.

Koshimura saw me looking at the picture and broke in upon my reflections by telling me that he had had an awkward moment explaining what the scene represented to a secretary from the Dutch Legation at Tokyo, whom he had escorted round Tainan some time before.

"Very difficult," he said with a shake of his head and a sharp intake of his breath—"very difficult."

CHAPTER IV

TAINAN: THE ANCIENT CAPITAL

Visit to a girls' school—Education in Formosa—Mission schools—Fort Provintia—The lantern painter—Anping—Its former activities—The remains of Fort Zeelandia—Old British Consulate—Early English trade—Salt-making—Salt a Government monopoly—A present from the Governor—We dine in Japanese fashion with Koshimura—He tells a story—A stroll round the town—We startle the inhabitants.

§ 1

WE left the shrine of Koxinga dreaming in the morning sunlight and were then taken to inspect a school for Japanese girls, as Koshimura (whom by this time I fear we had come to call 'Kosh' between ourselves) anticipated that it would be of particular interest to my wife.

The school was an imposing-looking building of red brick, constructed on Western lines. We were received by the Principal, who escorted us round. One of the things that interested me most was the bathroom, where there was a large tiled bath, in which all the pupils bathed together; they do not, of course, worry about anything so unnecessary as 'costumes' and bathe as nature made them. As the Principal explained (rather apologetically, I thought), Japanese conventions in these matters differ from ours, but I am not at all sure that they are any the less sensible. At any rate, they tend (I imagine) to banish prudery and false modesty. Or rather would do so if such things ever entered a Japanese maiden's mind, which, owing to the method of her upbringing, I doubt.

Instead of dormitories there were little rooms, in each of which slept three girls. We were shown some of the class-rooms, where our presence caused what was probably a welcome diversion to the pupils and, I expect, thoroughly distracted them for the rest of the morning. In one room a Japanese writing-lesson was going on, the characters being written most beautifully with brushes. In another some of the older girls were being taught etiquette and deportment; each had to come forward and practise bowing gracefully, a ceremony which still plays a great part in Japanese life. It was rather like a class of debutantes being taught to curtsey before attending a Court.

In the last class-room we visited, an English reading-lesson was in progress, and for our special benefit one poor damsel was called out by the master and made to read. We would gladly have spared her the ordeal, for she had a dreadful attack of nerves and was covered with confusion. We left her amidst the titters of her companions, with her face, scarlet with blushes, buried in her book. In their kimonos and obis, bright as butterflies' wings, they all looked like little beings out of fairyland, and it seemed a cruel thing that they should have to sit for hours at desks of deal poring over English 'readers.'

§ 2

The Japanese pay much attention to education in Formosa, as they do everywhere else in the Empire, and there are over nine hundred schools of various descriptions in the island. Before the coming of the Japanese, State schools were unknown and, with the exception of that given by the foreign Missions, edu-

cation was confined to the children of those who could afford to pay for it. Even then it consisted of little more than reading the books of Mencius and Confucius or memorizing legendary stories; there was to be obtained no modern training by means of which a student might equip himself for a useful post in commerce or public life.

When the Japanese took over the island they found that the majority of the population, apart even from the aborigines, was unable to read or write, and they lost no time in establishing schools for the teaching of the Japanese language. If they hoped to win over the people to accept their rule, one cannot but feel that this was not the right way to set about it. The Formosans were of direct Chinese descent; they had all the intense conservatism of their race, all the mistrust of innovations. The result was that they looked upon the education offered by the Japanese with suspicion; they had no desire for their children to learn to read and write Japanese, and consequently refused to send them to school. However, right or wrong, 'assimilation' has always been the guiding principle of the Japanese in dealing with subject races, and their methods prevailed. The inhabitants gradually came to see the advantages of securing a good education for their offspring, and of course other subjects besides Japanese were taught. In many of the schools not only was education free, but the students' living expenses were paid as well. The State paid the salaries of the teachers and all other expenses were borne by the rates, but, to avoid any grievances on the part of the ratepayers, schools were, to begin with, only established in areas where the consent of the inhabitants had been obtained. At the same time a large number of the old-fashioned Chinese schools were allowed to

continue for the accommodation of parents who preferred still to cling to more conservative methods.

The population of Formosa is nearly four millions, and the inhabitants are divided into four classes: the Japanese, who number about 175,000; the Formosans, the descendants of the original settlers and usually of pure Chinese stock but occasionally with an admixture of native blood, numbering 3,500,000; the aborigines, or 'savages' as Koshimura and his other brother-officers always called them, of whom there are approximately 130,000; and some 28,000 'foreigners,' among whom are included all Chinese who are not Japanese citizens by birth or domicile. The present educational system is adapted to meet the requirements of each class. For the Japanese there are Commercial Schools, Middle Schools, and 'Normal' Schools, native teachers being trained in the latter; in addition to these there are specialist training establishments for agriculture, forestry, and medicine; there are technical schools, and high schools for the girls. For the Formosans there are also commercial and specialist schools; there are twenty-four industrial schools as well as five hundred State schools for elementary education which have nearly 175,000 pupils. In 1922 the Formosan Education Ordinance was revised and the principle of joint education for Japanese and Formosans established, all differential treatment being abolished. In practice, however, separate education is bound to continue, especially in the primary schools, until the knowledge of the Japanese language becomes more prevalent. Where the children of one race are ignorant of the language of the other, joint education is obviously impracticable.

In addition to the State schools there are two hundred private establishments with a total of 7,000

pupils; these are gradually dying out as modern education spreads, for twenty years ago there were over a thousand of them, and it says something for Japanese tolerance that they are allowed to remain. There are also thirty schools for the aborigines, nearly 5,000 of whom are being educated at the present time: of these there will be more to say in a subsequent chapter.

The number of schools in the island is an interesting example of the progressive methods of the Japanese, who have built up this extensive system of education in less than thirty years. At the same time it must not be forgotten that the missionary schools, which were founded in the days of the Chinese administration, still flourish. There are two Protestant Missions in the island, one, the English Presbyterian Mission, at Tainan, and the other, the Canadian Presbyterian Mission, at Taihoku and Tamsui.

The Presbyterian missionaries were the pioneers of education in Formosa, and before the Japanese occupation the Mission schools were the only institutions in the island which provided instruction on modern lines. The English Presbyterian Mission was established in 1865. In the early days a number of elementary schools were maintained, but these have been gradually closed, owing to the Japanese having organized their own, and there is now only a Middle (or secondary) School, the new building of which was opened in 1916. It occupies a site of 11 acres outside the East Gate of Tainan City and has accommodation for 180 boarders. The original aim of this school was to give a general secondary education to students who would afterwards pass through the Theological College at Tainan. Its scope, however, was soon enlarged, and the sons of all Christian

Formosans were welcomed. For a long time the Japanese had no secondary schools for Formosans and a number of non-Christian pupils were received; the latter now predominate, the decrease in the number of Christian boys attending being due, it is said, to the steady rise in fees. The religious purpose of the school, however, remains unchanged. Education is based on Christian principles, the Bible is taught in school hours, and all pupils attend church on Sundays. The need for a 'conscience clause' has not arisen. No compulsion is brought to bear on pupils to become Christians, and in the event of a non-Christian boy wishing to be baptized, his parents' consent must first be obtained. Applicants for the first-year class must have passed through the Government elementary schools. The curriculum, the number of subjects taught, and the text-books used are the same as those in use in other Middle Schools in Japan. The teaching is carried on in the Japanese language, with the exception of the Bible and a certain amount of Chinese classics, which are taught in Formosan.

The school has not yet received Government recognition, and therefore pupils are not allowed to compete for entrance to the Government High Schools and colleges on the same terms as boys from Government Middle Schools. To obtain recognition a more highly qualified staff and better equipment are required, and the Mission is working to this end. The school is maintained by fees received from the pupils, the annual charges per head being £16, including tuition, board, food, and games, and by a small grant from the Presbyterian Church of England, which also pays the salaries of the two educational missionaries. No aid is received from the Formosan Government.

The present Theological College is in the Mission compound and was opened in 1903. The building was the gift of a gentleman in England, who gave a donation of £1,000 for the purpose, and has accommodation for 28 students. Its aim is to fit young men to be instructors of the congregations scattered over the island, and as education has spread the scope of the course, which lasts four years, has been made more comprehensive. The college, of which the Rev. Thomas Barclay, who has worked in Formosa since 1875, is the Principal, is supported by the Presbyterian Church of England, with a small annual grant from the Chinese Church.

The Mission also has a Girls' School with 165 pupils. This provides elementary and secondary education for the daughters of Christians and others. It is registered under the new Japanese regulations as a High School and has recently been moved to a new building, half the cost of which was met by the Formosans themselves. The income derived from fees does not cover the total expenditure and the deficit is made up by the Women's Missionary Association of the Presbyterian Church of England, which established the school in 1887.

In addition to this there is a Women's Bible School, which was opened in 1895 for the purpose of giving a simple knowledge of the Bible to women who have had no previous education whatever. The women are taught to read and write the romanized text of the Formosan (Amoy vernacular) language, and the more promising of them are trained as Bible-women for the Churches. The number varies between ten and forty, and there is no fixed course, but a very useful work is being carried on among a class of people who would otherwise be ignorant and superstitious.

The first school of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission was founded at Tamsui by the pioneer missionary, Dr. Mackay, in 1882. One section of the school was devoted to theological training, and in 1914 this was moved to Taihoku and established as a separate institution, the remainder being recognized as the Tamsui Middle School. Now that the Government regulations require that all schools must accept both Japanese and Formosans without distinction, the Mission is obliged to provide equipment and teaching of as high a grade as that of Government schools to obtain pupils. This is being done, and the Tamsui Middle School now has a magnificent gymnasium, to give facilities for exercise during the wet winter months, and plans are being drawn up for new class-rooms and dormitories.

The Mission also has a flourishing Girls' School, founded in 1907. Hitherto it has catered for Formosan girls only, but will, in accordance with the new regulations, admit Japanese girls also.

The results of all these schools have been highly successful, and the Tainan Mission, as well as offering the ordinary educational advantages for its converts, had, for several years before the coming of the Japanese, a special school for the blind, instituted by the Rev. William Campbell. This undertaking was so successful and so highly thought of by the Japanese themselves that the Mission was able to induce the Formosan Government to take it over, and it is now controlled by the Educational Department. The medical work of these Missions deserves special mention. The English Presbyterian Mission has a splendid hospital at Tainan and another at the town of Shoka, while the Canadian Mission has one at Taihoku. All these hospitals have British doctors in charge.

THE TEMPLE DEDICATED TO CONFUCIUS.

In addition to these Protestant missionaries, men and women who give their lives of unremitting toil and devotion to the people amongst whom they labour, there are the Spanish Catholics, the headquarters of whose mission is at Takao; other stations are to be found throughout the island. The subject of foreign Missions is always food for controversy, but even those who view Missions with disfavour cannot but allow the earnestness and singlemindedness of these Dominican Fathers, who receive no more than the barest allowance to suffice them for their every need.

§ 3

After leaving the little maidens to their interrupted lessons we were taken by Koshimura to see a temple dedicated to Confucius. It had a massive door and noble gateway, as if built for a giant, in that generous style which the Chinese have brought to perfection. In little side-chambers—vestries, I suppose one might call them—on either side of the quiet courtyard was a wonderful collection of musical instruments used in religious processions. The quaintest of all was a set of white marble tubes of different sizes arranged so as to give varying tones when struck. They reminded me of the rows of bottles on which tunes are played, and I present the marble-tube idea to some enterprising bottle artist who is anxious to break out upon the long-suffering music-hall public on new lines.

A photograph was taken of the temple, and then we climbed through narrow winding streets up to what had once been the Dutch Fort Provintia, or Red Hair Fort, as it was called by the Chinese in remembrance of the foreigners who built it. It stands on

a fine site overlooking the town, but little save the old red-brick foundations remain to-day. The Chinese built a temple to the Goddess of the Sea on these foundations, and this, Koshimura told us, was then being restored by the Formosan Government; in consequence the whole place was alive with shouting masons and busy bricklayers, and we were glad to escape without getting anything on our heads.

On the way back to the car we passed a lantern shop. We had been surprised to find electric light at the inn, and this seemed a pleasant change from the influence of the West. A lantern shop! Could anything be more attractive? Full, not of the crude and flimsy Japanese lanterns so familiar to us in England, but of lanterns nobly proportioned, as big as pumpkins. On a low stool a man bent over one as he painted great Chinese characters in black upon it. Against the dim background of his shop and with the lanterns bobbing like balloons above his head he made a picture. "The camera," we said.

Unfortunately the painter's shop was too dark to photograph him as he crouched, intent upon his art. Here, I thought, the ever-obliging Koshimura would come to the rescue and, having with a few words tactfully obtained the artist's permission for the picture to be taken, gently induce him to move his stool out into the sunlight. But Koshimura did nothing of the kind. He had complacently stood upon the steps of the Temple of Confucius half an hour before and had been photographed himself, but now he raised unexpected objections. The Formosans, said he, disliked being photographed; they believed that if you took their likeness they came to an early and untimely end.

Now, the camera is too recent an invention for any semi-civilized person to have deeply rooted religious

prejudices against it, so while Koshimura was doing the polite but heavy obstructionist with my wife, I pretended not to hear, and by means of a little pantomime (in which a few coins took a leading part) I persuaded the painter to shift out into the light and then resume his good work. He seemed to have no presage of impending dissolution, and the photograph was taken in the presence of a wide-eyed and gaping crowd which had by this time collected, the slightly disgruntled Koshimura standing in the background. I felt it was rather churlish to go against Koshimura's wishes when he was doing so much for us. But then it was going to be such a splendid picture. And the pity of it was that after all our trouble the thing was not a great success. Anyhow, I hope I did not shorten the artist's life, for one day I mean to start a lantern shop in Sloane Street and I shall fetch him from Formosa and let him do his painting in the window. If one day you see a large crowd collected on the pavement somewhere north of Pont Street, you may be fairly certain that we have begun.

After paying a brief visit to the market, which seemed to consist mainly of butchers, and failing (somewhat to our relief) to get into the Museum, which was closed, we went to see the shrine of Prince Kitashirakawa, erected on the spot where H.I.H. died, on October 28, 1895, during the campaign against the so-called Formosan Republic. Then we returned to the inn, to find that the Governor had returned my call. Mr. Sakakibara said that His Excellency wished to entertain us that evening and that we were to be invited either to a dinner-party or a dancing performance—it had not been decided which. Remembering that the Governor could not

(or would not) speak English, we hoped that it might be the latter.

We were not allowed much rest, for at two o'clock Sakakibara appeared again with the car and took us by a vile road (alongside which ran a trolley line for 'push-cars') to Anping, the ancient stronghold of the Dutch, the one-time headquarters of Koxinga, and the decaying port of Tainan. The harbour, never deep and in reality little more than an open roadstead, has silted up so as to become unnavigable, and all vessels but those of shallow draught have to lie off a mile from the shore. The waste of mud flats, where three hundred years ago the Dutch squadrons rode at anchor, presented a dreary spectacle. Even Fort Zeelandia, over whose battlements the blood-flag had floated defiantly for eight months, was as depressing as the rest; it lies neglected, with crumbling walls, from one of which grows a great banyan tree, its strange roots twisting among the bricks.

Like an old man who has lost his vigour, Anping has little to live upon but memories. As well as its historical associations with the Dutch and with Koxinga, it was in years gone by the scene of the spasmodic effort of the British to found a colony and, later, the situation of the British Consulate, which was transferred from Takao when the small community of British merchants moved on account of the harbour silting up. Anping had the advantage of being near Tainan, the southern metropolis, but now that Takao has harbour works it has ousted Anping from the position of the leading port of the south. The British colonies in both towns are gone, never, in all probability, to return. Koshimura pointed out to us the Consulate, which was abandoned in 1910. It was in the style of foreign houses

in China, with verandas on every side. It was built of red brick, and its desolate appearance looked in keeping with the tumble-down houses all around. It is said that the chief occupation of the British Consul at Anping used to be killing mosquitoes, and I can well believe it.

§ 4

As we poked about the ruins of the Fort two police officers suddenly appeared and saluted us. Koshimura seemed, for some reason, rather displeased at this and apparently resented their intrusion, but cards were exchanged. Then, accompanied by our new guides, we set off to see the salt-making, which is the staple industry of Anping.

First we visited a salt-factory, where the sea-water was being evaporated in iron pans over furnaces and the resulting salt crystallized and purified by machinery. These up-to-date methods are, however, comparatively new to the island; side by side with them we were able to see the old-fashioned way by which the Formosans have procured salt for centuries and the means by which they procure the bulk of it still. The wide expanses of mud-flats had been split up into small rectangular divisions enclosed by low embankments and paved with tiles. Into these shallow vats the sea-water is admitted by means of sluice-gates, each vat connecting with its neighbour. Here the process of evaporation begins, but to obtain the finished salt the water is run off into series of crystallization basins and is allowed to remain for eight or ten hours. The sun is the chief agent relied on, consequently the labour required is small and the salt can be produced cheaply. We were just in time to see the contents of some of the basins being swept

up into heaps by coolies, much in the same manner as snow is swept up in a London street.

The salt industry in Formosa dates back for nearly three centuries. During the Dutch occupation no salt was allowed to be made, as it was imported from Batavia and retailed to the inhabitants at a large profit—a good instance of the narrow policy of the East India Company. Koxinga, however, had the interests of the island itself at heart, and decided to make Formosa self-supporting. He therefore instituted and encouraged the manufacture of salt, and as the extensive low-lying lands along the western coast were particularly suited to his designs, the industry flourished.

During the Chinese régime salt was made a Government monopoly; this was abolished when the Japanese gained possession of the island, but so accustomed had the manufacturers become to the working of the monopoly and to the selling of their salt to one customer—the Government—that they did not take kindly to finding a number of customers who were often difficult to reach and not always reliable in the matter of payment. A crisis in the industry arose, and in consequence the Japanese thought it prudent to re-establish the monopoly, though on slightly different lines, and, to encourage the manufacture, granted land free in certain cases. This monopoly is still in force. The industry is open to private enterprise, but official permission has to be obtained before a salt-farm may be opened, and this permission is only granted to Japanese subjects. All the salt produced has to be sold to the Government at a fixed price. The Government then sells supplies to the Formosan Salt-Selling Association, which retails them to the actual consumers, but the retail price, as well as the buying price, is also fixed

and controlled by the Government Monopoly Bureau.

The monopoly question is always a vexed one. The granting of monopolies to firms or private individuals, a practice which is occasionally followed, for instance, by governing Chartered Companies, is, as a general rule, a confession of weakness. It forbids all competition and is usually to be deprecated. It is the last resort to get a country or an industry exploited. There is no doubt that if it is considered desirable to establish a monopoly, it is much better that it should be in the hands of the State rather than in the hands of private individuals; at the same time, it is only in unexploited and undeveloped countries that monopolies are justifiable at all. In Formosa the Japanese have thought fit to establish State monopolies over opium, camphor, tobacco, and, since 1922, over the sale of alcohol and alcoholic liquors (except beer), as well as over salt, so that the sugar, tea, and rice are the only important industries left uncontrolled.

The system has its advantages up to a certain point. In the case of salt, for example, the small native farmer is assured of a sale; he is enabled to obtain a fair price for his produce when he might be exploited by money-lenders, as the sugar-planters were in the days of the Chinese. On the other hand, the consumer has to pay two middle-men, the Government and the Selling Association—and consequently a higher price than he might otherwise pay; for although prices would go up at first if Government control were removed, the competition which would be the natural result of allowing many buyers instead of one into the field would soon bring them to a lower level. However, in this particular case the added cost to the consumer is not great, and the

enormous increases in the amount of salt manufactured in the past few years show that the industry is prospering and not declining or even standing still.

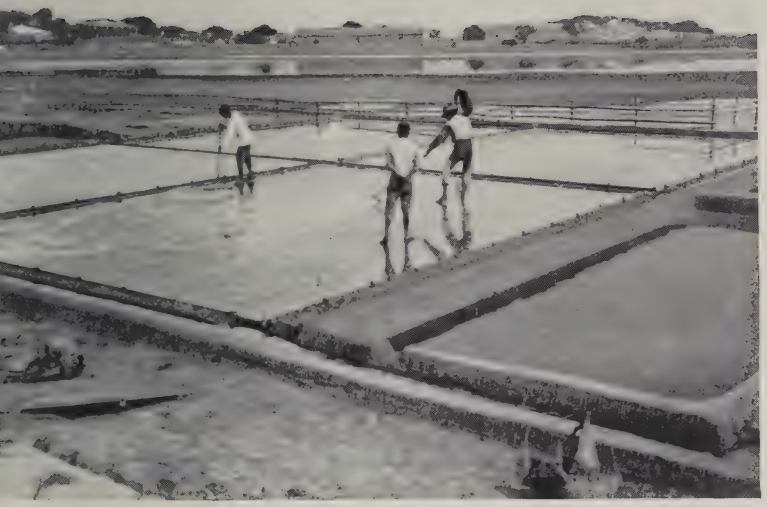
This, surely, must be the test of every monopoly. If it cramps an industry, away with it. If it expands it, makes for more employment and increased trade, then let it stay, anyhow in a country where private enterprise is not likely to be great. Since they came to Formosa the Japanese have carefully fostered the salt industry; they have assisted the farmers, have protected their interests, and have improved the quality of the salt turned out, so that the amount produced annually has increased from 60,000,000 lb. in 1900 to 200,000,000 lb. in 1922. Formosa is now self-supporting in the matter of salt and in 1922 exported in addition over 132,000,000 lb., wholly to Japan and Korea. There is still plenty of room for expansion of the industry, particularly on the west coast, and it is hoped that in time Japan herself may be able to depend entirely on Formosa for her salt imports.

From the point of view of the growing prosperity of the industry, therefore, the Formosan Government has reason to congratulate itself, and no less a matter for congratulation is the fact that in direct revenue alone the salt monopoly brings in £200,000 annually. The activities of the Monopoly Bureau in connexion with opium, camphor, and tobacco will be discussed later.[1]

§ 5

To save a long walk back to the car we were ferried across a narrow creek in an extraordinary vessel which seemed to have been bred by a sampan out of a

[1] See pp. 185 *et seq.*



SALT-MAKING AT ANPING.

'BRED BY A SAMPAN OUT OF A RAFT.'

raft. For want of a better word I will call it a catamaran, though it was really a class above a real catamaran, which simply consists of three logs tied together, the middle log being longer than the others. Our craft was built of hollow bamboos, lashed together and curved at either end; it had a mast and a sail of brown matting; it was propelled from the stern by means of one long oar, and since the bamboo deck was always awash, a green wooden tub was thoughtfully provided for passengers to sit or stand in as they chose. I have come across some crazy means of navigating the deep in my time, but never one crazier than this. Yet these are the only fishing-boats in use along the coast and sail far out to sea, in spite of the suddenness and violence of the storms which make the Formosan Strait the bane of mariners.

Having found the car, we bumped back to Tainan at a Brooklands pace, breaking our journey to buy a model of the hybrid craft at a native shop. Then we went for a drive round the park. Every Japanese town, however small, has at least one park, and everyone is always very proud of it. The park of Tainan is (so I gathered from a 'folder' printed in English by the enterprising Japan Tourist Bureau) the largest and finest in the island. To us the absence of the iron railings and odd scraps of paper which disfigure our own parks lent it charm: the Japanese and Formosans, it would seem, are too well disciplined to need the former and to have too much feeling for the beautiful to scatter the latter indiscriminately about a landscape.

Soon after our return to the inn, it was announced that the bath was ready. Koshimura, slightly embarrassed, approached my wife and with his head on one side explained diffidently that Japanese baths

were very different from ours and that everyone used the same water.

"So please not to soap yourself in it," he said.

My wife, relieved to find that anyhow she was being allowed to have the first dip, promised faithfully to observe the custom of the country, but when she got to the bathroom she found the water so hot that until she had acclimatized herself to the temperature she couldn't get in. But women always seem to be able to bear both water and drink hotter than men can, and when my turn came, having scalded one foot, I found I couldn't get in at all. As there was no sign of any cold water, the bath being a cement tank filled by a pipe from a cistern (or boiler), I finished my bath with the aid of an enamel basin, in which I managed to cool a little water as some people will cool hot tea by pouring it in a saucer.

I mention these rather intimate details because assuredly one half of the world does not know how the other half bathes. For example, one of the first shocks that everyone gets when he goes out East for the first time is having to stand on a cement bathroom floor and pour water over himself from a Shanghai jar with a tin dipper. The Japanese bath, once one accustoms oneself, as in self-defence one has to do, to the heat of the water (I managed to get some cold in mine the next night), has its attractions, for the heat folds you in its arms and you feel that you never want to get out into the cold world again. There is no spot on earth more divinely suited to thinking in than a hot bath, and no one has ever embodied this truth more perfectly than Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith in his *More Trivia*:

"I was late for breakfast this morning, for I had been delayed in my heavenly hot bath by the thought

of all the other Earnest Thinkers, who, at that very moment—I had good reason to believe it—were blissfully soaking the time away in hot baths all over London."

The only thing that drives one down to breakfast under such circumstances is that the water eventually begins to get cold; but in Japan it never does, so that there is all the more time for thought. Perhaps this is what has made the Japanese the nation they are. One can picture them soaking in their cement baths for hours from 5 p.m. onwards, thinking out schemes for the betterment of the Empire. Nowadays I never read of a new achievement of Japan but I feel that the statesman responsible must have been having an extra ten minutes in his bath or that his water must have been made a couple of degrees hotter than usual. Everyone gets his brain-waves in his own particular way—either in hot baths, or whilst brushing his hair, or whilst shaving. The dullest man I ever knew was one who habitually had a cold bath and got his valet to brush his hair and shave him. He never gave his mind a chance. Nobody ever got an inspiration from a cold bath—he would always be too intent on getting out—but it seems to me that a nation that makes a hobby of hot baths has found the royal road to greatness. Without their hot baths the Japanese might have never become a first-class Power.

On my return from my lick and promise, clad in the cotton kimono with which, as well as slippers, every Japanese inn thoughtfully provides one, I found Koshimura in a state of agitation. The Mayor of Tainan had called and left a card. I said that I saw no cause for distress; on the contrary, it was very polite of him, and I was sorry I had been trying

to have a bath. Koshimura, however, refused to be calmed. He had forgotten to trot me round to shoot my card at the Mayor first. I assented then that it was a bad business, but I was far too comfortable in my kimono to feel inclined to take to the streets again before dinner, so we compromised by agreeing to get Sakakibara, whom Koshimura was expecting with news of the evening's programme, to leave the necessary cards for me next morning.

When Sakakibara arrived, he brought with him a letter in Japanese from the Governor. Translated, the purport of it was that the entertainment in our honour was off, as His Excellency had been called away into the country on urgent business; he sent us his apologies and begged my wife to accept as a token of his goodwill a Japanese basket. This Sakakibara handed over with some ceremony. It was beautifully made, a product, we were told, of the local prison, with a hinged lid and a smaller basket of similar design inside. Koshimura volunteered the information that it was worth at least 60 *yen*; but although we rather doubted this statement, we did not appreciate the gift any the less: it seemed such a graceful act of kindness, so typical of the spirit we met everywhere we went. Moreover, it proved invaluable as a receptacle for the endless odds and ends we accumulated on the way home, and later, in chilly Suffolk, our Siamese cat, who feels the cold intensely, used to make it his nightly bed, getting with the lid shut a really good froust up such as delights his heart.

§ 6

The Governor's reception having been abandoned, we dined with Koshimura, sitting on little cushions upon the matted floor. Both 'foreign' and Japanese

food was produced, but the latter was too much for us, although we made valiant efforts. Even the rice, served from spotless wooden buckets by the waiting maidens, was not cooked dry as we have it with curry in the East and (to our taste) was wet and sticky. The chief dish consisted of slices of raw fish which, Koshimura said, everyone in Japan, from the Emperor to peasant, eats at every meal. I tried some and felt (but did not say so) that the Emperor was welcome to my share. For this, together with the strange vegetables and stranger sauces and the cold soft-boiled eggs (all served on a tray in little separate dishes), is undoubtedly an acquired taste. Unfortunately we did not stay in the island long enough to acquire it. It is very humiliating to be so utterly a slave to convention that one cannot appreciate, or at least adapt oneself, to other people's perfectly good food, but there it is. Frankly, I had no idea (before I tried it) that an ordinary hen's egg could be so extraordinarily nasty as it is when cold and soft-boiled. Cold hard-boiled, yes; hot soft-boiled, yes; but cold soft-boiled, emphatically no.

During dinner I tried to pick up a few useful Japanese phrases from Koshimura, and in the course of his lesson he told me a story apropos the words *arigato* ('thank you') and *ohaio* ('good morning'). He was once taking about an American, who, having little Japanese, got slightly mixed and kept expressing his thanks by saying "Crocodile, crocodile," but when someone, passing the time of day, said "*Ohaio*" to him, he turned to Koshimura and asked in astonishment, "Say, how the devil did he know where I was raised?"

After dinner we went for a stroll round the town with Koshimura and Sakakibara, who had changed their uniforms and shoes for the more comfortable

kimono, tabi, and geta. The streets were thronged with people, most of them in that curious mixture of kimono and cap or bowler hat which is so symbolical of the westernized East to-day. A bowler when worn with an ordinary lounge suit is ugly enough; with a morning coat and brown boots it is an offence, but with a kimono and geta it is an outrage. How people with such an innate sense of the decorative as the Japanese can bear it is quite incomprehensible. It makes one feel there must be a kink somewhere.

As we walked along we found that we, especially my wife, were provoking intense interest, so uncommon is a white face in Tainan. The eyes of the passers-by seemed almost to start out of their heads when we came upon them suddenly. I have never been so stared at, even in a village of headhunters on the Borneo hills. It was the same at the inn. I don't think the little fairies who waited on us had ever seen a white woman before, and when we got back and my wife started to do a little packing they hurried along the passage to watch, scrutinizing every movement and all her clothes with childlike curiosity. What caught their fancy most was a black Egyptian scarf, shimmering with sequins. They would obviously have liked the whole box unpacked for their special benefit, but they were so sweet and naïve about it all that it was impossible to resent their inquisitiveness, and when the lid was closed they cluttered off with many thanks and smiles and bows and spread our mattresses once more. And as I dropped off to sleep beneath the draperies of that vast mosquito-net, with new impressions whirling in my mind like petals of cherry-blossom in the wind, I wondered if Koshimura intended to work us as hard every day as he had on the day we had just got through.

CHAPTER V

THE WEALTH OF THE FORESTS

We leave Tainan—Pleasant manners of Japanese innkeepers—Koshimura settles expenses—Tipping in Japanese hotels—The Formosan Railway—Expansion by Japanese—Excellent baggage system—Kagi—The timber industry—Conservation of forests—Wasteful methods of aborigines—The forests of Mount Ari—The Government sawmill—Lunch at the Kagi Club—A photograph taken under difficulties.

§ 1

WHEN we left the Shihiuen Hotel the smiling proprietress made us little presents of fans and picture postcards, apologizing (most unnecessarily) that her accommodation was so poor and that we had been so uncomfortable. The whole staff turned out to watch us go, bowing repeatedly, with many a beaming '*Sayonara.*'

It all left a very pleasant taste in one's mind. What an example, we thought, for the keepers of those dreary provincial hotels which abound in England, the atmosphere of which is as exhilarating as that of a tin church on a wet Sunday. I wonder nobody has ever been enterprising enough to build a Japanese hotel in England within, as the house-agents say, 'easy reach of town.' It could be imported in sections from Japan, complete with a proprietress who would give fans and picture postcards to departing visitors and with smiling fairies in kimonos and obis who would laugh at the guests as they looked round in perplexity for their beds. Londoners are just as much on the look-out for some new

thing as were the Athenians of old. And if the promoter laid out as well a garden set with *torii* and great stone lamps and humped bridges over artificial streams which flowed into a pond where flitting goldfish would eat crumbs out of your hand, if he placed rocks in it with as much care and cunning as a woman places combs in her hair, and dwarfs of hills to make the skyline look what it should to a Japanese—if he did all this, the place would be crammed the whole year long. Even Japanese might go and stay. Not having the capital to start the thing myself, I make a present of the idea to anyone who has. The only stipulation I make is that I shall be allowed free board and lodging for one week-end every year. Yes, much as I shall enjoy it, one week-end will be enough.

Koshimura obligingly settled all expenses for me, paying the bill and distributing the necessary largesse. We found that the Japanese inn, although unpretentious, is by no means cheap. For example, our stay at Tainan for two nights cost us 45 *yen,* which, with the *yen* at its normal exchange of 2*s.* (it was then 2*s.* 6*d.*), amounted to £4 10*s.* Accommodation and Japanese food came to 24 *yen;* 7 *yen* went in 'foreign' food and 14 *yen* in tips. Tipping is a worse inquisition in the Japanese Empire than almost anywhere else in the world, and it is bound by hard-and-fast rules. If, for instance, a Japanese stays a night at an inn, he may pay only 6 *yen* for a small room and his food, but he must give at least one *yen* to the chambermaid, one *yen* to the porter, and three as *chadai,* or 'tea-money,' to the house, so that his tips amount to nearly as much as his bill. This is an understood thing and, according to Koshimura, the *chadai* custom is adhered to even more rigidly in Formosa than in Japan; a rich merchant,

ostentatiously disposed, may give away 50 to 100 *yen* at the end of a visit merely to display his own importance. This is why foreign travellers in Japan are apt to find prices in hotels conducted on Western lines very expensive, for the management, knowing that the average visitor is not aware of the *chadai* custom, tack the amount they would otherwise expect to receive on to the price of their rooms.

§ 2

The Governor and his son appeared at Tainan station to bid us good-bye, and we travelled on by the excellent Formosan railway to Kagi (pronounced 'Kangy').

The authorities had been kind enough to provide us with free passes on the railway. There is no doubt that a free railway-pass adds considerably to the charm of travelling, and perhaps that is why we found the Formosan line so good. There are first-class carriages only on the fast trains. This, I was told, was owing to the increasingly democratic spirit of Japan, but the simpler explanation that the number of first-class passengers is negligible seemed equally possible. The first-class carriages on the expresses are similar to our own. On other trains the first-class carriages (when run) and the seconds are constructed on the same lines as our Underground carriages (themselves, of course, copied from America), but without the seats to accommodate two aside which jut out into the centre, while the thirds have benches running crossways down the car. For long journeys we found the second-class carriages somewhat uncomfortable; there was no convenient seat opposite to put one's feet on, and if one looked out of window for long one got a crick in one's

neck. The only thing to do, if one got tired of reading, was to watch the gentleman opposite massaging his feet. The first-class carriages, on the other hand, are excellent, and fares are not exorbitant, for the whole journey from Takao to Taihoku, a distance of 231 miles, costs only thirty shillings, plus four shillings for the express ticket.

The Japanese have spent large sums in developing the Formosan railway, and by this means have made communication from north to south a matter of a nine hours' journey instead of one of many days. When they took over the island there were only 62 miles of badly constructed Chinese track, the grade in some places being as much as one in twenty. The reconstruction of this line was put in hand at once and was completed in 1898 at a cost of £175,000. Since then the main line on to Takao has been constructed at an approximate cost of £3,000,000, and further extensions have been carried out, so that there are now 500 miles of track and 144 stations in the island. Fourteen and a half million passengers are carried annually, and the revenue from passenger and freight receipts amounts to over a million sterling. In less than thirty years the Japanese can claim to have increased the mileage nearly tenfold and passengers and receipts thirty-fold. These are the State railways, which, unlike most lines under Government control, more than pay their way. In addition, there are over a thousand miles of private lines, mostly of narrow gauge for light railways, and over these travel nearly 2,000,000 passengers a year.

The only things we really objected to on the Formosan railway were the waiting-rooms. No one is allowed on the platform until the train is almost due, so the passengers flock into the waiting-rooms, where they sit round on benches and, to pass the time away,

clear their throats with gusto as only Orientals can. It is an extraordinarily unpleasant habit and I often wonder why it is necessary. Waiting for a train in Formosa to a chorus of throat-rending noises was always a little trying, especially in the early morning. It used to remind me of a travelling Australian dentist who once paid a flying visit to North Borneo. He had a glass eye and perspired freely. He used to set up his chair and ply his trade in his bedroom at the local rest-house of the towns he came to. For my sins I once availed myself of his services, and as he was in the act of ramming a stopping into one of my teeth the rest-house water-carrier, a Chinese, cleared his throat on the verandah outside the room. It was a good performance, hearty, prolonged, and raucous. It left nothing to the imagination and you knew he felt better after it.

"Ar," said the dentist reminiscently, his hot hand poised above my open mouth, "that's why my wife couldn't stand the East. Them noises. Yer see, she's so refined."

I suppose that was our trouble too. We were too refined. Anyhow, we were always very glad when the train was coming and we could get up and push our way through the barrier with the crowd.

On the Formosan railways, as in Japan, the excellent American system of 'checking' personal luggage prevails, whereby the annoyances of travel are reduced to a minimum. It is a mystery to me why it has never been adopted on railways in England, where travelling is as beset with petty difficulties as a park with railings. With a little enterprise on the part of our railway companies all the scrumming round the guard's van in efforts to find one's luggage might be swept away and the danger

of someone else going off with it eliminated. Such enterprise would not have any element of speculation, for nearly every civilized country has some similar system which has been tested with success.

In Formosa and Japan, if you have not got your tickets already, you can buy them through the hotel the day before your departure, and on the express trains seats can be reserved. The tickets are handed to the hotel porter, who takes the luggage to the station, has it labelled and weighed, and on your arrival gives you back the tickets, presents you with the 'checks'—one numbered tally for each piece of luggage—finds you your reserved seat in the train, bows, and smilingly accepts your tip. When you arrive at your destination, the porter of the hotel to which you are going is on the platform to meet you. He takes the checks, finds you rickshaws or motor, and almost as soon as you are being shown your room at the hotel you find your trunks being bundled in. There are no harrowing doubts as to whether the luggage really *was* put in the van, no jostling to claim it when you arrive, no chartering of a bus to get it from the station. It is a little lesson in how to be saved trouble, and it always seems to work.

The checking system is equally efficient whether journeys are short, as in Formosa, or long, as in the the United States. The most illuminating experience I ever had with it was when travelling once from San Francisco to England by way of Vancouver and New York—a journey which might remind one of G. K. Chesterton's

> 'The night we went to Glastonbury
> By way of Goodwin Sands.'

I did not want to take my heavy baggage up to Vancouver and across the Rockies, so I checked it

through in bond to the *Adriatic,* in which I was sailing from New York. I made my way across Canada by the C.P.R., via Niagara Falls to New York, and thence by the White Star to Liverpool. And there, under the letter R, on the customs platform beside which the boat train was waiting, I met my luggage again, slightly more battered, perhaps, than when I had seen it last in San Francisco, yet intact. But I had to spend twenty minutes round the guard's van of that special train before I could get it away from Euston in a station bus.

§ 3

On our arrival at Kagi we hurried in rickshaws to call upon the sub-prefect of the district and thence were taken to the Government saw-mill. The Director of the Saw-mill was a delightful person with a well-nourished body and a full-moon of a face which radiated good-nature. He had lived in England for several years and spoke English very well. After the usual ceremonial cup of tea he escorted us round the mill. Kagi stands on a plain at the foot of the slopes of Mount Ari, where, at an elevation varying from 1,000 to 8,000 feet, are to be found the most valuable timber resources of the island. The mountain's sides are thick with trees whose natural habitat ranges from the tropical to the temperate zones and have magnificent stands of commercial timber, the most important of which are the oak, the cypress, and the cedar.

When the Japanese first acquired Formosa they found that although the Chinese had never had sufficient enterprise to exploit the timber resources of the island, they had nevertheless allowed large tracts of valuable virgin forest to be cleared for agricultural purposes. As there was no system of re-

afforestation, the present stands of timber are considerably less than they might have been had proper care been exercised. Moreover, the transport of the timber, always a difficult problem in a mountainous country, has been made more difficult still, for it was only the hills which escaped being denuded.

The Japanese at once organized a Forestry Department, with the object both of preserving and exploiting the existing forests. Surveys were made, timber reserves were proclaimed, areas from which timber had been removed were re-stocked, and particular precautions were taken to provide for the safety and the proper cultivation of the Formosan camphor laurel, the most valuable forest product the island has. There are still large areas of forest land containing camphor and other timber, however, in the hands of the aborigines, over whose mountainous districts the Japanese are hardly able to maintain even a nominal control. Much of the hill territory that was outside the Chinese sphere of influence has come under Japanese administration, but much still remains unsubdued. It is to be hoped that in course of time the authorities will be able to settle the whole of the 'savage' area on the eastern mountains. At the same time, every year it remains in undisputed possession of the native tribes means that further tracts of primeval forest are ruthlessly cleared. The aborigines, knowing by experience the richness of virgin soil, prefer to clear and burn fresh fields every year for the cultivation of their crops, rather than clear land which had been planted before. This process has been going on for centuries; fresh areas are constantly being laid waste and, once they have borne a crop, are allowed to revert to a tangle of secondary bush.

The same problem of the conservation of forests has confronted the authorities in North Borneo, where almost identical conditions prevail in the hill districts, which are inhabited by natives of similar habits and customs to those of Formosa. In this case, even in districts where the aborigines have been under Government influence for many years, it is found difficult to wean them from the destructive methods of their forbears. It is one thing to make ordinances forbidding the clearing of virgin forest and another to enforce them effectively in a region of hills inhabited by a scattered population. For the Formosan Government the matter is even more serious, for not only is a vast supply of marketable timber being destroyed annually, but the supply of camphor trees from which the valuable product of commercial camphor is obtained is gradually becoming less and less.

In the forests about Mount Ari, however, these considerations do not arise, for the area is well within Japanese influence and its possibilities were recognized at an early date. The exploitation of the timber was first kept in the hands of the Government itself, but during the Russo-Japanese War a concession for working the area was granted to a private company. In 1913, however, it was considered advisable to buy out this company, and since then the timber workings have remained under State control. In 1922 the value of timber exports to Japan amounted to £175,000, and to foreign countries £6,700. A mountain railway, 42 miles in length, has been laid up the slopes of Mount Ari and attains at its terminus a height of 7,000 feet, the average gradient being one in fifty.

On our arrival at Takao, Koshimura had suggested that we might like to take a trip by this

mountain railway. At the time we had decided against it, thinking that as we had just left the tropics the sudden cold would be too intense. But when we arrived at Kagi and saw the glorious forest-clad slopes of Ari rising in the distance, we felt sorry we had said we would not go. However, it was too late to alter Koshimura's elaborate plans, and so we had to be content with seeing all there was to see at Kagi itself.

Cedar is the timber chiefly worked. One sees the logs lying clustered together in the water outside the saw-mill. Then a gigantic crane delicately lifts one out, as a piece of asparagus is lifted in one of those contrivances so popular as wedding presents. For a few moments it hangs suspended in the air, the water dripping from it as it twirls slowly round; then it is set upon a rollered moving-stairway leading up to the mill, which is equipped with the latest American machinery, just as the timber camps in the hills are equipped with the latest logging materials.

We went inside the mill with our host and watched awhile. It was strangely fascinating to stand amidst the rasp of saws and the rattle of machinery and to see giant logs being cut into planks by the great band-saws as deftly and as easily as a grocer cuts cheese with a string. The timber, from the time it entered the mill as a log to the time it left in the form of planks or posts, was never touched by human hand. When it was necessary to shift it, great cranks and arms, like horrid things of nightmares, shot out at the touch of a lever and buffeted it into place. A truck carried it backwards and forwards against the saws until it was squared, its shorn edges trundling down a rollered passage, wobbling ridiculously; then, readjusted, it was sawn

THE TIMBER YARD, KAGI.

THE STAIRWAY TO THE MILL.

As we were drinking our coffee a junior official appeared and, approaching Koshimura with some diffidence, presented his card. He had been sent by the sub-prefect to show us round the town. He spoke no English and seemed to be rather an ineffectual person, his chief claim to attention being that he had not shaved for several days. Koshimura adopted a haughty manner with him and he was told to sit at another table while we finished our coffee, in spite of my suggestion that he should join us.

We left the Club and went for a stroll round Kagi, but there seemed to be no more to see than there would be in a small provincial town in England. Our guide did not make any suggestions. Koshimura, having told us that he had only just come to the place and knew nothing about it, became rather short with him, and finally he faded away and left us to our own devices. We wandered round the shops, but could not find anything interesting enough to buy, so we made our way slowly towards the station, where we were to catch a train to Taichu, the next large town.

On the road I spied a Formosan rice-seller who carried his wares by means of a pole across his shoulder. Like the chestnut men of the London streets, he was his own cook, and passers-by were able to get a hot meal, thanks to the stove he carried attached to one end of the pole. He was a quaint and attractive figure, and we pursued him to get a photograph. Here Koshimura's prejudices again became evident, for he assured us that the man would refuse to stand owing to superstitious scruples. However, as in the case of the lantern painter, we had no difficulty. He obviously thought we were mad, but made no attempt to bolt,

while an old man who had just bought a bowl of rice from him insisted on coming into the picture too.

Then we found some seats in the station waiting-room where later the sub-prefect came to say good-bye. It seemed to me the very summit of politeness that he should turn out directly after lunch on a very hot afternoon, and amidst the throat-clearings of the other waiting passengers we made polite speeches, assisted by Koshimura as interpreter, until the coming of the train.

CHAPTER VI

THE FERTILE PLAINS

Arrival at Taichu—Japanese gardens—Doing as Rome does—A Japanese concert—We see the sights of Taichu—Lunch on an island in the lake—We leave for Taihoku, the capital—Fertile country—The rice-fields—Agriculture in Formosa—The land-laws—Tea-planting—Methods of preparing the leaf—Experimental stations—Tobacco—Indigo and other economic plants—Wealth of Formosa as an agricultural country alone.

§ 1

On our arrival at Taichu, which is the third city of Formosa and has 30,000 inhabitants, we were met by two officials and the Governor's car. We were driven straight to the hotel, a Japanese inn. It was a pleasant spot and this time our room was not spoilt by tables and chairs, while if we got tired of sitting on the floor we could go out on to the veranda, where there were rattan chairs.

Beyond the veranda was a tiny landscape garden. Gardens are very typical of a nation's character. Japanese gardens are small, fastidious, delicate, and charming. No one but a Japanese could make so much out of so little. But they are artificial, and to a nature-lover there always seems to be a striving after effect. Even the trees are dwarfs. Instead of utilizing the natural beauties of slope or stream, they import their rocks from all corners of the Empire, they teach streams to run, and they dump down little hills in appropriate positions. One longs for a good green stretch of English turf, and in a Japanese garden turf is one of the things one seldom sees.

Japanese gardens are essentially a product of the uncontaminated Japanese mind, and few foreigners could design one that would preserve the spirit of the original. There has been a fashion lately for making so-called Japanese gardens in England, and I have always liked the story of the polite Japanese who was being shown one by its complacent owner.

"Very beautiful," he said, "very beautiful. We have nothing like this in Japan."

After we had drunk a cup of tea on the veranda I asked Koshimura somewhat diffidently about a bath.

"I think better to wait till Taihoku," he replied. "There are many guests to-night."

We did not need to be told what he meant this time and resigned ourselves to going unbathed.

It was here that I began to try experiments with the scraps of Japanese I had picked up from Koshimura.

A little fairy fluttered into the room.

"*O-cha-kudasai,*" I said rather labouredly, although I didn't really want an honourable cup of tea at all. It was the only remark besides *sayonara* and *ohaio* that I was quite sure about.

The maiden giggled delightedly at my attempt to speak her tongue.

"*Hai, o-cha,*" she said at last, bowing, and presently brought back a tiny cup of green tea.

She had understood. I felt as Ali Baba must have felt when the cave door obeyed his 'Open Sesame.' There is a sense of glorious achievement when you have made your first attempt in a foreign language—and are understood. She might so easily have brought me a banana or a kimono.

That evening Koshimura dined with us in our room and we made another gallant attempt at Japanese 'eats.' Without, I must admit, much suc-

cess, although my wife plied her chop-sticks with far more skill than I—possibly because she has had considerable experience in manipulating knitting-needles. The raw fish still defeated us, and the little waitress who knelt on the floor beside her wooden tub of rice laughed in wonder when we only had our bowls filled once instead of the customary three times.

Adaptability is a great thing in the right place, but it is rather pathetic to see someone trying to do as Rome does when he hasn't the faintest chance of ever being a Roman. It is no good trying to live the life (or eat the food) of another race for a night or two. In fact the Japanese themselves are inclined to set us an example of what not to do in these matters. They are far more dignified when they keep to their own customs, and often become ridiculous when they abandon them for ours. The French say, "*Il faut souffrir pour être beau,*" but the Japanese often suffer merely to be ugly. Moreover so often, so very often, they suffer unnecessarily. If in this narrative I occasionally make mention of the peculiarities of Koshimura or his brothers, let it not be thought that it is with the intention of poking ill-natured fun. Both individuals and races are revealed by their idiosyncrasies rather than by their normal characteristics; the ways of the Japanese may not be our ways, but who shall say they are not just as good? It is a case of other climes, other manners, and it is because I think such distinctions illuminating that I set them down. As I once heard a dear old Japanese Admiral say in an English speech, "All people are the same at the bottom." But there are a good many differences between them elsewhere.

After dinner we were asked if we would like to

go to a Japanese musical performance which was being given in honour of the twentieth anniversary of the Taichu Press. We accepted eagerly, as, although we knew that we were not educated up to Japanese music, there seemed to be a prospect of some dancing being included in the programme.

I am not going to try to describe that performance. There was no getting away from it; we were not educated up to it. To our barbarian minds both the singing and the music were ghastly, and what little dancing there was seemed to consist mainly of people running round the stage and stamping. I had hoped that there would be perhaps a kind of Cherry Dance such as is presented at Kyoto every year—a perfect and most beautiful thing of its kind and one which might make the fortune of a producer enterprising enough to bring it to the Empire for a London season. But there was nothing of the kind. However, the audience, which filled the great hall to overflowing, seemed to like it all. I amused myself by wondering how on earth the lady sitting in front of me managed to do her hair (Koshimura told me later that she didn't, but got a hairdresser to do it for her once a week) and by making friends with the Japanese spaniel belonging to my neighbour. I liked him for having brought his dog to the concert rather than leave it at home chained up; in fact, I liked him for having it at all, for one of the things that surprised me most in Formosa was the apparent scarcity of dogs. It is only recently that I have learnt that the police in Formosan towns periodically go round poisoning all dogs they are pleased to consider masterless.

§ 2

Next morning we each received by messenger a

packet of postcards from the Governor, and after breakfast I was taken by Koshimura to pay the customary call. As we reached the door of his residence, Koshimura suggested that since His Excellency lived in Japanese style it would be better for us not to go in, as it was a nuisance for us to remove our shoes. I was quite prepared to remove any amount of shoes and was looking forward to the pleasure of seeing the inside of a private Japanese house, but Koshimura was always so very tactful that I suspected there was something behind his remark and that our presence might cause embarrassment.

Our cards were taken by a servant, and as we waited, matters were complicated by a Japanese in Western clothes coming into the hall, slipping into his shoes with incredible rapidity and going out. He had been followed by an old gentleman in a kimono, who, I supposed, was a servitor showing him to the door. It was not till some moments later that I discovered it was the Governor. I felt as one does when one mistakes a newly-arrived passenger on the top of a bus for the conductor. But as I had not tendered His Excellency a penny, all was well, and after exchanging a few polite words through the medium of Koshimura, we said good-bye.

Then followed a morning of hard sightseeing. In company with one of the Governor's staff we paid a visit to the waterworks—things we had never seen before and shall probably never see again—and to the Commercial Museum, where we secured a set of quaint cedar ash-trays as a remembrance of Taichu. So far our trip had been very economical, for we had never been able to find anything to buy. But Koshimura kept encouraging us to wait till we

THE RICE SELLER.

THE LAKE OF TAICHU PARK.

got to Taihoku, where, he assured us, we should find good shops.

We were taken over another sugar-factory, and as this one was working we were able to see the whole process the sugar went through from the time it arrived as cane to the time it left as brown crystals or alcohol. It is a complicated business for which very expensive machinery is required, and it proved to me that the cultivation of sugar can only pay when undertaken on an extensive scale.

We lunched at a delightful little island restaurant set in the midst of the lake of Taichu Park. The room still showed traces of the decorations put up in honour of Sir Charles Eliot, the British Ambassador at Tokyo, who had visited Taichu a week before, and had had a strenuous round of sight-seeing before visiting the famous hot springs at Hokuto for his gout.

After lunch we returned to the inn to collect our luggage. This time, instead of being presented with fans and postcards, the proprietress (it is always a proprietress) gave us a present of face towels, in neat paper wrappers—a gift as useful as it was unexpected. It may have been a symbolical apology for our not having been able to get baths.

§ 3

The journey from Taichu to Taihoku is through very lovely country which alone would justify the island's name. The towns of Formosa are, for the most part, anything but beautiful and their modern buildings are hideous. But beyond them we passed through mile after mile of terraced rice-fields, trim and fertile; every now and then we crossed a wide and stony river which, although then dried up to little

more than a stream, in the rainy season must thunder down in flood, so great is the catchment of water from the chains of hills which rise, forest-clad, away to the east. All over the smiling plains were dotted farm-houses with walls of mud and roofs of thatch, circled by a towering wall—hedge is too mean a word—of thick bamboo. These were the houses of the Formosan farmers. Here and there we saw one splashing through a wet rice-field as he guided a primitive wooden plough drawn by an ungainly water-buffalo through the ash-coloured mud. Here and there, too, we saw little groups of women and children planting out the young shoots of pale-green rice from the nurseries, standing thigh-deep in the slush. There seemed hardly an acre of flat land which was not under cultivation. Even when the train slowly climbed up to 1,200 feet to cross a range of hills, the high land was all terraced too and little fields squeezed in where one would not have thought it possible to plant at all.

Agriculture in Formosa is almost wholly in the hands of the Formosans themselves. From the earliest times the soil has given them their chief means of livelihood, and the agricultural resources of the island were highly developed centuries before the coming of the Japanese, particularly as regards rice cultivation. In the days of Chinese rule such large quantities of rice were exported every year to the coast provinces of the Celestial Empire that Formosa came to be called 'the granary of China.'

By undertaking extensive irrigation works the Japanese have increased the annual output of rice considerably and have improved its quality. At the present time the annual crop is about 40,000 tons; this, as well as supplying the needs of the local population, which is wholly a rice-eating one, is

enough to allow 14,600 tons to be exported to Japan and some 12,400 tons to foreign countries. As one of Japan's most serious problems is the fact that the increase of population is greater proportionally than the amount of rice produced, these exports are invaluable.

The Chinese are unsurpassed as rice growers, and the Formosans follow the simple methods which have been practised in China for centuries. Nearly all the holdings are small ones of 2½ acres or less; they are divided by low mud banks, often wattled with bamboo, the flow of water on to the fields being regulated by means of sluice-gates. Where the ground is not flat, the fields are carefully terraced. Once the ground has been flooded and so become soft, it is turned up with a wooden plough drawn by a water-buffalo or, more rarely, a bullock. At the end of this process the water lies across the field in a calm and unbroken sheet; the young shoots are then planted out and grow in the standing water, being weeded periodically, and then, when they have grown into ear and are ripe for harvest, they are cut by hand. The southern districts of Formosa yield three crops a year, the northen two—a proof of the wonderful fertility of the island, for little trouble is taken to put back what is removed from the soil.

As well as helping to improve the quality and to increase the quantity of the rice production, the Japanese have completely reorganized the land laws, which were in a state of chaos under the Chinese. Soon after the cession of the island they had all the small holdings and other privately owned lands resurveyed and reassessed. The land taxes were then revised. In addition to this a trigonometrical survey of the whole territory under Japanese influence

was made. An army of officials, surveyors and demarcators was engaged in order to complete the whole work in the shortest possible time, so that to-day in the area under Japanese control there is not a town, village, or rice-field whose exact position has not been determined. The course of every river has been mapped; and the contours of every hill. It was a tremendous undertaking, but it was carried out in a scientific manner without any serious opposition on the part of the Formosans themselves. The total area of cultivated land was found to be 1,500,000 acres.[1] The Government then bought up the rights of the large landowners, who had come to acquire the position of feudal lords, and the farmers who were in occupation of the land became tenants of the State.[2]

§ 4

These sweeping changes benefited not only the rice growers, but planters of all descriptions. Some account has been given already of the sugar planters; next to them in importance came the tea growers, whose plantations extend northward from Taichu in the uplands and plateaus. The first cuttings of tea plants undoubtedly came from China, and the tea industry was a flourishing one when the Japanese took over the island, the light soil and the hot damp climate with its well-distributed rainfall of between 80 and 100 inches being admirably suited to the cultivation.

The plants are usually obtained from cuttings, more rarely from seed. The young plants are set out in rows two feet or three feet apart along the

[1] The present cultivated area is something over 2,000,000 acres.

[2] This subject is dealt with at length in *Japanese Rule in Formosa*, chap. v.

slopes of the hills. The amount of attention given to the construction of terraces or drains to prevent the fertile top-soil from being washed away depends on the industry of the farmer; but weeding is essential if the young plants are not to be choked out of existence by the exuberant undergrowth, and, later, pruning is also necessary to give them air.

The leaves are considered ready to pick when the plant is three years old, by which time it has reached a height of two or three feet. The picking is not performed by the owner of the plantation, but by bands of professional tea-pickers, much in the same way as hops are picked in Kent. Cheap labour is absolutely necessary at this stage of the industry, and the planters mainly employ young girls, many of whom come over from China every spring for the tea-picking season, the work being popular and comparatively well paid.

Once the green leaves have been stripped from the bushes and brought in, they are spread out in the sun for the preliminary drying. They are then removed on circular trays, placed under cover and stirred until fermentation has begun. When the edges of the leaves show signs of turning the familiar reddish-brown colour, they are placed over a wood fire and stirred again until the whole leaf has become browned and curled. This drying process is continued until the moisture has disappeared, whereupon the leaves are packed in bags ready for removal to the market at Taihoku. At this stage the tea is taken over by the brokers and middle-men who throng to Formosa in the summer months. Once in their hands, it is again spread out upon trays and fresh pickers sort out the pieces of twig, stalk, and bad leaf which have been overlooked.

These pickers are also girls, and during the season

there are as many as 12,000 of them employed in Taihoku. Unfortunately, although we saw hundreds of acres of tea plantations, we were not in Formosa at the time this sorting was in progress and so did not have an opportunity of seeing the girls at work. In *The Island of Formosa* Mr. Davidson gives a delightful description of them which, although written twenty years ago, is still as true, Koshimura told me, to-day:

"To a stranger visiting Twatutia[1] during the summer months, nothing is more striking than the crowds of girls, who at noon and night simply overrun the place. Fortunately the tea-picking period is looked upon by these coy damsels as the opening of the social season as it were, and a younger sister is brought out with considerable *éclat*, not unlike the debut of a young lady attending her first social function at home. I say fortunately, for the slovenly and not always cleanly appearance which she exhibits in her own abode is quite the reverse of that shown when she blossoms out as a tea picker. The best clothes are none too good, and her toilet is most carefully prepared. The coiffure is oft-times a work of art and is extensively decorated with the strongly scented blossoms of the magnolia, while, with her feet bound up in the very smallest compass, she is prepared to dazzle the community."

It is essential that every trace of moisture should be removed from the leaves before they are shipped, and so, as well as being re-sorted after they leave the hills, they are re-dried also. This operation is performed by means of intense heat from charcoal furnaces, of which the long firing-rooms have as

[1] The quarter of Taihoku given over to the tea market. It is now called Daitotei.

many as a hundred and fifty. The tea is set over the fires in baskets for eight or ten hours, and is then, while still hot, packed in boxes of pine-wood. Each box holds about forty pounds of tea and has a lining of lead which, when soldered, becomes air-tight. The tea is then ready for shipment.

The best of the tea produced in Formosa is known as Oolong.[1] The name, which means in Chinese 'dragon or serpent as black as a crow,' is said to be derived from the tradition of a Fokien farmer who once found a black snake coiled round a tea-bush. Thinking that there must be something peculiar about the plant, he picked some of the leaves and made tea from them. He found the taste exquisite, and the fame of the tea spread far and wide. It came to be planted everywhere and was called 'oolong,' after the black snake which had been the cause of its finding popularity. What exactly induced the Fokien farmer to act as he did is not quite clear. I am not at all sure that if I saw a snake—whether it were black or green or pink—coiled round a bush, I should go and make tea of the leaves, but perhaps that is because I am not a Fokien farmer. Anyhow, many people have cause to be grateful for his intuition, for the profits derived from 'Formosan Oolong' are considerable.

In former days there was no port in Formosa available for large vessels, consequently all tea intended for export was shipped from Tamsui to Amoy and thence reshipped on ocean-going steamers to its destination. Since the improvement of Keelung harbour, however, the tea can be carried direct to the Pacific coast of North America, and through the Suez or Panama Canals to the Atlantic coast.

[1] Oolongs are only slightly withered or fermented before being cured, whereas black teas are thoroughly fermented.

During the summer months large British and other steamers call at Keelung for tea cargoes.

Almost the entire export goes to the United States, and the amount which reaches Europe is mainly used to flavour other teas, Oolong having a pungent, aromatic flavour of its own. A considerable quantity of scented tea is also manufactured and exported to China and the East Indies. This is known as Pouchong or 'wrapper tea.' It is simply the lower grade Oolong artificially flavoured with the scent of flowers—especially jasmine and gardenia—by mixing masses of the blossoms with the tea, which is then carefully covered up and left for several hours. Green teas, those preserved as nearly as possible in their natural state, are prepared for Japanese consumption, the leaf being grown mainly in the hills north of Taichu.

The important tea industry is the only one in Formosa the Japanese have not got into their own hands. The Formosans, it is true, plant all the rice and sugar grown in the island, but the Japanese handle the raw material when it leaves the farmers. The Government derives a very large revenue from tea, which is subject to a manufacturing tax (practically an export tax) of 2.40 *yen* per pikul of 133 lb. The money thus raised is largely expended, not always judiciously or to the best advantage, in advertising Formosan teas in the United States; but while the actual cultivation is, like that of rice and sugar, done by the Formosans, the export business is mainly in the hands of foreigners. There are also innumerable Chinese and other middle-men, all anxious to get a finger in the pie, so that although the consumer has to pay a high price for his tea, the percentage that goes to the actual producer is very small. The Formosan Government has long

realized the necessity of eliminating as many of these middle-men as possible and is contemplating the establishment of a central tea market, to which all tea would be brought for sale.

With a view to preventing the export of inferior teas the authorities also propose, from the beginning of the 1923 season, to establish a Government inspection office to which all teas destined for export must be submitted. In addition to this, they have determined to modernize the antiquated and uneconomic methods of producing and marketing tea in Formosa. For the existing system of peasant proprietorship they propose to substitute large tea estates on the Indian or Ceylon model, to be worked by associations of tea-growers. These associations will be assisted by subsidies, grants of seedlings, and fertilizers, and will also be encouraged, by the loan of tea-firing machinery, to adopt mechanical methods of manufacture instead of those at present employed. The authorities attach much importance to the adoption of machinery, for they hold that it will never be possible, without it, to secure the standardization of quality and the reduction of producing costs at which they are aiming; and although opponents of the scheme hold that the peculiar and delicate Oolong flavour can never be secured by mechanical methods, the Government is determined to try the experiment.

We take a great deal for granted in modern life. I imagine that if one had never heard of the sun and woke up one morning and suddenly saw it for the first time, one would want to know a great deal about it. As it is, one just knows it is there every day (even if one cannot see it) and one thinks no more of it. It is very much the same with the ordinary cup of tea. How often, for instance, do

you who read these lines, having drunk your early-morning cup (let us suppose of China tea), lie back on your pillows and, as you munch your piece of thin bread-and-butter, speculate on the adventures of those leaves which have just refreshed you for the onslaughts of another day? How often? Never. Yet if you did, what a charming picture you might make of it. *Hoi polloi,* you would decide, came from China. With them, for the moment, you are not concerned. But one little odd-shaped chap, you would feel sure, was a piece of Oolong from Formosa, put in, like a cherry in a cocktail, to round off the *tout ensemble.* And then would come a vision of a sunny hillside with rows and rows of dark-green bushes, and clustered about them Chinese maidens in pink tunics and blue tunics and trousers to match, their black hair, glossy with coconut oil, made blacker still by nestling creamy blossoms—all picking tea for you so that you might drink that early cup. You would see the drying, the firing, the bagging in the hills; the bickering of the merchants; the haggling of the farmers in their efforts to get another *sen* a pound; the red-hot heat of the final firing-house; the packing of the lead-lined tea-chests, the long sea-voyage from the other side of the world to your grocer's . . . to your kitchen . . . to your early-morning cup of tea.

Probably the gong would go before you came out of your reverie, but even though you were late for breakfast it would be worth it. For if you ever got as far as that you would pass on the story of the little brown leaf to the children, and then the drinking of a cup of tea would to them (until they forgot) be tinged with the scent of romance. But do you do it? No. You finish your bread-and-butter, take

another gulp, mutter "too strong," and then turn over and go to sleep again.

§ 5

The climate of Formosa is so favourable and the soil so fertile that almost every known tropical and sub-tropical plant will grow and thrive on the island. The authorities, ever ready to make the most of their new colony, have long established agricultural stations and experimental gardens where the possibilities of economic plants are investigated in a scientific manner. In this connexion it may be of interest to mention that a private Japanese rubber company operating in North Borneo has established there an experimental station where all manner of tropical plants are cultivated; for some years this was the only station of its kind in the country, but the example of the Japanese has at last induced the Government authorities to start one of its own.

In Formosa the experimental stations have been particularly useful. The Formosan agriculturists are prone to cling to the methods of their ancestors. But at the same time they are born gardeners, and, as such, when practical proof is given them of what more up-to-date and scientific methods of cultivation can do and produce—selection of seed, use of fertilizers and labour-saving devices—they are glad to avail themselves of them. Much has been done by the introduction of new species of sugar-cane. Successful experiments have been carried out with new species of indigo. Coffee, many new fruit-trees, and even American grapes have been obtained. Japanese and American tobacco plants have been tried and do well.

Formosa may quite possibly have a future as a

tobacco-growing country, although at the present time the authorities are concentrating their attention on sugar. The aborigines grow tobacco in a crude way in their hills, but they are ignorant of the narcotic principle of tobacco and their curing and preparation of the leaves is primitive. The Formosans grow a certain amount, mainly in the Taichu and Tainan Provinces and the Kwarenko Prefecture. The area under cultivation is about 4,000 acres, and the annual crop 4,250,000 lb. This is insufficient for the needs of the island and large quantities of tobacco are imported annually for local consumption.

Formosa lies in the same latitude as Cuba, and it is possible that conditions in the south of the island might be suitable for the cultivation of the valuable wrapper leaf, which at the present time can only be grown successfully in the East on the Deli plain of Sumatra and the alluvial flats of North Borneo. The whole secret of success in tobacco planting is to have the right rain at the right moment: an untimely drought or deluge may spoil the whole crop. Droughts are uncommon in Formosa and the rainfall regular and well-distributed, so that the planting of the wrapper leaf, which, although more of a gamble, gives profits far in excess of those derived from ordinary tobacco, might well engage the attention of the Formosan Government.

The situation of the island is probably too far north for such purely tropical trees as rubber (*Hevea brasiliensis*) and the coconut. I did not see any rubber trees in the island; the coconuts I saw in the south were poor and unhealthy, but they were obviously neglected and full of beetles, and moreover coconut trees will not flourish as a rule in the vicinity

of sugar-cane. The palm is said to thrive on the island of Botel Tobago, a few miles east of the South Cape of Formosa, and with care and attention could probably be brought into bearing in the Takao Prefecture. If so, it would probably prove immensely profitable locally, owing to the many uses which can be found for every part of the tree as well as for the copra itself.

The tapioca plant and the areca (or betel) nut grow in the south, also the silk cotton tree, or kapok, which is now attracting much attention in the East. The fleecy substance from its pods is used for stuffing pillows and mattresses; it is one of the easiest trees to cultivate in the world. The soap tree, the fruit of which can be used for washing purposes, is found all over the island, but is not cultivated. Of the oil plants the soya bean is the most important, and harvests can be obtained two or three times a year in the central and southern districts, while ground-nuts, a crop ever dear to the heart of the Chinese market gardener, are also planted in large quantities. The castor-oil plant grows wild, and sesame is cultivated both by the Formosans and the aborigines. Indigo was a flourishing form of planting when the Japanese took over the island, and even now, although it has been crowded out by tea and has depreciated in value owing to synthetic substitutes, there is a large local demand for it—indigo-blue clothes being as fashionable among the Formosans as they are among the Chinese.

Of the fibres, some attention is paid to the cultivation of jute and ramie, or more properly China grass, and sisal hemp. For the latter particularly there are almost unlimited possibilities, for the plant will thrive on soil which would be unsuitable for any other. Fibre is also made by women from the leaves

of the pineapple plant, which flourishes in the southern part of the island, for manufacture into grass cloth.

All this, and much else besides, will grow: the agricultural treasures of both tropic and temperate zones are poured into Formosa's lap. This is where she has the advantage over most other Eastern lands. It is easier to say what she cannot grow than what she can. If she had no other resources than those of agriculture, she might well be counted an island of vast potential wealth.

CHAPTER VII

TAIHOKU: THE MODERN CAPITAL

We reach Taihoku—A gathering of officials—The Railway Hotel—Comfortable quarters—The wrestler—I spend the next morning calling—The Government offices—The Governor-General's powers—Description of Taihoku—Places of interest—Lack of shops—Japanese development of Formosa—Surprising changes in twenty-eight years—Contrast with conditions under Chinese régime—Gold, coal, and other minerals—Formosa a self-supporting colony—Comparison with State of North Borneo.

§ 1

WE arrived at Taihoku in a blaze of glory. A host of officials was waiting for us on the platform as the train drew in; there seemed to be a never-ending procession of them as they were introduced, card in hand. Among them were Mr. Kamada, head of the Foreign Section (the immediate chief of Koshimura, who now effaced himself), Mr. Hosui, also of the Foreign Section and chief interpreter to the Governor-General, Mr. Yoshioka, an official of the Monopoly Bureau, and Major Akamatsu, who was on the Headquarters Staff of the Formosan garrison. All but the latter spoke English and all were very anxious to do everything they could for us.

On the train Koshimura had discovered the manager of the Railway Hotel; he had been brought up and introduced and had obligingly taken the checks of our baggage, volunteering to look after it for us, so that when we arrived we did not even have to find a porter. We walked across from the station to the hotel, which exceeded our hopes. It is a very fine

building conducted entirely upon Western lines, and we found that its management combined courtesy and efficiency in an admirable fashion. Many hotel keepers in Europe might well take lessons from the Taihoku Railway Hotel; nor, as prices went in Eastern caravanserais, were the charges unduly high —we paid £2 10*s.* a day for a double bedroom and food, while in Japan prices were then ranging between £3 and £3 10*s.* for similar accommodation. Our bedroom was large and well furnished, opening on to a wide veranda; the only drawback about the latter was that other bedrooms opened on to it as well, and in the mornings it was used by visitors as a convenient promenade on which to take an early constitutional before dressing. The bathrooms were excellent. For the first time in eighteen months we revelled in baths we could lie full length in; and then we sat down to a dinner as well cooked as it was served.[1]

Except ourselves, there were no foreigners staying in the hotel—we had by now become accustomed to regarding ourselves as 'foreigners'—and the only other occupant of the dining-room was a Japanese wrestler. This was an enormous man, his kimono making him look even larger than he really was; his long hair was dressed in a top-knot in the fashion laid down for wrestlers, who in Japan are a race apart; he kept to the old traditions of dress, and even his cast of countenance was that of an old-time warrior. He looked as if he had stepped out of a Japanese print. It seemed incongruous that he should be sitting on a chair plying a knife and fork, but nevertheless he was an awe-inspiring person and, as R. L. Stevenson said of François Villon,

[1] I speak of the hotel as I found it. Other visitors, I am told, have not fared so well.

"I would not have gone down a dark road with him for a large consideration." I could not help thinking what an inspiration he would have been to an old-fashioned nurse, and I leant over and whispered to my wife:

"If you don't eat up your dinner like a good girl, I shall give you to the wrestler!"

§ 2

On the following morning we found that the Foreign Section had planned a formidable day for us. I spent a couple of hours in a perfect orgy of card-shooting and calling upon various officials. Each gave me the usual ceremonial cup of tea; had they been whiskies-and-sodas I shudder to think what would have been my fate.

The headquarters of the Government at Taihoku are situated in a magnificent building which is lavishly decorated with marble and cost £300,000. Koshimura took us up into a little tower which surmounts the building so that we could see the view. It seemed to us a rather violent (but very typical) piece of extravagance that it should have been fitted with a special lift, used for no other purpose than to save would-be sightseers like ourselves the trouble of walking up a few stairs. Having got a very good bird's-eye view of the town and having had the principal buildings and places of interest assiduously pointed out by Koshimura, we descended, and on emerging from the lift were surprised to find ourselves confronted with an ample figure in a frock-coat and a silk hat. It was as unexpected as if one had met someone in a kimono in Bond Street. Indeed, it was the only 'topper' I had ever seen east of Suez and we found that the distinction of owning it belonged to the United States

Consul, who was the first white man we had met since we had been on the island.

The white foreign community in Formosa is a very small one and, with the exception of the missionaries and the British Consul, is concentrated entirely in Taihoku. Besides the United States Consul, it consists of the representatives of three British and three American tea-export firms, one British and one American firm of general export and import merchants, and one British and one American oil company. There are also a couple of teachers of English in Japanese schools. There is a foreign club in Taihoku with a membership of about twenty, but in the winter months the community is very small, since the tea men are all away.

The Governor-General of Formosa, Baron Denn, was in Japan when we reached Taihoku, but Koshimura took us to call upon his Chief of Staff, the Director-General, who, however, was at the time also absent from the capital on a tour of inspection with the Commander-in-Chief.

The Governor-General, who is appointed directly by the Emperor, is invested with the government of the island under the control of the Prime Minister of Japan. In the last few years his powers have been curtailed considerably. Formerly the appointment could be filled only by an admiral or a general, but now a civilian is eligible. If a civilian Governor is chosen, he is not given the supreme command of the local forces and has the right to call upon the Commander-in-Chief for military aid only when he deems it necessary for the preservation of public order. Laws in force in Japan are now applied, wholly or in part, to Formosa by Imperial ordinance, and the Governor-General may not issue edicts having the force of law save in exceptional

THE GOVERNMENT OFFICES, TAIHOKU.

THE PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

circumstances, and even then the validity of all such edicts is subject to Imperial sanction.

The Governor-General's Palace, although perhaps not quite so grand as it sounds, is yet a residence of considerable dignity. Mr. Takekoshi has some interesting remarks to make upon its construction: "Many objections were raised at first to the expenditure, but it seems to me quite justifiable. The fact is that both our Chinese and Formosan subjects are very materialistic, seeing nothing great save in the glitter of gold, a gorgeous military display, pompous ceremonies, and magnificent buildings. A Chinese poet in the Tang dynasty once sang, 'How shall the people realize the Emperor's majesty, if the Imperial palace be not stately?' In order to establish the national prestige in the island and eradicate the native yearnings after the past, it is most fitting that the authorities should erect substantial and imposing buildings, and thus show that it is their determination to rule the country permanently."[1]

The Japanese, although a simple-living people even in what are known as 'the highest circles,' nevertheless understand the psychology of the people they have come to rule. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that they understand the psychology of human nature. The enormous sums which were formerly spent by Germany on the housing and surroundings of her representatives, on 'gorgeous military display' and 'pompous ceremonies,' were undoubtedly a very important contributory cause of her successful diplomacy; and when one considers how badly our own representatives, especially consuls, are sometimes housed in foreign countries, one cannot help saying, in paraphrase of

[1] *Japanese Rule in Formosa*, p. 16.

the Chinese poet of the Tang dynasty, "How shall foreign people realize the Empire's majesty if it cannot give its own consul a decent office?"

On the other hand, the political conditions under which the Formosans live need improvement. Although the Japanese profess to consider Formosa an extension of the 'homeland,' they neither give the Formosans any votes for a delegate to the Imperial Diet, nor have they established any local assembly in which the Formosans may air their views. Since 1920 the Formosan Government Advisory Council has been composed of officials and non-official members, among the latter being a number of Formosans; but it is a purely consultative body, and its sole function is that of delivering an opinion on matters expressly referred to it by the Governor-General.

A section of the Formosans has been agitating recently for the establishment of a separate Parliament for the colony, but petitions to the Diet, as was only to be expected, have been refused. Not content with this refusal, however, the Japanese authorities in Formosa have caused those responsible for the petitions to suffer for their audacity in various ways —such as dismissal from subordinate posts, enforced resignations, deprivation of privileges, or financial pressure. Such a policy, although repugnant to the Anglo-Saxon mind, is a contrast to some of our own politicians' easy tolerance of Indian agitators and Irish gunmen.

Another point to be noticed is that not a single Formosan occupies anything but a very subordinate official position. It seems clear that the Japanese have no desire to train the natives of the island to occupy posts of responsibility, and that they consider that safety and efficiency lie in retaining all power in their own hands. This state of affairs

does not, however, make for the happiness and contentment of the governed, who have no outlet for their feelings even in the carefully controlled local press. It is said that the only way to find out what really is going on in the island is to subscribe to a newspaper published in Japan, where the freedom of the press suffers less restriction.

Taihoku, the seat of the Formosan Government, has some 173,000 inhabitants. Until 1922, when the whole city was amalgamated and the streets given Japanese names, it was divided into three sections —Daitotei, Manka, and Jonai. In Daitotei, which extends along the banks of the Tamsui River, are located the Tea Market and the offices of foreign firms, the population being almost entirely Formosan. Manka, to the south, the oldest part of the city, is also occupied mainly by the Chinese and Formosan sections of the community, both as a residential and as a commercial quarter. Jonai is the modern and most prosperous section, containing the Government offices, Japanese banks and commercial houses, hospitals, and hotels, and also the private houses of the Japanese.

It was round Jonai that Koshimura hustled us in rickshaws, anxious that we should miss nothing that was (in his opinion) worth seeing. We visited the Museum, where there was an excellent collection of the weapons, utensils, and arts and crafts of the aborigines, on whom Mr. Mori, the curator, is an authority. There were also many exhibits from what the Japanese call the South Sea Islands and what we call the East Indies and Malaya. The first time Koshimura told me he had been sent on an official tour of the South Sea Islands, I asked him what he thought of Samoa, and only then discovered that he was referring to Java and Sumatra.

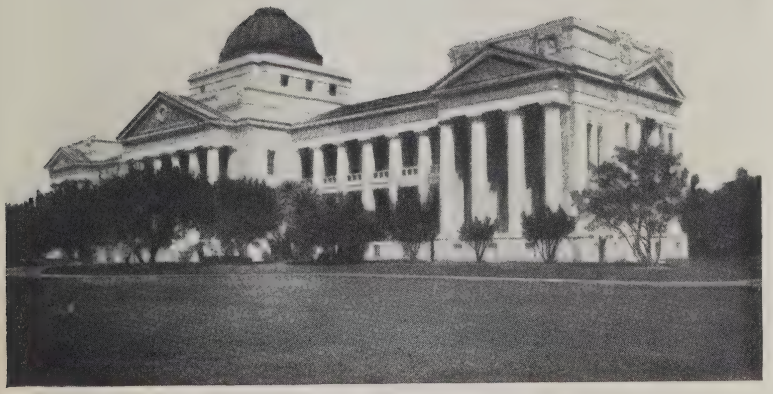
At my special request we were taken over the printing office of the leading Taihoku newspaper, which, like all others in the island, is printed in Japanese characters. All the type-setting was by hand. We came to the conclusion that the lot of the Japanese compositor who has to cope with thousands of different ideographs must be a bitter one and that of the Japanese proof-reader more bitter still.

It is unlikely that the Japanese will ever abandon the institution of their national writing for the more convenient Roman characters of Western nations, yet it must be admitted that their conservatism in this matter makes modern education in the Empire much more formidable than it might be. It takes something like eight years of study for a Japanese to learn to read and write his own language with any proficiency, and although the fact that he does accomplish this task and much else besides is a testimony to his industry, the foreigner cannot but feel that the time spent in learning merely to interpret the written or printed word might well be utilized in other ways. In competition with the Western student the Japanese has a handicap of plus eight in years.

Afer leaving the printing office we saw the Government Laboratory and the Government Hospital, both excellent buildings equipped with modern appliances. In the hospital the Japanese sisters looked very attractive in their white uniforms. In the operating-rooms we saw one thing that certainly was not copied from the West, for at the top of the walls were panes of glass, through which the relatives of the unfortunate victims are allowed to gaze while the surgeons are at work.

In spite of all the imposing buildings and in

A STREET IN TAIHOKU.



THE MUSEUM.

spite, too, of Koshimura's previous assurances, we found the Taihoku shops, from our point of view, very disappointing. There was nothing to buy. Nothing, that is, of any interest to a mere foreigner. We could not even find a bar of chocolate. Although foreign cigarettes, imported by the Monopoly Bureau, are on sale, the only ones we could find were Formosans, though these are certainly harmless and not unpleasant. The lack of the type of shops which attracts the foreigner is a proof of how few travellers go to Formosa, when one thinks of the number of establishments in Japan which exist solely to batten on the European or American by catering cunningly for his taste in curios, silk or damascene work. When I told Koshimura that I did not think his Taihoku shops came up to what he had led us to expect, he simply put his head on one side and said:

"I think better to wait till you arrive Tokyo."

Although its shops are built on the usual diminutive plan, Taihoku is undoubtedly laid out on a finer scale than any other city in the Japanese Empire, with wide streets, spacious parks, and public buildings which would not disgrace any capital in the world. Before the Japanese came to the island Taihoku was little more than a dirty Chinese village. Now it is a thriving city. As the populations of cities go, its inhabitants are not numerous, but it has been built with an eye to the future. Millions of *yen* have been spent upon its reconstruction; there has been no hand-to-mouth building because funds were inadequate—it was decided that Formosa should be developed on an elaborate scale and that the capital should be in keeping with this development. It is a model of what a colonial city should be. The Japanese have been mindful of their

national prestige, and by creating a capital worthy of the island they have shown that they intend to foster the development of the country in every possible way.

§ 4

Much of this development of the island as a whole has been accomplished already. In fact in twenty-eight years the Japanese have done marvels. I doubt whether any colony of like size could show such progression in so short a period. Nor have the Japanese been in the position of dwarfs standing upon giants' shoulders; they have not built up the prosperity of the island on foundations laid by others. All they have had has been the rich natural resources of the island, which, save for sporadic attempts on the part of the Chinese, had been in an undeveloped state for centuries. When they took Formosa over from China, few civilized institutions existed. The Government was corrupt and unstable; life and property were insecure; the country was ravaged by bands of brigands who wandered about and plundered at will. There were few, if any, modern buildings. The sanitary condition of the towns was typical of the Chinese, who are notorious for the filthy conditions under which they are content to live. Epidemics were common, and these, coupled with the fact that there were no hospitals in the island (except for those of the foreign missions) and only the ordinary quack Chinese doctors, kept back the increase and prosperity of the population. Education was no less primitive. Only 62 miles of badly constructed railway line existed, and nothing but earth roads which in wet weather became impassable for traffic. No efforts had been made to improve by artificial means such harbours

as the island possessed, so that trade suffered in consequence. The agricultural, mineral, and forest resources were not exploited in a scientific manner with modern machinery; large tracts of fertile land remained uncultivated, and the eastern hills were for the most part unknown territory, inhabited by wild tribes which had been made so hostile by countless acts of tyranny and oppression that no one cared to venture near them, much less make any attempts to bring them under Government control.

This, then, was the position of the island on the arrival of the Japanese, after having been under Chinese rule for two centuries. The new-comers were confronted with a difficult task; it was more difficult than if they had taken over a land merely inhabited by aborigines, for on every side they met with a stubborn resistance, at first active and subsequently passive, from the conservative Chinese-bred Formosan settlers. On the other hand, they had two very material aids. One was a large and hardworking agricultural population, which, once persuaded to accept the reforms in its own interests, was invaluable in the development of the island. The other was the fact that Formosa was a ewe lamb. Japan had for many years longed to have a colony of her own, as a childless woman longs to have a baby. Once she had got it she was prepared to lavish every care upon it; expense was a small consideration if she could but make it all that a colony should be. Formosa, as an only child of Japan, was given everything necessary for its upbringing, whereas had it been one of a large family (such as the British Empire) it might have had to go without.

From the first the Japanese realized the possibilities of Formosa; indeed they had realized them,

one may be sure, many years before the island came into their hands. From the first they were intent upon progress and they wasted no time. Once the upstart republic had been broken, the brigands put down, and the country (all, that is, save the 'savage' area) pacified, the civil administration of the island was organized on the lines of the Imperial Government Service in Japan. Courts of justice were established, whereby crime was efficiently dealt with and private individuals were enabled to obtain redress for their wrongs. Modern prisons were built; a police service was organized with small stations all over the island. Public buildings were erected and measures were taken to improve the streets and the sanitary conditions of the towns. Fifty thousand pounds were spent on hospitals. Waterworks, artesian wells, and reservoirs were made. Precautions were taken against outbreaks of epidemics, such as cholera and smallpox, so that there is now no danger of them sweeping through the country like a fire as they were wont to do in days of old. The Japanese have undoubtedly influenced the increase of the population, which has risen from 2,500,000 in 1896 to 3,250,000 at the present time. A considerable proportion of this increase is, of course, due to immigration; at the same time the death-rate has been materially reduced, and although malaria is still a prevalent disease, it is probable that as swamps in the neighbourhood of towns are drained, conditions will be further improved.

Under Japanese administration life and property became secure and the economic position of the labouring class also became less unenviable, for as development went forward wages increased, until now they are between twice and three times as high as they were under Chinese rule; moreover, as wages

increased the farmers found that they could obtain almost double for their products. This was not an artificial inflation of prices, but rather a natural increase in the standard of living for all classes.

Careful attention was given to the problem of education, with the results that have already been shown, and in time the people came to be benefited considerably thereby. The whole question of communications was gone into. A system of telegraphs was established, and there are now over 3,000 miles of line in the island, while telephones are in use in the towns and there is wireless communication between Keelung and Japan.[1] The construction of railways was taken in hand energetically and also the construction of the even more-needed roads. The Japanese, it must be admitted, do not excel as road-makers—most of the road over which I have travelled in Japan are bad or, at the best, indifferent—but even indifferent metalled roads are better than earth roads or no roads at all. In Formosa much of the early roadmaking was done, as it usually is under such conditions, by the army. At the present time there are said to be over 6,000 miles of public roads in Formosa, the payment for the work having been made partly by the inhabitants by a system of local taxation in kind, but outside the big towns the roads are not good. A trunk road which will run through the island from north to south is contemplated and a good road is under construction between Keelung and Taihoku, but at present there is not even a bridge across the Tamsui River at Taihoku. There was one a few years ago, but it was washed away and has never been rebuilt. The hill districts, where it has been impracticable so far to

[1] A new installation is contemplated, to be placed in the tower of the Government offices at Taihoku.

make roads, have been opened up by means of 'push-cars' on light trolley lines.

To ensure an adequate service of communications by sea large sums were spent on making the existing harbours possible for ocean-going steamers to enter, and the Government subsidized two of the principal shipping companies in Japan, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha and the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, to run boats connecting Formosa with Japan, China, and the East Indies. At the present time the island is extremely well served in this respect: comfortably equipped N.Y.K. and O.S.K. passenger steamers run from Kobe to Keelung twelve times a month; the O.S.K. boats on the Kobe–Hong Kong–Java line touch at Keelung and Takao monthly; there is a service every ten days from Keelung to Shanghai, and a weekly one from Keelung to Hong Kong, while another boat runs from Takao to Canton every fortnight. Local services also maintain communications with the east coast ports, the Pescadores, the Loochoos, and other outlying islands.

§ 5

Every effort was also made by the Japanese to exploit the natural riches of the island. As time went on the salt, camphor, and tobacco industries were taken over by the Government as State monopolies. Agriculture was fostered and inducements were held out to plant up fresh land. The timber resources, till then hardly tapped at all, were worked and attention was devoted to the exploitation of the minerals.

The mining industry in Formosa is one that so far I have not mentioned. It is both rich and important, although when the Japanese first came to the island they were so preoccupied with other

matters that less attention was given to the speculative pursuits of minerals than to the more assured profits which were to be gained from agriculture and timber.

The most important minerals found hitherto in Formosa are gold, copper, coal, and oil. The gold occurs mainly in the north of the island. Although its presence is said to have been discovered by the early Japanese settlers, by the Dutch, and by the followers of Koxinga, each party seems to have carried the secret away on leaving the country, for the Chinese had been in occupation for two hundred years before they discovered alluvial gold. This occurred in 1890, when the railway bridge over the Keelung River was being built. A rush of gold-washers followed and subsequently gold deposits were found in other localities as well.

At the present time both gold-washing and quartz-mining are being carried on successfully, but only Japanese subjects are allowed to engage or even to have an interest in the industry, licences being issued by the Government under strict supervision. The value of the gold output increased from £4,000 in 1897 to £200,000 in 1916; in 1920 it had dropped to £70,000 and is still decreasing; but to my mind there are great possibilities of gold being discovered in far greater quantities than hitherto when the hill countries are opened up. The rivers of the east coast are known to be rich in gold-bearing sands, and the alluvial gold, which is found over a wide area, increases in richness as one ascends the rivers. There are very early traditions of the aborigines knowing and working gold, a fact which aroused the cupidity of the Chinese, who not infrequently perpetrated the most barbarous atrocities to obtain possession of it. It seems probable that when the

'savage' area is sufficiently opened up for proper mineralogical explorations and surveys to be made, large reefs of gold-bearing quartz may be found, the parent rock from which so much of the alluvial deposits come. The same may be said of the copper, which was not mined at all before the Japanese occupation. Considerable deposits have been found in close proximity to the gold, and the annual value of the output is about £60,000.

Coal is far more widely distributed than gold; it occurs all over the island and even in the Pescadores, although the northern deposits have so far proved the most valuable, 90 per cent. of the output coming from the neighbourhood of Keelung. Although of inferior quality and unable to compete with that produced in China or Japan, it enjoys an increasing export, Hong Kong being the principal market. The value of the coal produced annually has increased from £10,000 in 1897 to £1,000,000 in 1922, the total output for that year being over a million tons.

Many indications of petroleum have been found, and, although there are no wells being worked on a large scale, there seems to be a good chance of valuable discoveries being made in the future. As long ago as 1866 Mr. John Dodd found that the Chinese were collecting oil in an area close to the native border; realizing the possibilities, he induced the owner of the land to rent it to him for the purpose of sinking wells, but the authorities soon came to hear of his undertaking and, not content with expelling him from the district on the pretext that it was unsafe owing to the raids of the aborigines, they even went to the length of beheading the unfortunate farmer for leasing his land to a foreigner.

Several sulphur pits exist and are worked in the

island, especially in the extreme north, where, in the hills and amidst traces of craters and extinct volcanic action, there occur hot sulphur springs. The best known of these is seven miles north of Taihoku at Hokuto, which has been turned into a health-resort and a sanatorium by the Japanese.

Silver, which has been found in unimportant quantities (the annual output is about 20,000 ounces, valued at £5,000), makes up the total of the minerals which have so far been discovered in Formosa. The full mineral wealth of a country is not located in a decade, nor yet in a century. The area which remains to be searched is vast and what lies beneath the surface of those jungle hills still held by the aborigines no one can tell. It will be surprising if they do not yield treasures which will add immensely to the colony's prosperity. Meanwhile the known minerals are being worked on an increasingly large scale every year and their annual value is over a million sterling.

§ 6

Thus have the Japanese exploited their island colony. Everything they have touched seems to have turned to money. Hardly a *yen* seems to have been spent in vain. They have proved themselves efficient colonial administrators in every department save, in my opinion, one: and that is the pacification of the aborigines, a matter to which further reference will be made in later pages. Even here, it must be admitted, they have made great improvements on the conditions which existed under the Chinese administration.

With the exception of the settlement of the aborigines, however, the Japanese have done what they set out to do. They have made Formosa pay. Just

as one may pour water into a pump to make it start functioning, so the Japanese poured money into their colony to make it start producing revenue. They have succeeded, for most of the industries which have received Government support now produce handsome profits and yield a large amount of revenue, so that since 1905 the colony has been self-supporting. Even in the previous decade it had only received £3,000,000 from the Mother Country, and now, besides having enough revenue for its own needs, it is in a position to render material assistance to the Treasury of Japan; for example, since 1914 the tax on all Formosan sugar consumed in Japan has been paid to the Imperial Treasury. Direct taxation cannot be said to be heavy, for it only averages sixteen shillings per head, yet the total revenue of the colony has increased from £1,000,000 sterling in 1897 to £11,000,000 at the present time. Imports have risen from £1,500,000 in 1897 to £13,000,000, exports from £1,500,000 to £15,000,000, the principal imports (in order of importance) being oil-cake, cotton and silk textiles, raw sugar, rice, dried and salted fish, iron, cotton cloth, and machinery, and the most important exports sugar, rice, tea, coal, bananas, camphor, and alcohol.

There are now seven main Japanese banks operating in the island, and these have played a considerable part in its financial and economical progress. Credit in this respect is particularly due to the Bank of Taiwan, which was established in Taihoku in 1899 with a capital of half a million sterling, and soon attained the status of an institution such as the Bank of Japan. Its capital is now £6,000,000 sterling. It has been of inestimable value to the colony in extending accommodation to trade and private enterprise; it has supplied funds for

industry, and if its rates of interest have been high, borrowers would have been forced to pay still higher rates to private lenders.[1] Acting for the Government, it has reformed the currency and circulates its own notes. It has branches in China and Malaya, and every day many Londoners who pass its massive offices in Old Broad Street must wonder vaguely, as they glance at the legend 'Bank of Taiwan,' where on earth Taiwan is. Two of the main reasons for the rapid increase in the prosperity of Formosa have been the efficiency of the banking institutions and the stabilizing of the monetary system, for these things, together with the maintenance of public security, induced Japanese capitalists to turn their attention to the new possession. For example, in 1899 there were only four public companies operating in the island; now there are over two hundred.

All the development, brought about in so short a period and with such profitable results, was particularly interesting to me, for I had just come from a country which, after having been administrated for forty years by the British North Borneo Company (incorporated by Royal Charter), still has less than 1 per cent. of its area opened up. Formosa was to me an object-lesson in what can be done with sound administration and enterprise, and —most important of all—money. A colony may have sound administration, but that, although it may improve the conditions of the people, can alone never make for economic prosperity, while enterprise can

[1] The Bank, however, lost vast sums in the post-war slump; loans were advanced on inadequate security and money was wasted on unprofitable enterprises in the East Indies and elsewhere. It is now announced that the Bank will confine itself once more to its legitimate sphere of business.

do no more without capital behind it than a churn can make butter without milk.

The Chartered Company has done much in North Borneo, but how little compared with what the Japanese would have done, for I doubt if Borneo is a naturally poorer country than Formosa; agriculturally it certainly is not, in timber it is richer, while if its minerals have so far proved elusive, that is probably because no one has hunted for them on a large scale. Yet after forty years there are no more than forty miles of State roads in North Borneo, while the Japanese have made 6,000 miles in less than three decades; there are a little more than 100 miles of railway, while the Japanese have 500; there are two saw-mills and a cutch works, while in Formosa industrial factories can be numbered by the hundred; there are only twenty-five public companies operating in North Borneo, and in Formosa there are nearly ten times as many.

These comparisons are not made with the intention of belittling North Borneo, a country which I love, nor of disparaging the work of the Chartered Company, which has struggled bravely, often against adverse and difficult conditions. But it is illuminating, and not unprofitable, to see what can be done with a young and undeveloped country when the necessary money is available. The Chartered Company's nominal capital is only £2,000,000 sterling, whereas the Formosan Government had the wealth of the Japanese Empire behind it. There is no doubt that had Japan, instead of a small body of English gentlemen, secured North Borneo in 1878, the country would present a very different spectacle to-day. It is true that North Borneo was not as fortunate as Formosa in having a considerable population of Chinese-bred agriculturists, but one may

be sure that the Japanese would have spared no pains and expense to induce emigrants to come from China. How the native population would have fared at their hands is another matter.

There can be no doubt that, if the capital is available, the Japanese way of opening up a country as far as possible without waste of time is the right way. In such a case the Government is in the similar position to that of a landlord who acquires a dilapidated block of flats. As a man of sense he has them repaired and refitted; he installs electric light; he puts in lifts. In consequence the flats are not long without tenants and he rakes in his returns. But had he chosen, or been compelled, to do up one flat at a time in the hope that the rent from each would pay for the repairs to the next, his profits would be small indeed.

In the profitable expansion of a colonial possession that has come into their hands by the fortune of war the Japanese have nothing to learn from anyone. Their accomplishment in Formosa is all the more extraordinary when it is remembered that, although the success has been achieved by Japanese brains and Japanese capital, the labour has not been Japanese. Mr. J. O. P. Bland, in writing of Korea, which has also been extensively developed by the Japanese, mentions the same thing: "The fact stands out that all this development is administrative, and that most of the work is done by native labour. It is part of the Japanese Government's liberal policy of feeding Japan's home industries by the establishment, with all possible safeguards for the future, of new markets for the consumption of Japanese manufactures. It is a conquest by bank and railway." [1]

[1] *Japan, China, and Korea*, p. 149.

In some respects this is equally true of Japan's development of Formosa, though there she has the advantage of obtaining through her foresight large exports of much-needed supplies such as sugar, rice, and salt (to say nothing of the camphor with which she supplies the world), as well as finding markets for her own commercial product. At the same time, it must be remembered that Japan has not colonized the island in the sense that Great Britain colonized Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, or, for that matter, as the Chinese colonized Formosa itself. The Japanese does not go to Formosa to work with his hands. He goes as an official or as a merchant or as a planter, just as an Englishman goes to Ceylon or an American to the Philippines.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL'S DINNER-PARTY

The invitation to dinner from the Director-General—Our apprehensions—The British Consul and his wife—Our attractive hostess—Dinner served in Chinese fashion—Our host makes a speech in Japanese—The response—The question of Japan's overspill—Japanese the most unwanted race in the world—An open door in North Borneo—Japanese modern life—The influence of the West—Where the Japanese fail.

§ 1

ON our return to the Railway Hotel after a slightly exhausting day we had to dress for a dinner-party to which we had been bidden by the Director-General.

Mr. Hosui, of the Foreign Section, had told us on our arrival that His Excellency wished to give an entertainment in our honour. He thought it would be rather dull, he said, if we were to have Western food, and asked me whether I should like to dine in Japanese or Chinese fashion. As I knew that neither my wife nor I would have any success with Japanese food, I replied (I hoped tactfully) that as we had had the opportunity of sampling one or two Japanese dinners, a Chinese one would be a greater novelty to us. Mr. Hosui agreed, and later a messenger brought the invitation, beautifully written in Japanese characters on a card embossed with the crest of the Formosan Government. Koshimura was unfortunately away when it arrived, so that I had to get the obliging hotel manager to translate it for me, learnt that we were expected at

6.30 that evening, and sent an acceptance by the waiting messenger.

I had spent so much time in calling on Japanese officials that it seemed the least I could do would be to drop one of my last cards on Mr. G. H. Phipps, the British Consul. As he lived at Tamsui, fourteen miles away, this was rather difficult, so I telephoned to him instead, and then found, with some relief, that his wife and he were also to be present at His Excellency's dinner-party. They were kind enough to call for us at the hotel before we started, and I sounded Phipps on the possibility of speeches being sprung upon us. He thought that I was safe, as the occasion was an informal one, and post-prandial oratory unlikely. This I found very comforting.

§ 2

When we arrived at the Director-General's we were met by Mr. Hosui, who ushered us into a sitting-room where all the guests were assembled. The Director-General himself, we found, had been prevented by urgent business from returning to the capital, but his wife acted as hostess, and Mr. Suyematsu, his deputy, who had himself paid a brief official visit to North Borneo, welcomed us in his stead. Besides our host and hostess, the Consul and Mrs. Phipps, my wife and myself, there were six guests, most of whom talked English. Each of them was presented in turn. One was a very old gentleman who appeared in a frock-coat instead of uniform or evening dress. He had a large round face which reminded me of ex-President Kruger without a beard, and he must have had a very dull evening, for I did not hear him utter one word of English

or any other language the whole time, nor did I ever discover what high office of State he held. I can only hope that he enjoyed his dinner. The other guests were known to us already—Mr. Kamada and Mr. Hosui, the genial staff-major, Mr. Murota, military interpreter, and Mr. Yoshioka, the chief of the camphor section of the Monopoly Bureau.

The room in which we were received was furnished in Western fashion and was therefore not particularly beautiful. Excellent cocktails were handed round, and then we went in to dinner in an adjoining room. On a little table was a plan of the seats; there were name-cards at our places. The dinner was served at a table and we sat on chairs: so far everything savoured of the West.

My wife sat between Mr. Suyematsu and Mr. Hosui; I between my hostess and Mr. Yoshioka. Mr. Suyematsu spoke a little English and Mr. Hosui spoke it excellently, so that my wife fared well. But unfortunately my hostess spoke not a word of either English or French. Ungallantly enough, I had to abandon all attempts at conversation and leave her to the Consul, who talked to her in fluent Japanese, much to my envy, for she was delightfully attractive. She was dressed most becomingly in a dark kimono, the only Western thing about her a beautiful sapphire marquise ring, and every now and then her calm face was ruffled into smiles by little gusts of laughter.

Mr. Yoshioka I found very easy to get on with. He was a man of the world; he had travelled much; he had spent several years in England, and he had a better knowledge of English literature than many Englishmen. Scott, he told me, particularly appealed to him as a novelist, for he found so many interesting parallels between the times of which he

wrote and the days of the old daimyos, or feudal barons, of Japan.

We were passing the time very pleasantly when suddenly the Major, warming to the influence of a good dinner, burst out into English, of which he had previously disclaimed all knowledge. We all chaffed him, and he rocked to and fro in his seat with merriment, after which proceedings became much less formal.

Course followed course in tiny bowls with metal covers. The latter had their advantages, for if you disliked the contents of the bowl you could toy with them for a bit and then pop the lid on, so that nobody noticed what you had left. Chopsticks were provided, but besides them forks had been thoughtfully laid for us. I made no bones about using mine, but my wife put in some useful work with her chopsticks, much to the delight of our host. In sherry glasses was served what at first I took to be hock, gently warmed, and it was not until I had drunk two glasses that I discovered it was *sake*. Then came some Burgundy, and our host rose. Mr. Hosui rose with him. I thought that the dinner was at an end and was just going to grab my glass to gulp down my Burgundy before getting up myself, when, to my horror, Mr. Suyematsu began a speech in Japanese.

§ 3

There are perhaps few more trying social experiences than to have a speech made at you in a tongue of which you know absolutely nothing. You may attempt to look intelligent, but only succeed in looking idiotic. There are pitfalls on every side. You are bound to smile in the wrong place and you

are certain not to smile when you are expected to, which is worse.

Our host, however, did not intend to keep us long in ignorance of what he was talking about, for, after his oration had lasted two or three minutes, he paused, and Mr. Hosui, who stood at his side, translated for our benefit. While he was doing so, Mr. Suyematsu remained wrapped in thought, and when the translation was ended took up the thread of his discourse again. This process was repeated several times, and it seems to me an excellent recipe for successful public-speaking. One has plenty of time to think out well-turned phrases and there is little danger of leaving out anything one wants to say.

Mr. Suyematsu's speech lasted about fifteen minutes, during which the most admirable sentiments were expressed. He described how kindly he had been received on his visit to North Borneo and how pleased he was to be able to show Japan's island colony to visitors from that pleasant land. He enlarged upon the advantages of close friendship, national and personal, between the British and the Japanese, and ended by exhorting us to come to Formosa again.

While this speech was in progress there was a good deal of thought going on in the Director-General's dining-room; for if our host was thinking out a fresh paragraph while Mr. Hosui was interpreting his last, I was thinking still harder while Mr. Suyematsu was making his observations in Japanese. To all but the accomplished after-dinner speaker the knowledge that one has to make a speech before one can leave the table is enough to spoil any meal. Mercifully I had been spared this prolonged apprehension (thanks to Phipps), but I was

no little exercised in my mind to think of something to say that would please our hosts.

However, when Mr. Hosui had interpreted the last passage and, with his chief, had sat down, I rose and thanked them for the kindness their Government had shown us two passers-by. I must say that I did this whole-heartedly, for no people could have been more hospitable than they were being to us; there are few countries in the world where any traveller could meet with so warm a welcome, no matter who he was or what his credentials were. As an American would say, everything had opened and shut for us. Then I went on to tell them how the number of their countrymen had increased in North Borneo in recent years, what peaceful settlers they made, and how much they had done to assist in opening up a part of that little-known land, and how one of their rubber estates now had a larger acreage under rubber than any in the State. "I hope you will go on coming to North Borneo," I said. "It is a young country. There are thousands of acres of good agricultural land to be had on easy terms. There is enough elbow-room for everyone, and you will find a welcome."

No one interpreted for me, as all those present (except the old gentleman in the frock-coat) could understand English, though one or two did not venture to talk it, and so I had to get my discourse off in one spasm. Phipps, however, told me afterwards that I could have hardly said anything that would have pleased them more than to tell them there was indeed a country in which Japanese were not unwelcome.

I assured him that I had meant what I had said. When you have a country the size of Scotland, with its valuable resources largely uncultivated, it would

surely be a dog-in-the-manger policy, as well as a very foolish one, to keep out anyone intent upon genuine enterprise, whatever his nationality. In a country which has been exploited already, and where life has become the game of grab it does under such conditions, it is another story. One may sympathize with those who, having come first and taken the risks, fear that others may wrest from them what they have so hardly obtained. One may sympathize, too, with those who, living in the country which has only a limited amount of work for its white population, fear that an influx of Asiatic labour would swamp and undersell the existing settlers. In such cases, it may perhaps be admitted, the policy of 'what I hold I keep' is right. But in North Borneo there is more agricultural land lying idle than is likely to be taken up by Europeans for the next half-century, there are many possible industries which have been waiting for years for someone to come and work them. There is no white labour in the country, so that the problem of Asiatic competition does not exist, in fact the crying need of the territory is increased population.

Even if this were not so, there would be no danger of Japanese labour becoming a menace, for the simple reason that the Japanese coolie class does not thrive in the tropics as the Chinese coolie does. The experiment of importing Japanese labour for Japanese estates has been tried and it has failed. The Japanese who go to North Borneo are either the small shopkeeper class or those who come as employers of labour. The latter are either small planters or employees of large companies who follow in the wake of Japanese capital.

The competition to be feared, then (if it is to be feared), is that of capital, not that of labour. Now,

North Borneo has been awaiting European capital for forty years with open arms. A certain amount has come, but not enough. There is room for a hundred times as much. And if the Japanese see opportunities in this tropical country which lies so much nearer to their own than it does to ours, if they care to put down the money and to take the risks, there appears to be no reason why they should not be encouraged. It seems to me that under the circumstances there is only one ground on which they could be discouraged, and that is that a large colony of Japanese might be a potential danger to the State in the unlikely event of a war breaking out between Great Britain and Japan. To my mind this is a risk not worth thinking about; no State would deserve to succeed if it allowed itself to be dominated by such craven fears. Even if a state of war ever did exist between ourselves and Japan, it is unlikely that there would be sufficient numbers of Japanese in North Borneo to overcome or even seriously embarrass the Government and military police. It is unlikely that they would try, for Borneo would be at the best an ephemeral possession until the British Navy were swept from the seas; and if that happened the Japanese could walk in anyhow.

So I say with conviction that North Borneo should welcome the Japanese, who will, in my opinion, do nothing but add to its economic prosperity. They are well-behaved and law-abiding settlers. They work hard, they are enterprising, and they have money to spend. They give no trouble, and they are an acquisition to the population of any tropical country, whether one happens to like their individual characteristics or not.

To anyone who did not know the prejudices that

exist in most countries against Japanese settlers, all this might seem obvious. But at the present time the Japanese are the most unwanted race in the world. Japan has a large and growing population; the urge of emigration is upon her, just as it has been upon us for centuries. She has a just need of expansion, and what has been well called her 'overspill' has to be accommodated somewhere.

"When we are dealing with the problem of the Far East," said a leader-writer in the *Spectator* recently,[1] "we ought, for fear of misunderstanding, to say that we have no desire that Japan should be shut up in a water-tight compartment. It may be that in Korea and the other territory which she has acquired during the last twenty years there is room for the overspill of her population. But if this is not so, then most assuredly Japan must have some area marked out for the future accommodation of her surplus inhabitants. This need for new homes must not, of course, be allowed to disturb the communities which prefer their own special forms of growth and development; but, on the other hand, Japan must not have her just claims for expansion met with a mere veto."

The point is, however, in which direction Japan *can* extend. Her labouring classes do not readily adapt themselves to climatic conditions different from those prevailing in their native land: Formosa is too hot for them, Korea too cold. Outside her own territory nobody wants her. Where, then, are you going to let her go? Give her a chunk of Australia? The Australians, intent upon a 'White Australia,' would say, "Never." Part of the Philippines? She might like it, but the Americans would

[1] June 16, 1921.

not. Honolulu? There are too many Japanese there already. She is not wanted in British Columbia, nor in California, where the climate is such as suits her people well. She is not wanted in China. Yet you cannot stop her flow of population. The taps are running full, and unless something is done to catch the overspill there is going to be a nasty mess.

"The results of economic pressure in Japan," says Mr. J. O. P. Bland, "are far-reaching, but the problem itself is very simple. It is merely a question of providing food for a population which already exceeds the limit that the country's soil can support, and which is debarred by our Exclusion Acts from seeking its livelihood in less congested countries overseas." [1]

Mr. Bland goes on to give some interesting figures to support his argument. It appears that the birth-rate in Japan is 32 per 1,000, which is equivalent to an annual increase of 750,000. During the last ten years the population has risen from 50,000,000 to 57,000,000, or 12 per cent., so that it is now 380 to the square mile, whilst during the same period the land under cultivation has increased only 5 per cent. and the rice output 4 per cent.

Thus the problem becomes increasingly difficult every year; and every year it is becoming harder to solve it by means of imported food. The time is coming, if it has not come already, when the Japanese must emigrate or starve.

There are two main objections to the presence of Japanese in other lands, anyhow in 'white lands.' One is the deeply rooted prejudice of colour, and the hatred, right and understandable enough, against mixed marriages. The other, and in most cases the

[1] *Japan, China, and Korea*, p. 137.

strongest, objection is the cheapness of Japanese labour. A Japanese, like any other Asiatic, can live on far less than a white man, and so can work for lower wages; in fact, in manual labour the white man cannot compete with the Japanese and he dare not admit him to equal competition in the labour market. This objection, then, is also understandable enough, for every country should preserve the interests of its own people as against those of the foreigner. The Japanese themselves are behind no one in this matter. It is, for instance, economically impossible for the Japanese to compete with the Chinese in manual labour, even in Japan itself, and consequently Chinese are forbidden to engage in manual labour outside the former foreign settlements.

Again, it is impossible for Japanese settlers to lose their separate identity and to amalgamate with the people of the country in which they settle. In Australia or the United States immigrants from, say, Scandinavia may themselves retain their own national language, but, generally speaking, it is difficult to distinguish their children from those of native citizens. With the Japanese this is not so. Being Asiatics and being also intensely nationalistic, they remain a race apart, and form, if they are present in sufficient numbers, a regular *imperium in imperio,* as in California. So that in 'white' lands it is really their very cardinal virtues—industry, frugality, and patriotism—which render them objects of suspicion and dislike.

In tropical settlements, such as the British Crown Colonies, the prejudice amongst white residents against the Japanese is due rather to the feeling that they belong, as it were, to a national army, directed and controlled from headquarters in Tokyo and aided, by semi-official banks and heavily subsidized

steamship companies, in an unfair competition against British traders. No discrimination is exercised by British Colonial Governments against the Japanese. They have 'a fair field and no favour,' whereas European merchants in Japan complain that they are not only obstructed and spied upon by the Government, but are also hampered by unfair taxation, by secret subsidies being granted to native competitors, and by the dilatory working of the Courts. How far such complaints are justified I express no opinion, but they are widespread, and the Japanese Government would do well to look into them. Japan cannot have it both ways: if she discriminates against foreign merchants and settlers, she cannot expect her own people to become popular when they themselves settle abroad.

The Japanese realize well enough how unwelcome their presence is—except as visitors—in other countries. Indeed, it would be strange if they did not, for no one goes out of his way to keep the fact from them and often it is rammed down their throats with distressing bluntness. They are proud of being Japanese, but they are sensitive. They know that although they can and have shown themselves capable of producing men who will equal those of the white races in art, in science, in military accomplishments, and in commerce, there is one thing they cannot do, and that is to change the colour of their skins. And this, they feel, is the reason why the doors of most countries are shut fast in their faces, often with a slam. The Japanese do not hold themselves any less men because they are yellow men, and, their country having reached the position it has, they resent their exclusion as unjust, not always pausing to think that the white countries have to consider the existence of their people as

much as Japan has to consider the existence of hers.

Thus it was, I think, that my few words, spoken genuinely enough, gave my hosts some small satisfaction. They said little to me, but some time later I came to realize how intensely the Japanese feel on this subject. When we reached Kobe, after leaving Formosa, the editor of a Japanese paper, the *Kobe Shimbun,* having heard that I had come from North Borneo and Taihoku, called upon me and asked me to give him an interview. He was a dear old gentleman, and, having described to him the courtesy and hospitality which his Government had shown us in Formosa, I added that there was an 'open door' for Japanese in North Borneo. He looked at me, and for a moment I thought he was going to burst into tears.

"Then yours is the only country in the world that wants us," he said.

Mr. Suyematsu and his brother-officers were too proud to say this in so many words, but I think they felt something of the kind.

§ 4

Soon after my little speech was ended, fruit and cakes were handed round. Then we adjourned to the sitting-room, where coffee was served, and, directly after it, tea. After a few minutes' conversation Mrs. Phipps made a move. It had been arranged that this difficult point should be left to her, for when one dines at 6.30 and has finished soon after eight, it is a little hard to know when to go. We were afraid of letting our hosts think we were bored by leaving too soon and at the same time we were anxious not to outstay our welcome. Mrs. Phipps, however, managed with admirable tact, and

as we were saying good-bye our charming hostess asked her to say to my wife:

"How sorry I am I speak no English and can only look at you!"

I felt that I should have liked to say to this gracious little lady how sorry I was that I could speak no Japanese, but that I had enjoyed looking at her very much.

We went back to the hotel feeling that we had had a delightful and most interesting evening, which had not been, thanks to the moral support of the Consul and Mrs. Phipps, nearly the ordeal we had expected. As one looks back on it now, it was a strange party which sat round the shaded candles of that dinner-table—our hostess in her kimono, the white women in evening dress, the Government officers in their quiet and serviceable dark uniforms, Major Akamatsu in khaki, red collar, medals, and gold lace, Phipps and I in white ties and boiled shirts, and the silent old gentleman in his frock-coat. In a sense it was a half-way meeting of East and West, not only in personalities but in surroundings. The Eastern dinner in European setting was so typical of life among the Japanese of the better class to-day.

The modern Japanese leads a strange existence. To paraphrase Mr. Kipling he is a kind of ruddy harumphrodite, Eastern and Western too, for if ever East met West it is in the house of a Japanese who has acquired 'foreign' habits. And they meet without merging softly into one another, but with a very sharp dividing line. Some Japanese may have developed a real liking for Western style of living and for Western food and cooking, but I think the majority of them dislike it all intensely. They feel, I suppose, that in order to meet the West on equal terms they must conform in some measure to

Western customs, but they are few who do not shed their lounge suits for kimonos (small blame to them) on the first opportunity or eat Japanese food when they can.

National dress and national modes of life are largely a matter of climate and environment. They do not always thrive when transplanted. I do not think the Japanese gain in dignity when they give up even partially their own dress and style of living and adopt ours. Our gracious hostess, for example, was dignified and natural in the costume of her ancestors; in a Western evening dress she would have been spoilt and certainly less at ease.

Since that evening Mr. Phipps has been kind enough to send me some notes on this subject, and I quote his remarks in full:

"It would, I think, have been quite impossible for the Japanese not to have adopted foreign ways to a greater or less extent, if they wished to be considered a first-class Power. To attain the position they aspired to among the nations of the world they needed education on Western lines, money, and military power. None of these was obtainable without learning from Western nations. The kimono may have æsthetic charm, but it is highly unsuited for an office chair or the conning-tower of a battleship. With the even partial adoption of Western dress, modifications are inevitable in other spheres, for example in domestic architecture. The Japanese of good position needs one room at least furnished in Western style where he can entertain his foreign acquaintances or Japanese friends who have learnt to adopt foreign ways through long residence abroad. Once Japan threw open her doors to Western civilization in a way no other Oriental nation had done, the process of increasing Westernization was a neces-

sary consequence. Lovers of the ancient picturesque civilization of Japan and the more conservative elements of the nation regret the tendency, but it is none the less inevitable.

"Outside the Court, the women fortunately show little sign of giving up their charming national dress, but even here considerations of practical convenience require its abandonment in certain cases: hospital nurses, for instance, would find the long sleeves of the kimono an intolerable nuisance for their work. In point of fact, I believe the kimono has serious drawbacks; it is very costly, particularly the *obi*, and if the corsets of a European woman are apt to oppress the wearer, the tight and heavy *obi* is considerably worse. The tightness of the skirts, too, hampers the legs and prevents free action. As a thing of beauty, however, the kimono of the Japanese lady takes a high place.

"Some modification of women's dress is probable in consequence of the spread of outdoor games among Japanese schoolgirls. What form the modification may take is difficult to tell, but it may be in the direction of a wider adoption of the loose skirt (*hakama*) worn both by teachers and pupils of a Japanese girls' school."

The Japanese character is so much a part of its peculiar customs, its dress, its houses, its way of living generally, that this change which is taking place is a very violent one. I often wonder if it is good for the national character, which is so intensely developed and so essentially a part of the Japanese. It may be necessary from some points of view, yet it seems hard that the Japanese should have to adopt changes which, as a rule, do not suit them, changes which, until their prejudices have become dulled by custom, they do not like.

The Japanese themselves are the best judges of that. Yet the world respects a nation which clings to its own traditions, for deep down in our hearts we are all conservative, and I believe that by abandoning the ways of their fathers, even though the cultivation of Western fashions is mainly superficial, the Japanese lose more than they can gain. It is not unreasonable to suppose that, now Japan has taken her place in the world as a first-class Power, the pendulum may swing back again; there may be a revulsion of feeling, and the Japanese will go back to the ways of Japan—and keep to them.

Anyhow, after our return to the hotel, Phipps and I decided that we would stick to our own traditions that night, and the whiskies-and-sodas with which we upheld them tasted very good indeed.

CHAPTER IX

CAMPHOR, OPIUM, AND TOBACCO

Visit to the Camphor Bureau—The camphor industry—Chinese methods improved by Japanese—Future prosperity depends on pacification of aborigines—The opium monopoly—Control of opium-smoking—Japanese efforts and their success—Comparison with opium regulations in British colonies—The tobacco monopoly—Success of the Government monopolies as a whole—The Taihoku prison—We leave Koshimura and visit Tamsui—Early Spanish occupation of Tamsui and Keelung—Spaniards surrender to Dutch—The British Consulate—A gardener's paradise—A Japanese golf-course.

§ 1

ON the morning after the dinner-party Koshimura called for us in a Government motor at 9 o'clock. The hour was of his proposing, and it promised to be another strenuous day.

We were still confronted with the problem of obtaining money. In Tainan we had, with great difficulty and thanks chiefly to Koshimura's persuasive powers, extracted a hundred *yen* from the Bank of Taiwan, but no more. We drove to the head office in Taihoku hoping for better things. But once there we found ourselves up against a stone wall. Although we produced an English letter of credit and a statement from the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation showing a credit in Yokohama, the bank merchants were obdurate. The Bank of Taiwan was not mentioned in the letter of credit, though it contained a list of apparently every other known bank in the world, and this seemed to touch the Taihoku authorities on the raw. They would have none of us. Koshimura's card and ex-

planations produced no effect. Not a *yen* could we get, even on the strength of being guests of the Formosan Government. Bitterly did I curse the skipper of the *Sourabaya,* whose economical use of coal had given us no time to make the necessary arrangements in Hong Kong, and left the bank disgruntled, hoping, however, for better luck with the Taihoku agents of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank.

§ 2

After being worsted in our contest with the bank, we made our way to the Camphor Bureau, where we were met by Mr. Yoshioka, to whom I had sat next at dinner the night before. He was most kind, and under his guidance we were able to see the whole process of manufacture.

Camphor is certainly the most interesting of the Formosan industries. The Formosan camphor laurel, from the chips of which the camphor of commerce is obtained, grows upon the eastern hills, either within the area inhabited by the aborigines or upon the borders. As Mr. Davidson suggests, it would be an inviting subject for a statistician "to figure out how many drops of human blood are represented in the few ounces of camphor which the human young lady purchases to keep her dainty garments free of moths, or how many lives are lost that some decrepit old gentleman may be cured of his rheumatic pains." [1] For the working of the camphor has always been carried on in the teeth of bitter opposition on the part of the aborigines, who, even now, view incursions into their territory and the felling of their trees with consternation and dismay.

[1] *The Island of Formosa,* p. 398.

Camphor was worked in Formosa long before the coming of the Japanese. During the Chinese occupation the industry was so jealously guarded by the authorities that, not content with proclaiming it a Government monopoly, they imposed the death-penalty for the unauthorized felling of a single tree. This was no idle threat, for, ineffectual as the Chinese Government was in many ways, it was never lacking in energy when it came to punishing its subjects. It is recorded that in a single year over 200 persons lost their heads for infringing the camphor law; this led to a rebellion, with the result that, although the monopoly was retained, the laws governing it were revised and made more lenient.

In the middle of the nineteenth century the camphor trade attracted the notice of foreign firms, and after many struggles with the authorities the traders obtained the abolition of the monopoly. This gave an immediate impetus to the industry, until the hostilities between the aborigines and the Chinese employed in the manufacture became so violent that the export trade was almost killed. Even though military forces were sent out against the natives, little was accomplished, and sometimes the soldiers met with disaster. In one case a force of 180 Chinese were taken unawares, and all killed with the exception of one boy, who hid in the long grass until the massacre was over.

The Chinese methods of obtaining camphor were as wasteful as the methods of the aborigines in planting crops. The trees were felled wholesale and no attempt was made to replant the areas so denuded. The result was that when the Japanese took over the island they found large tracts of what had once been camphor forests worked out. It was neces-

sary to go farther and farther afield, following the ebb of the camphor tide.

The camphor forests which are most easily worked to-day stand on the northern hills, where the trees attain enormous height and girth. The tree is of a different species from that found in Borneo, where deposits of camphor are found in a kind of pocket inside the tree or else distributed throughout the grain in the form of small crystals. The Formosan species appears to be impregnated with camphor, and this is obtained by chipping small pieces from the tree while it is still standing and after it has been felled. The chips are then placed in stoves erected near the timber workings, the camphor vapour given off passes from the chip-retort (which holds about four hundred pounds) through a cooling-box into a condenser and so becomes distilled. The chips are changed every twenty-four hours. The tiny white crystals formed in the condensing-box are removed and packed in bags, while the camphor oil, a by-product from the chips, is despatched in kerosine-oil tins, over a mountain of which we had to climb to get to the works.

In the old days adulteration had to be guarded against continually, and Mr. Davidson tells a story[1] of how an enterprising Formosan camphor worker, coming upon snow at close quarters for the first time in his life during a severe winter, filled some baskets with it, mixed enough crystals to give it the smell of camphor, and forthwith hurriedly disposed of it to the nearest merchant. The buyer did not discover the fraud until, returning to the vat in which he had dumped his purchase, he found that with the exception of a few pounds it had disappeared. Nowadays, however, adulteration can

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 433.

easily be detected, and it is not worth a worker's while to try any imposition, no matter how ingenious it may be.

During the early years of the Japanese occupation, the Formosan Government contented itself with levying a tax on the amount of camphor produced, but in 1899 the manufacture was made a monopoly with the twofold object of increasing the revenue and obtaining a firmer control of the valuable camphor forests. The camphor, which only the holders of Government licences may manufacture, is now bought up from the local workers by the monopoly officials at a fixed rate, repacked, and sent down to be refined in the Taihoku factory.

It was here that we saw the crude material being cleaned by the huge distilling plant which the Japanese have installed. Great heaps of snowy camphor lay outside the distilling oven, into which they were being shovelled. By means of intense heat the vapour is made to pass again into a condensing chamber and recrystallizes. The flaky crystals are massed together and subjected to hydraulic pressure, and thus are transformed into solid opaque blocks, similar in appearance to those one may buy in miniature at a chemist's shop. These blocks are packed into lead-lined boxes marked with the Government label and are then ready to be exported to the selling agents in all parts of the world. By the time we reached the packing-room our eyes were streaming and we were taking our breath in great gasps, so powerful is the exhalation given off.

Formosa is the greatest camphor-producing country in the world, and now that camphor plays so important a part in the manufacture of celluloid and smokeless gunpowder, to say nothing of its ordinary medicinal uses, the demand is very large.

The Japanese have much increased the prosperity of the industry since they took it in hand. They have improved the quality of the material, promoted the manufacture of camphor oil, and by a careful control of the supplies have rendered the worker's life less precarious than it was formerly. Consequently, although the exports decreased from 6,800,000 lb. in 1894 to just under 4,000,000 lb. in 1922[1] (on account of the control), the industry is on a sound and stable basis, good prices are obtained, and it is said that the monopoly brings in to the Government coffers an annual revenue of no less than £800,000. The all-important matter of reafforestation has also received attention, but of course no supplies from this source can be anticipated for several years and the existing camphor resources of the island are naturally becoming less and less every year. There is no immediate danger of their becoming worked out, it is true, but vast supplies still lie within the savage area, unworked, and until the whole of the aborigines have come under Government influence the main problem of the camphor industry cannot be said to have been solved.

§ 3

Having got outside the camphor factory we wiped our eyes again, and I asked Mr. Yoshioka if we were to be allowed to see the opium factory as well. Our guide's face immediately assumed that wooden expression which is the sole refuge of those who, speaking a foreign language well, find their proficiency an embarrassment.

"I do not understand," he declared.

"Opium factory," I said, breaking into that insensate English one uses when trying to make one's

[1] In 1921 the export was only 915,000 lb.

tongue intelligible to a foreigner. "Not allowed?"

"Not allowed," echoed the Chief of the Camphor Section.

That was all there was to it. Koshimura, ever anxious to do his best for us, murmured something about "special pass," but I thought it more tactful not to press the point. After all, it was their opium factory. There was no earthly reason why they should let me see over it if, for reasons of their own, they didn't want to. They had shown me so much that it would have been churlish to complain.

All the same, I was disappointed. I should have liked to look into that forbidden chamber, for the opium question is a very interesting one, and I had heard so much about it in Formosa that I was anxious to see the methods by which the opium paste is prepared.

When the Japanese obtained possession of the island they found opium smoking very prevalent among the Formosans. For years opium had been subject to heavy duties, but that had not prevented its importation, and, moreover, large quantities were smuggled in. The Japanese realized that if the practice were to be allowed to spread it would have a deteriorating effect upon the population, but they also realized, very wisely, that they would lose far more than they would gain by attempting to abolish opium smoking wholesale. Seven per cent. of the population was addicted to the use of the drug, and the danger of incessant friction, increase of smuggling and emigration that would result from prohibition was altogether too great to be run.

It was obvious, however, that some steps must be taken in the matter. Accordingly the Government decided to establish a control over the amount of the drug imported, manufactured, and consumed,

and consequently in 1896 opium was proclaimed a State monopoly. The private importation, the manufacture, and the sale of opium were made punishable by five years' imprisonment or a fine of £500. The cultivation of the opium poppy was forbidden, and anyone found smoking opium without a licence became liable to three years' imprisonment or a fine of £300. The licences were only granted to confirmed smokers, and by these means it was considered possible to abolish, or at any rate substantially reduce, the practice within a generation, every effort being made at the same time to demonstrate the evils of the drug by educational propaganda.

Having taken the manufacture of the raw opium into their own hands, the authorities were confronted with serious obstacles. They had no one who understood the system of preparation, and they found themselves in the humiliating position of having to learn from the Formosans, who naturally had but a primitive process, simply boiling the raw material in kettles over small charcoal stoves. It was not long, however, before more scientific methods were learnt in British India and Persia and modern machinery was imported. To-day the factory at Taihoku is, I believe, as well equipped as any in the world.

But difficulties of manufacture were not the only ones with which the authorities had to contend. Even greater difficulties were experienced in the registration of the confirmed opium smokers, the only persons to whom licences were granted, for each one, having made his application, had to be examined and certified by a Government doctor. The work of registration was begun in April 1897, and although it was thought at the time that it would be finished in a few months, it was not until September 1900 that

it was done, the completed register showing 170,000 opium smokers in the island.

Once licences had been granted to these, every effort was made to confine the drug habit to those known to be under its influence. And it was here that almost insuperable obstacles arose. It was a formidable enough undertaking to register all the confirmed smokers in the island, and it was only rendered possible because the smokers knew that they would be faced with the problem of obtaining supplies if they did not declare themselves. There was, however, a large number of Formosans who, although they did not come under the category of chronic takers of the drug, were nevertheless addicted to its use to a more moderate extent. Many of these presented themselves as confirmed smokers, to whom deprivation would mean death. Their claims for licences were in most cases proved by the medical authorities to be unjustified, but there are no ends to which a drug taker will not go to obtain the object of his craving, and the inevitable result of refusal to licence was that, in spite of the penalties to which unauthorized smokers rendered themselves liable, secret smoking became very prevalent. Moreover, members of a family in which there was one licensed smoker easily acquired the habit, and others, flying to the drug as a relief from pain in times of sickness, also became victims.

This secret smoking increased to such an extent, and would have entailed such wholesale prosecution, that at the end of 1904 the authorities decided that there was nothing for it but to grant licences to those who had acquired the habit in a clandestine manner, and accordingly 30,000 fresh licences were issued. At the same time a new system was introduced, whereby a licensed smoker was required to

produce a pass-book every time he bought a supply of opium, and, since his daily consumption was known, he could thus be checked from disposing of the drug to others. In spite of this, and in spite, too, of many prosecutions, the further increase of 16,000 licences was found necessary; but even taking into account these increases, the total number of smokers in 1908 was 42,000 fewer than in 1900, and at the end of 1922 was 42,923. A certain proportion of this decrease is due to the habit having been abandoned, but a greater proportion is due to death, for the death-rate among the opium smokers is nearly twice as high as the rate for the whole island.[1]

When the opium regulations were first introduced, licences were granted to Formosans only, that is to the settlers of Chinese descent who had become Japanese subjects on the cession of the island. By 1904, however, the consumption of the drug had been got well under control, and since large numbers of labourers were coming in from South China owing to the increase of private enterprise and development, it was decided that, rather than discourage the Chinese coolie class from immigrating, it would be prudent to grant them also licences for smoking, renewable yearly. Happily the habit is confined to the Formosans and the Chinese; so far as is known it has not spread among the aborigines, and it is a very rare thing to find a Japanese opium smoker.

The Opium Ordinance provides that opium paste for smoking purposes may only be bought (at prices fixed by the Government) from authorized dealers, who are supplied by wholesale agents of the Monopoly Bureau, the appointment of both dealers and agents being very carefully supervised. The manu-

[1] *Control of Opium in Formosa*, p. 10.

facture of opium-smoking implements and the keeping of premises for smoking are also licensed, and Japanese are prohibited from engaging in anything connected with the trade. The sale of morphine and of opium for medicinal purposes is controlled by the Government, morphine injections and the sale of powdered opium being forbidden except on a doctor's prescription. The opium poppy is now cultivated in Formosa, but the Monopoly Bureau imports the bulk of the raw material from India, Turkey, or Persia; at the factory the latter is crushed, steamed in vats, and boiled, the opium paste so obtained being packed in tins, labelled, and despatched to the wholesale agents.

A certain quantity of morphine is also manufactured and, it may be supposed, exported. This seemed to me, although I may be quite wrong, to be rather a "hush" business. In any case I am not in a position to give any details either of the amount of morphine exported or its destination, for, although officials appeared quite prepared to give me all the information I wanted about opium, at the mention of morphine they either became suddenly evasive or singularly dense, and I am inclined to think that it was on this account that my visit to the factory was so definitely discouraged.

In the Report of the Advisory Committee to the League of Nations on the traffic of opium, dated August 8, 1922, it is stated that there were 8,018 lb. of morphine manufactured in Formosa in 1920, 7,833 lb. in Japan, while 48,689 lb. were imported into Japan. The report declares: "It is clear from the figures supplied by the Japanese Government in its reply to the questionnaire that Japan has been importing, for several years past, quantities of morphine far in excess of the normal legitimate require-

ments of Japan itself. . . . After making allowance for the increase in the medical requirements during and after the war, the Committee can feel little doubt that much of this morphine has found its way into China."

It is hardly necessary to point out that smuggling to China from Formosa would be a good deal easier than smuggling to China from Japan.

§ 4

Whatever mysteries may enshroud its external policy, there can be no doubt that the Japanese have handled the opium question in Formosa itself in a very efficient manner. All the more credit is due to them because they have done so without having had any previous experience in such administration. The United States Government recognized their success several years ago when, perplexed by the opium problem in the Philippine Islands, they paid the Japanese the compliment of sending commissioners to Formosa to investigate the methods of opium manufacture and to study the regulations dealing with its distribution and control.[1] Opium smoking is now prohibited in the Philippines.

It is improbable that opium smoking will ever be stamped out in Formosa; as the large number of annual convictions for offences against the opium laws show, it is improbable that even secret smoking will be stopped. The love of opium seems to be ingrained in the uneducated Chinese, but the taking of the drug is being kept under control and, while the population of the island is increasing steadily, the percentage of opium smokers amongst it is decreasing.

In my opinion the Japanese have adopted the right

[1] *Japanese Rule in Formosa*, p. 159.

course in controlling, and in not attempting to abolish, opium smoking. Everyone who has studied the subject knows that opium prohibition in China is little less than a farce. As Mr. Bland says: "The 'opium-abolition' movement has put an end to the *bona-fide* importation of the Indian drug and checked the transit trade in all its former channels, merely to direct it into new ways, more directly profitable to the mandarin."[1] Moreover, in the Report of the Opium Committee referred to above the following passage occurs: "The Committee regret they can only come to the conclusion . . . that at the present moment there is a large and widespread cultivation of the poppy in China."

Where a habit has become chronic with a certain section of the community, it is surely wiser and more humane to deal with it comparatively. What I like about the Japanese is that they are not hypercritical sentimentalists. They take human nature as they find it. They impose the control they consider best fitted for the proper administration of their territory and the welfare of its inhabitants, and, while they certainly do keep the opium habit within bounds, they do not hesitate to pocket a large revenue which would otherwise be lost—a clear annual net profit of £100,000. Philanthropy as a revenue-producing proposition should surely be the aim of every civilized State. Yet only too often State philanthropy simply spells large inroads upon the Treasury. I rather fancy that if, on account of the drug habit spreading in England, it is found necessary to establish an Anti-Dope Ministry, it would cost the State a deal of money, instead of producing a comfortable contribution to the income of the country, as it is made to do in Formosa.

[1] *Japan, China, and Korea*, p. 290.

The Japanese, I take it, know perfectly well that there is only one possible way to stop opium smoking, and that is to stop the cultivation of the opium poppy except on a scale which would be adequate for medical requirements. If there were no poppies there would be no opium and no smokers; as long as there are poppies there will be opium and, in one way or another, smokers will obtain it. The suppression of the poppy is never likely to take place so long as the Government of India leads the way as a producer of raw opium. Vast sums of money are made every year out of the sale of the drug by various Governments, including those of the British Crown Colonies and Protectorates. They cannot afford to abandon this revenue and therefore, as supplies are procurable without difficulty, they maintain the trade, while throwing as much dust as possible in the eyes of those interested in stamping out the traffic in the drug.

I have discussed the opium monopoly in Formosa at some length because it seems to me that the authorities there have adopted a policy which might well be followed by their neighbours. In the Federated Malay States, Straits Settlements, Hong Kong, and North Borneo, for example, where there are large numbers of Chinese colonists and labourers, opium is a State monopoly. The Governments import the raw material and sell the manufactured paste to licensed retailers. There the control ends. There is no limit to the amount which the dealer can buy, smokers are not licensed, and although the dealer may sell only to an adult Chinese, there is nothing to prevent that adult Chinese from buying as much as he wants and passing it on to his friends, for he does not have to produce a pass-book for the

amount of his purchase to be entered up.[1] So that in this case the control simply amounts to the fact that the Governments as importers are the wholesale merchants, and as such make the greatest profit.

As to this profit, I confess that I am not one of those who think that it is anything about which Colonial Governments need be ashamed. Needless to say, they are not ashamed of it, but the ever-present fear of a bogey who makes it his business to ask awkward questions in Parliament sometimes makes them act as if they were. It is obvious that as long as supplies are available, opium smokers will get them. It is obvious, too, that if the drug is to be sold at all, large profits will be made. If profits are going to be made, it is as well that the Governments concerned should make them, to enable taxation to be kept down. Moreover, a Government monopoly renders difficult many abuses, such as smuggling on a large scale, which would arise if it did not exist. But let us have no hypocrisy about the matter; let it be admitted openly that Government trade in opium is a revenue-producing affair and that the object of any control it imposes is to make money at least as much as to administer efficiently. Otherwise, if the decrease in opium smoking were the objective, methods similar to those adopted by the Formosan Government could be introduced without difficulty; even then, as I have shown, the revenue might still be considerable.

At the present time the Governments of certain Crown Colonies increase the price of opium periodically with the avowed object of decreasing consump-

[1] The Government of Burma, however, protects some of its people in this manner; each Burmese consumer has a pass-book, and the supply he can obtain must not exceed a fixed limit or a certain proportion of his pay.

tion. Incidentally by this means a drop in the revenue is avoided. This would be very well if it achieved its object, for then we should see philanthropy going hand in hand with revenue, but it does not. Experience shows that a drug-fiend will get his drug somehow, whatever the price he has to pay. The lengths to which he is prepared to go and the sacrifices which he is prepared to make are notorious. Once a man has been in the habit of smoking a certain amount of opium daily, it is almost impossible for him to decrease his consumption; the tendency is to increase it. He will go without food and proper nourishment, he will steal and cheat and leave his debts unpaid to get that daily ration. The expense of the drug may conceivably deter some smokers who are not confirmed in the habit, but the chronic smoker, to whom the greater proportion of the sales are made, will not be so deterred, or, if he is, he will have ruined himself first. Accordingly, when the price of opium has been raised, the usual result has been that, so far from remaining stationary, the revenue has risen. No normal person who knows anything of Chinese opium smokers would expect it to do anything else; yet when it happens one feels one is expected to form a mental picture of the Colonial Secretary ringing up the Treasury and saying, "Look here, it's an awful thing, but this Excise revenue has gone up again. What on earth are we to do about it?"

The whole point is that if there were fewer sentimentalists about, there would be no need for all this cant and throwing dust in people's eyes, so that the bogey in the House might be less likely to get upon his feet. There is plenty of work for these well-meaning people to do nearer home, and personally I doubt if the percentage of homes ruined by

opium is so great as the percentage of homes ruined by beer and whisky. To many Chinese a pipe of opium is no more than a whisky-and-soda is to a European; then there is no reason why he should not have it. The chronic smoker will get opium as long as opium exists—so let him have it too. And let the system under which he obtains it be supervised by the authorities. This seems to me to be the attitude of the Colonial Governments who trade in opium. So far, so good; few reasonable people who have lived in the East would quarrel with the view. The trouble is that the matter does not stop there, and this is a point that even the would-be reformers do not always realize: the aborigines of most Eastern countries have quite enough to thank the white man for already in the shape of the diseases that follow in his wake and benefits of civilization, such as gin and whisky. In Formosa the opium smoker, as far as is possible, is isolated, for by the pass-book system it is difficult for him to infect others. But until the supply of opium to Colonial Governments is rationed and the smokers are all checked in some manner, there is nothing to prevent the habit spreading among the natives (to say nothing, of course, of its spreading among the Chinese), and this is a possibility which seems to be quite deplorable. For this reason alone (if for no other) the stricter regulations in force in Formosa might well be adopted by British Colonies and Protectorates with large Chinese settlements.

§ 5

Details of the salt monopoly have been given already. The remaining department of the Monopoly Bureau is that of Tobacco, which came under State control in 1905. Tobacco is a monopoly in

Japan, with a duty of no less than 355 per cent. on imported foreign tobacco, as everyone who has travelled in the Island Empire knows to his cost, and the monopoly in Formosa is conducted on similar lines. As I have mentioned, the plant is being grown with success in the island, and with the imported leaf (for the local supply is not yet enough for local needs) is made into cigarettes, cigars, and cut tobacco at the Taihoku factory. The industry is a flourishing one, and the annual value of tobacco sold by the Government is over half a million sterling.

When it is considered that from the date of their being taken over to the present time the five industries under State control—salt, camphor, opium, tobacco, and alcoholic liquors—have increased in value to the revenue from £430,000 to £21,000,000, with a clear annual profit of over £800,000,[1] it will be seen how immensely profitable these Government enterprises are. Over 60 per cent. of Formosa's revenue is derived from State undertakings (of which, besides the monopolies, the railway and forest profits are the most important), and this renders direct individual taxation comparatively light. The proof of a monopoly is in the working; if it can be made to pay and so keep down taxation which would otherwise be necessary, it surely justifies its existence. Formosa undoubtedly owes much of its prosperity to the revenue-producing monopolies, which have helped to provide money to develop it on a large scale.

In a young country such as Formosa, where immense sums are required for opening up the country,

[1] Whether this figure includes official salaries and depreciation of plant and machinery is not disclosed, nor what percentage of profit it shows on the capital outlay.

a monopoly may result in a practical and commercial success, and, if it does, Government authorities can hardly be blamed if they make the most of the colony's resources, rather than wait (perhaps in vain) for enterprising capitalists to come and do it for them.

Whether it is in its highest interests for a State to engage in trade is a question which is certainly open to argument from an administrative point of view. Moreover, it may also be admitted that monopolies tend to act in restraint of trade by increasing the number of officials at the expense of private industry and by removing the stimulus of open competition. Government enterprises are seldom managed so economically as those under private control, and it is possible that greater efficiency and perhaps greater revenue might now be obtained in Formosa by leaving the salt, camphor, tobacco, and liquor industries to private enterprise and taxing them. In this way the State would not risk heavy losses in lean years, such as the Camphor Bureau must have sustained through the slump in 1921. There is no doubt that the authorities feel they have enough upon their hands at present, for when, in the disastrous period of 1921–2, those with sugar interests tried hard to get sugar monopolized, the Formosan Government refused to take any action.

§ 6

After we had taken leave of Mr. Yoshioka we drove with Koshimura to the Taihoku Prison. Here my wife had to be left behind in an ante-room (a book of picture-postcards was thoughtfully given her to look at) while I went round with Koshimura and a superintendent.

The building is a very fine one, made of stone,

and cost £30,000; all the passages and floors are of cement, and there is accommodation for 1,200 prisoners. The system of penal administration appeared humane and up-to-date; the prisoners are set at useful work which brings in revenue to the State, and I saw all kinds of manufactures going on, such as the making of baskets, boots, clothes, and furniture. Corporal punishment, formerly in force even for petty offences, has recently been abolished, and I was told that the death-sentence is only carried out in cases of what one may call aggravated murder, of which there is an average of five a year. Ninety per cent. of the prisoners were Formosans, and on the day of my visit there were no aborigines undergoing sentence.

Criminal offenders in Formosa are dealt with by Courts presided over by Japanese judges and magistrates, who administer justice under the Japanese Criminal Code and Code of Criminal Procedure. A code that has been drawn up to suit the requirements of one country, however, does not necessarily suit another, any more than a coat made to fit Brown will fit Jones. These codes are therefore supplemented by local ordinances and regulations, and account of native custom and usage is taken by the Courts. This was particularly advisable in the early days before the Formosans had become accustomed to Japanese rule, for acts such as the murder of female or deformed children by a mother were, according to Chinese customs, considered perfectly legitimate.

It is said that the Japanese Courts are impartial and innocent of 'graft,' though it seems that the Government might do well to pay its judicial officers, who are all Government officials under the authority of the Governor-General, a wage that would lift

them above temptation. The Chinese, of course, are firm believers in the power of bribery, and Mr. Takekoshi relates[1] how, when the first Japanese Court was opened in the island, the complainants, finding their proffered bribes declined, promptly withdrew their cases; it appeared obvious to them that the judge had already accepted larger bribes from the other side, and so to have gone on with their cases would, they thought, have been nothing but a waste of time. This attitude has long since been changed, and at the present time the legal system enjoys the confidence of the Formosans, and since, like Pathans and Punjaubi Mahommedans, the Chinese mind dearly loves any form of litigation, they are not backward in bringing their cases into Court.

§ 7

On leaving the Prison we went for a drive round the Botanical Gardens and Taihoku Park, the latter laid out, as Koshimura told us proudly, in European fashion. Then we bade a temporary adieu to our attaché and caught the train to Tamsui, where we had been invited to lunch with the Consul and Mrs. Phipps.

As we parted from Koshimura, we felt like a pair of children who have got away from a governess. That may sound ungracious, but, kind as our hosts were, we felt sometimes that we should like an hour or so to ourselves. At heart the Britisher is an undisciplined creature and very soon chafes if his day's amusement is drawn up for him. He finds an irksome restraint in working to a time-table. Unlike many Americans, he dislikes a programme of ordered sightseeing. He wants to wander round on

[1] *Japanese Rule in Formosa*, p. 172.

his own account and poke his nose into odd corners. He likes exploring, and the parts of a foreign town that are most worth exploring are not always the museums and the public parks.

Tamsui is 14 miles north of Taihoku, an hour's run in the train. It is situated at the mouth of the Tamsui River and was once a busy port, but has now been cut out by Keelung, one of the causes of this being that the river has a troublesome bar and can only be entered by ships drawing less than 14 feet of water, even at high tide.

The first European settlers at Tamsui were Spanish, who came early in the seventeenth century. The Spaniards, although they were in possession of Manila, had been cut out of the Japanese trade by the Dutch, and decided that a station in the north of Formosa would be a convenient halfway house between the Philippines and Japan from which to renew it. Accordingly in 1626, two years after the Dutch had established themselves at Tainan, an expedition was despatched from Manila consisting of two Spanish galleons and a dozen Chinese junks, in which were embarked three companies of infantry and some Dominican friars.

On reaching the northern coast of Formosa the Spaniards discovered the harbour of Keelung, which appeared to suit their requirements in every way. It was given the name of Santissima Trinidad, a fort, San Salvador, was built on an island (now known as Palm Island) at the mouth of the harbour, and the banner of Castile was raised. Seldom had the occupation of territory proved so easy. What was more, the colony was not molested, and the friars set to, zealously making converts among the natives in the usual way. Encouraged by their success, the Spaniards turned their attention three

years later to Tamsui, built a fort, named San Domingo, on a hill above the river, and established missions.

Although the Spaniards made no attempt to interfere with the activities of the Dutch, asking for nothing better than to be allowed to trade in peace, it is not to be supposed that the Council at Fort Zeelandia watched with any complacency a foreign nation calmly entering the island and building forts, for the policy of the Dutch in the Eastern seas was to secure the whole of the Oriental trade for themselves. It must also be remembered, in justice to them, that the whole island had been complacently ceded to them by the Chinese.[1] For several years, however, they were too much concerned with their own affairs to take any active steps to oust the Spaniards from their settlements, and it was not until 1641 that the Governor of Keelung received a peremptory demand from Zeelandia to surrender all possessions in the north of the island. This demand was met with a spirited refusal. The Dutch immediately sent an expedition against the Spanish forts, but the defenders put up so stout an opposition that the attacking party was forced to withdraw without accomplishing its design.

It was obviously only a matter of time before the Dutch came again in stronger force. Yet the authorities at Manila seem to have viewed their Formosan settlements with the same indifference as the Dutch authorities at Batavia viewed theirs, not recognizing them (once they were planted) as convenient outposts for checking the influence of their enemies as well as important trading-centres in themselves.

After the Dutch attack, so far from sending reinforcements, they recalled three of the four companies

[1] See p. 33.

at Formosa for a campaign against the natives of the Philippines. On learning this, the Dutch immediately began to make preparations for a second expedition, and when the Spanish commander sent an urgent appeal for more troops, one ship was despatched from Manila containing a certain amount of provisions and ammunition and the magnificent contribution of eight soldiers.

On August 3, 1642, a Dutch squadron appeared off Tamsui. The Spanish forces were not strong enough to oppose a landing, and without much difficulty the Dutch obtained possession of the suburbs of the town. They occupied a small hill overlooking the fort and captured it after a bombardment of six days, in spite of the gallant resistance made by the Governor and the little garrison. Keelung fell a few days later, and the Dutch then celebrated their first victories over the Spaniards in the Eastern seas.

The surrender of both settlements was unconditional, and booty amounting to over a million Spanish dollars fell into the victors' hands. The members of the garrisons, including the missionaries, were taken to Zeelandia and thence to Batavia, where they were kindly treated. They were eventually released and given permission to return to Manila, and all but the Spanish Governor availed themselves gladly of this concession. The Governor, poor man, preferred exile to a dungeon. It did not do to lose battles in those days, however honourably, and he was probably shrewd enough to know that the clearer it became that the surrender was due to the policy of his superior officers at Manila, the more unenviable was his position likely to be.

Every small boy who is told that 'history repeats itself' wonders what exactly is meant by that well-worn phrase. He may even turn to an omniscient

parent for information and is probably met with an evasive reply. But the fate of Spanish and Dutch settlements in Formosa are curious and exact examples of how history can repeat itself even in a few years.

In each case outposts were established, isolated and 'in the air.' In each case they were threatened with attack—the Spanish by the Dutch, the Dutch by Koxinga—and appealed to their headquarters for assistance, saying that they could not hold out for long with the forces at their disposal. In each case the governors concerned were betrayed by their superior officers, who, secure in long-established colonial capitals, recked little of the dangers of their pioneers. Both settlements, after making a gallant resistance, were forced to surrender, and with their surrender the glorious opportunities of founding flourishing colonies in a fertile land were swept away. Moreover, in each case, although there was talk of retribution and revenge, no steps were ever taken to wipe out the stain on the national prestige.

Having evicted the Spaniards, the Dutch established factories at Keelung and Tamsui. In place of Fort San Domingo at Tamsui they built a massive fort of red brick and stone, with walls 8 feet thick, commanding the river. It was a substantial piece of work and, as the British Consulate, still stands intact to-day.

The first British Consular office in Formosa was opened at Tainan in 1861; in the same year, owing to the port's dwindling trade and unhealthy climate, it was transferred to Tamsui, the Vice-Consul's first abode being a hulk in the Tamsui River. In 1865 the Vice-Consul, Mr. Swinhoe, transferred his office to Takow (and, later, to Anping), but the Tamsui Consulate was continued as a subordinate agency,

THE BRITISH CONSULATE, TAMSUI.

THE TAMSUI RIVER FROM CONSULATE.

and in 1867 was established in the old Dutch fort, where it is still located. It was here that we found our host. The building has been kept in a very good state of preservation. One can still see the dungeons and the high-walled yards where prisoners were wont to take their solitary constitutionals, while from the top of the great tower, where now floats the Union Jack in place of the standard of the Dutch East India Company, a magnificent view of the surrounding country can be obtained. Also it is a splendid place for a small boy, as the elder Master Phipps found to his great content.

§ 8

The British Consul's house is close to the consulate and on the same hill—a house of red brick, mellow with years, with tiled floors and surrounded by verandas on both stories. Here we spent a delightful afternoon. The Phippses were the first Europeans we had met since leaving Borneo, and their house, so different from the wooden tropical buildings, raised on piles and with roofs of palm-leaf thatch, which we knew so well, had an atmosphere of its own. As we sat in the drawing-room and gloried in the cheery fire that was burning in the grate (we had not seen one since leaving England), we felt that we were at home again.

To the exile in the tropics the merry flicker of a fire is perhaps more symbolical of Home than anything else. In the wilds each of us has his own pet dream. For some it is the bustle of Piccadilly or the stately slope of St. James's Street, for some a backwater on the Thames on a sunny afternoon. But I think that what one longs for most of all, and what one appreciates most when one gets back, is an evening with just enough chill in the air to make one sure

one is well away from the land where it is always summer, a deep arm-chair and oneself therein gazing in contentment into the changing depths of a glowing fire, preferably of logs.

"Surely everybody is aware," wrote de Quincey, "of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fireside—candles at 4 o'clock, warm hearth-rugs, tea, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging audibly without."

That is a wonderful picture which would be nothing but for the image the fire conjures to one's mind. Yet to dwellers in cold countries fires are such ordinary things that they forget how much they owe to Prometheus, who stole fire from Olympus and was condemned by Zeus to be chained to the summit of a lofty mountain, there to be preyed upon by an eagle for countless years. It was the most splendid theft either in myth or in history, even though the price that the unfortunate Prometheus had to pay (and for all I know pays still) was rather stiff, and if they had to light their fires with a flint instead of merely by striking a match people would perhaps appreciate it more. It takes a returning exile from the tropics to appreciate the glories of a fire, and as I spread out my hands to the one in Mrs. Phipps's drawing-room I proposed and seconded a hearty vote of thanks to the son of Iapetus. Tamsui, it is true, is almost as far from England as it is possible to get, but so long as there is a season when you can enjoy a fire, you can still recapture the atmosphere of Home. Moreover, in a climate where fires are necessary, children retain their rosy cheeks, and, after you have lived under a yellowing tropical sun, rosy cheeks make England seem very near.

But if our hosts' house seemed like a corner of

our own country, their garden was one of the strangest I have ever seen. It sloped steeply down the hill, and one walked from the temperate zone into the tropics. At the top, near the house, were strawberries and nasturtiums and sweet peas; below were bananas, pommoloes, papayas, and hibiscus. Could any garden do more than grow the products of both hemispheres? It was a gardener's paradise.

It has been proposed to move the British Consulate from Tamsui to Taihoku. Fortunately (as I thought) for the Consul, there are obstacles in the way. The Japanese would prefer to have the Consulate at Taihoku, and, for official reasons, it undoubtedly should be there. But owing to the decadence of Tamsui, property there is worth next to nothing, and were the present building disposed of it would realize but a small fraction of its value. Suitable premises cannot be leased in Taihoku, and therefore the erection of a new building would mean heavy expenditure which circumstances do not justify. A Consulate in Taihoku might be more central, but I am sure it would break the heart of any consul's wife to leave that garden, to say nothing of that mellow veranda-girt house which looks out across the Tamsui River. And despite 'the exigencies of the service,' consuls' wives are very deserving of consideration.

After tea we went for a walk over the hills, green and undulating as the swelling downland of Wiltshire. To my surprise we suddenly walked on to a golf-tee. I was just starting an eulogy on the enterprising Britisher who makes a golf-course wherever he goes, when Phipps stopped me.

"Not a bit of it," said he. "It's Japanese."

For some reason it had never occurred to me that Japanese played golf, anyhow in Formosa. But

they do. Moreover, they have a nine-hole course at Tamsui on which large numbers from Taihoku come and play—and I learnt that no foreigners are allowed to join their club. This fact struck me with rather unpleasant force. It seemed that the Japanese were not quite so indulgent to the stranger who dwells within their midst as they were to the casual passer-by, but it is only fair to add that since 1922 a new rule has been made and that foreigners are now allowed to play.

CHAPTER X

THE ABORIGINES OF FORMOSA

We set out for the country of the 'savages' with Koshimura—Toyen—The push-car—Communications in hilly country—Journey to the mountains—Arrival at Kapanzan—The Government station—We put up at the rest-house—The school—Education of aborigines—A Japanized community—The aborigines of Formosa—A friendly people in olden days—Persecution by the Chinese—Their flesh sold in the public market—Japanese efforts to pacify aborigines—The guard-line—Electrified wire entanglements—Punitive expeditions—The problem still unsolved.

§ 1

I WAS particularly anxious, before leaving Formosa, to see something of the aborigines in their own villages, and the officials of the Foreign Section were kind enough to make arrangements for us to visit Kapanzan, a Government outstation in the 'tamed' savage area.

We left Taihoku by train at 10 o'clock one morning and, travelling west, reached Toyen in half an hour. The remainder of the journey was to be made by 'push-car' and, determined to travel light, we had brought only a small suit-case between us. I noticed, however, that Koshimura had beaten us, for he brought no luggage of any kind. So far as I could see, he had solved satisfactorily one of the most difficult problems of travelling, the baggage problem, by taking nothing. How much pleasanter, how much less worrying, a roving life would be if one could only educate oneself up to this standard. There would be no packing and unpacking, no complications caused

by superfluities which get crowded out, no porters, no tips. On the other hand, certainly, no pyjamas and no change of clothes; but one cannot have everything, and, as I have mentioned, Japanese inns are very helpful about providing kimonos, slippers, and even toothbrushes. So that light travel is made easier for the Japanese, especially as they do not have to shave much. Even on the long journey from Takao to Taihoku, Koshimura's luggage consisted of nothing more than a small attaché case, and I noticed that that was mostly full of books.

We were met at Toyen by the usual officials, who had push-cars and coolies ready waiting for us. The push-car is simply a light trolley with brakes. On the flat one coolie can get it along, running behind and shoving until it is well under way, and then getting on until it begins to slow down. Going up hill two coolies are necessary, but it is when you are going down hill that the fun begins and you have all the thrills of a prolonged journey on a kind of private (and rather flimsy) scenic railway.

The track is a very light line of about 18 inches gauge and the sleepers are mere billets of wood. At present only the main towns of Formosa are connected by roads, and the outlying districts, even up to the hills, are linked up by means of these push-car lines, of which there are over 550 miles in the island. Whoever first thought of opening up the country in this manner was a genius, for in a land where there are few horses the push-car line is far more useful than a bridle-path would be, and moreover it forms an admirable method of transporting produce, such as camphor, from the hills.

From Toyen a double track is laid, like a tramline, alongside the road. On the trolleys sedan chairs had been placed for our benefit, and my wife and I

214] THE FERTILE VALLEY OF THE TAMSUI.

took the first, muffled in rugs (for it was cold), while Koshimura and the suit-case followed in the second. Thus we set off. We found it a delightful mode of travel.

After a long run across the plains we gradually ascended to the summit of a hill which overlooked the Tamsui River, and then started merrily down the slope at a splendid pace. The track became a single line; there were many sharp turns, and more than once we met a trolley crawling up, but the brakes were good and we always had time to stop and leap off. Once we overtook a string of cars heavily loaded with sugar-cane; here, too, we had to get out to let the coolie trundle the trolley along the road and put it on the line again beyond the obstruction.

After a run of an hour and a half we reached the banks of the Tamsui, here little more than a stream; it flows down a wide, stony course and is spanned by a long and rather crazy bridge on piles, constructed by filling large rattan cages with loose stones, an example of ingenious and inexpensive engineering.

To give the coolies a rest we walked up a steep hill on the far side, on the slopes of which is perched the little town of Taikokam. The sub-prefect of Taikokam administers the district as far as Kapanzan. We met his deputy and the district Chief of Police (complete with sword), and then, having had the foresight to bring sandwiches with us, we had what is known as an *al-fresco* luncheon at a little summer-house in the park. The authorities very kindly sent along a policeman with a supply of tea, cigarettes, and cigars. I thought the devil I knew would be better than the devil I didn't, and stuck to cigarettes, but Koshimura recklessly helped himself to a Formosan cigar. It may have been my imagina-

tion, but he seemed to become unusually quiet after a few minutes of it, and I noticed that he deposited it half-smoked in an azalea bush when he thought nobody was looking.

The sub-prefect then very kindly placed at our disposal, as guide and interpreter for the rest of our trip, a Japanese sergeant of police who, we were told, had been in the district for thirteen years. He was a smiling, cheerful person, but spoke no English and, as I discovered later, very few words of the native dialect. However, he made us feel important and was better company for Koshimura than the suit-case.

We left Taikokam at 12.30, and as we were now getting up into the hills we took on another coolie for each trolley, much as trams in the old days used to take on a second horse. The sedan chairs were lashed securely on the framework of the trolleys, so that, as Koshimura observed, they would be less likely to overbalance when going round corners. We prepared for the worst. We zigzagged up and up, Koshimura's trolley now in the van, sometimes with a run down, the fertile valley of the Tamsui, far below us, looking, with its closely packed rice-fields of irregular shape, for all the world like a gigantic jig-saw puzzle that had been put together by a clever hand. Up, up we climbed, now winding round the swelling sides of those switchback hills. Leaving the terraced fields, we came to more isolated cultivation—patches of tea and rice, with the little thatched mud-houses of the Formosans clustered here and there upon the slopes. We stopped for tea and bananas at a wayside police-station, whose trim garden was abloom with roses and azaleas, and at last, having climbed 1,500 feet, we reached the little

OUR PUSH-CAR.

Mr. Koshimura, the Author, and Japanese Police Sergeant.

A WAYSIDE POLICE STATION.

station of Kapanzan at five o'clock, glad to stretch our legs after our seven hours' trip.

§ 2

Kapanzan stands on a plateau high above the Tamsui, now nothing but a mountain torrent. The hills all round, covered with a tangle of forest, and here and there with a brown patch of cultivated land, might have dropped out of Borneo. Far below, on the banks of the foaming stream, was another police-station, while high above it on the hillside, like a swift's nest on the side of a cave, was a solitary native house.

We were lodged in the Government rest-house, which overlooked the deep-cleft valley and was built in the usual Japanese style. Close by was the palace which had been erected some time previously for an expected visit of the Crown Prince, which, however, did not take place.

The Chief of Police took us round the station. Everything was very neat and clean; the barracks and police quarters were spotless. But what surprised us most was to find that, even in this far-away outpost in the hills, there was electric light.

We went on to the school for the children of the 'tamed' aborigines. The schoolmaster was one of the police. The children, who were out working in the fields on our arrival, were summoned by a bell and came dashing back. They were all dressed in uniform grey kimonos and peaked caps, and they proceeded to give us an exhibition of musical drill with flags, the singing being in Japanese. Japanese fashion, they bowed profoundly when the parade was over. I only noticed three girls amongst them, one of whom politely brought us some tea.

A few mothers, who are allowed to come and visit

their offspring, were strolling about, placidly smoking long pipes with tiny brass bowls; they wore long cloths of brilliant colours hanging from the shoulders to the ankles, and their faces were tattooed in an extraordinary fashion — broad bands running down the centre of the forehead to the bridge of the nose and across each cheek from ear to mouth. They formed a picturesque contrast to their children, who might have been a class of Japanese.

After the parade Koshimura intimated that it was usual for visitors to give a donation to the children, so five *yen* was produced, on receiving which the eldest boy came up and bowed in the approved Japanese manner. I looked at him.

"My hat," I murmured to myself, "and you the son of a perfectly good headhunter!"

The Japanese are very proud of these schools, of which there are over thirty in the island. They point to them as a sign of progress, as a testimony of their benevolent influence over the 'savages.' To me, however, it seemed pathetic to see these children of nature being, to coin a word, Japanized. They appeared happy enough; they were clean and well cared for. The conditions under which they live are undoubtedly improved, but whether by the process of assimilation (which is admittedly the object of the administration) they do not lose more than they gain is a moot point. Education is not compulsory, but Koshimura told me that although the children did not work on Sundays, they had no other holidays and came to the schools for five years without returning to their villages. This means that they are cut off from their homes during the five most impressionable years of their lives; they lose their own traditions, they forget their customs. In

fact they leave their villages simple up-country native children, and in five years they return Japanese citizens.

At the time I found Koshimura's statement difficult to believe and I was careful to verify it, for I found that our attaché, with the best intentions in the world, was occasionally apt to be inaccurate. This was due, I think, sometimes to his natural dislike for displaying ignorance, sometimes to a desire to give the answer he thought one wanted. For instance, on our arrival at Kapanzan he asserted that my wife was the first foreign woman to visit the station, but on looking through a kind of visitors' book we came across in the rest-house we saw the signatures of several missionary ladies, and probably scores of other foreign women have been there.

Anyhow, although those unfortunate children might have to work for five years on end, on this particular occasion I was determined to get them a day off. Ever since I had been a small boy I had envied the important people who came to visit a school and were able to demand a half-holiday for its scholars. I had always had an ambition to soar to this height of power and benevolence, and at Kapanzan I was able to do so for the first time. The master promised that my request should be granted, but whether it was or not, or whether, having got a half-holiday, the children appreciated it, I shall never know.

§ 3

Kapanzan lies on the fringe of the 'savage' country, into which we were not allowed to go. Koshimura intimated that if we did go we should probably leave our heads there. I was sceptical about this, but at the same time the area whose inhabitants are

still wholly outside Government influence is a very considerable one and comprises the greater part of the eastern highlands, where occur most valuable stands of camphor trees.

The inhabitants of these hills, who may be called the aborigines of Formosa, for want of a better word, are descendants of a race which has probably been in the island for at least two thousand years. Their origin, although doubtful, was almost certainly from the eastern mainland of Asia, and for the most part they are of Malayan stock. At the same time the various groups of which they are now composed did not all reach the island during the same period, and it is also likely that there were immigrations from Polynesia and the east as well.

It is only within recent years that their passion for human heads has begun to wane, and the following legend, told by a Taiyal native, describes how the custom is believed to have begun. I am indebted to Mr. Phipps for it, and give it as he translated it:

"Our ancestors formerly lived in the hill-tops, but as their numbers increased there was no longer room for them all, and it was decided that some of them should remove to the plains. They had no means of counting their numbers, but it was arranged that they should divide into two parties and gather on two contiguous hills. Each party was then to shout at the top of its voice, and the one that shouted loudest would send some of its members to the other party and thus secure the greatest possible equality of numbers. They accordingly took up their positions as arranged, and one party led off with a mighty shout. The other party replied, but the sound was so feeble that it did not reach the other hill. The leader of the first party accordingly detached some of his number and sent

KAPANZAN STATION.

THE FORMOSAN HILLS.

them over to the other side as agreed. The truth was, however, that the leader of the second party, who was a cunning fellow, had concealed half of his men behind the hill in order to deceive the other side, and when the time came for the second exchange of shouts he called the men out of their hiding-place and this time bade them shout their loudest. The first party then realized the fraud that had been practised, and their leader called upon the men he sent over to the other side to return immediately. The second leader, however, refused to let them go and sent back word that if they wanted them they could come and 'hunt for their heads.' This message infuriated the first party and led directly to the commencement of the practice of headhunting.

"Our ancestors were the smaller party who remained in the hills, and whither the party that stayed in the plains went to we know not. Perhaps they became the ancestors of the present semi-civilized tribes."

Before the coming of the Chinese to Formosa there is no question that many of the aborigines were in possession of the fertile western plains and that they only took to the hills at a later date as a refuge from the persecutions of the new settlers. This is the usual and almost inevitable process which takes place when a country has to bear the brunt of successive waves of inhabitants, the numbers of the first-comers being gradually reduced—unless indeed they are powerful enough to withstand invasion, which is not usually the case.

Even when the Dutch first came to Formosa there were considerable numbers of the natives in the neighbourhood of Tainan, and the Spaniards found them close to the coast in the north. The Dutch especially appear to have found them a likeable

people and were at pains to make friends with them by treating them well, promoting new industries amongst them and appointing administrative officers to supervise the affairs of each tribe. Many were converted to Christianity. The Rev. G. Candidius, who was the first ordained Dutch missionary in Formosa and lived in the island from 1627 to 1631, described [1] the southern tribes with whom he came into contact as friendly and good-natured, hospitable to foreigners and (except in their methods of warfare) not treacherous. When they were at war with another tribe, they fought according to the usages and customs of their fathers, taking heads from young or old and preferably by stealth; but they did not practise headhunting in an indiscriminate manner or kill any stranger who crossed their path as they are pictured doing in later days.

The next reliable account of the natives is by the Jesuit Father de Mailla, who visited the island in 1714 at the request of the Chinese Imperial authorities. He travelled through the island from north to south, and confirms the fact that the natives had been tractable under the Dutch administration; but he found that those who lived on the plains and had submitted to the Chinese were being robbed and cheated by the petty officials set over them. He gives in detail one particularly barbarous atrocity committed by the Chinese, and this was, in all probability, by no means an isolated case. After the Chinese occupied the island, efforts were made to find gold, of which they had heard many stories on the west coast, but without success. The east of the island was the wholly unknown territory, but a party of Chinese adventurers fitted up a small boat and made their way by sea to the east coast,

[1] *Formosa under the Dutch*, p. 9.

where they landed and met with a friendly reception from the natives. They were given houses to live in, were supplied with food, and were allowed to go where they wished. They remained a week with their hosts searching for gold, but could obtain no information as to its presence in the neighbourhood. Then, just as they were about to abandon their search, quite by chance they found in one of the native houses a few gold ingots, by which, however, the owners seemed to set little store. At once the cupidity of the Chinese was aroused. Instead of bartering for the gold, which they could probably have obtained for next to nothing, they prepared their boat for the return voyage and then invited the natives to a farewell banquet, in gratitude, as they said, for the hospitality that had been shown them. They supplied their unsuspecting guests liberally with arrack and, when they were all drunk, massacred them to a man, seized the coveted gold, and set sail.

No notice was taken of this outrage by the authorities, but it would have been well for the Chinese themselves had the murderers been brought to justice. Tidings of the atrocity spread through the native countryside and retaliation followed. Bands of aborigines invaded the Chinese settlements, killing in cold blood every man, woman, and child they met, burning villages, destroying crops, and looting everything they could find.

From that day the most bitter enmity existed between the natives and the Chinese, and increasing warfare was waged along the native border for hundreds of years. The attitude of the natives towards strangers underwent a complete change, as well it might, and every foreigner, whatever his nationality, was regarded as an enemy. The Chinese

officials made no serious attempts to conciliate the native districts or to bring about a cessation of hostilities and a peaceful settlement: their only policy was that of extermination. At one period they did go so far as to construct an embankment on the line of what was supposed to be the native border, beyond which the settlers were directed not to go. It is not to be supposed that this action served any useful purpose. It did not prevent a greedy Chinese making an incursion after camphor, or anything else he thought he could get, nor did it prevent the natives making raids upon their self-appointed enemies, even though guards were placed at intervals along the border. But it was an unequal struggle for the natives. They were driven farther and farther into the hills as their fertile territory on the plains and lowlands was wrested from them by the oncoming tide of Chinese settlers, especially by the camphor-workers, who pushed farther inland as the areas near the coast began to be worked out.

A favourite trick of the camphor-workers was to capture a party of natives by a ruse. They then sent for the wives and children, whereupon the men were released and the others detained as hostages until the area of camphor had been worked. It was not surprising that when the natives came upon small parties of Chinese working in the forest they seldom let slip the chance of taking their revenge.

The Chinese atrocities, however, far exceeded any committed by the natives. The latter took heads, it is true, but the former ate and even traded in their victims' flesh. "Impossible as it may seem," says Mr. Davidson, "that a race with such high pretensions to civilization and religion should be guilty of such barbarity, yet such is the truth. After

killing a savage, the head was commonly severed from the body and exhibited to those who were not on hand to witness the prior display of slaughter and mutilation. The body was then either divided among its captors and eaten, or sold to wealthy Chinese and even to high officials, who disposed of it in a like manner. The kidney, liver, heart, and soles of the feet were considered the most desirable portions, and were ordinarily cut up into small pieces, boiled, and eaten somewhat in the form of soup. The flesh and bones were boiled, and the former made into a sort of jelly. The Chinese profess to believe, in accordance with an old superstition, that the eating of savage flesh will give them strength and courage. To some this may appear as a partial excuse for this horrible custom; but even that falls through, if one thinks that superstitious beliefs are at the bottom of cannibalism as practised by the most savage tribes of the world. During the outbreak of 1891 savage flesh was brought in—in baskets—the same as pork, and sold like pork in the open markets of Tokoham before the eyes of all, foreigners included; some of the flesh was even sent to Amoy to be placed on sale there.''[1]

§ 4

In such manner was the friendly disposition of the natives changed by the tyranny and barbarity of the Chinese and by the weakness and inefficiency of the Government. Iron entered into their souls and they killed a Chinese at sight. This was the state of affairs when the Japanese took over the island, and, once they had put down the Chinese rebels and bands of roving brigands who infested the country-

[1] *The Island of Formosa*, p. 255.

side, they were confronted with the problem of how best to settle the aborigines.

In my opinion, they have not succeeded. In my opinion, the 'savage question' is the one problem in Formosa which the Japanese have failed to solve, and that is because they have not set about solving it in the right way.

Once the Japanese had established law and order in the territory which had been under the influence of the Chinese Government, they turned their attention to the aborigines. A committee for exploring the savage area was formed and a department for dealing with native affairs established. No unauthorized persons were allowed to enter the savage area without special permission, and an ordinance was promulgated forbidding anyone to occupy or lay claim to any land within the native territory without special authority.

The frontier between the savage territory and the rest of the island was only vaguely defined, but it was understood to follow roughly the line of the old embankment constructed by the Chinese. A few small stations were established in the native districts, but the inhabitants, probably misunderstanding the motives of the strangers or mistaking them for Chinese, often raided these posts and killed the garrisons. After this, the policy of the authorities seems to have been for some time to confine the aborigines within their boundaries and to let them work out their own salvation; that is to say, they ignored nearly half their new territory (for the savage area was estimated at 7,000 square miles), containing they knew not what possibilities and hidden wealth.

They soon found it necessary, however, to establish guards along the frontier to protect the camphor-

workers, and they revived the old institution of the Chinese, which had fallen into disuse. The guard-line, or *aiyu,* as reorganized by the Japanese, consisted of outposts of military police; in 1895 it stretched for 80 miles and was extended later to 300. The line was advanced into the native territory when an opportunity arose, and the inhabitants who had been 'suppressed' were then 'tamed'—to use Koshimura's expression. Agricultural implements were given them; they were taught to plant rice instead of the millet which had hitherto formed their staple food; their sick were attended and supplied with medicine; salt and other necessaries were exchanged for the game and forest products they brought in.

The guard-line was made by cutting a track through the forest, called the guard-road. It usually followed the summit of a range of hills, the trees being felled for some distance on the native side, to make it possible to give warning of the approach of any aborigines and to afford a field of fire. At strategic points guard-houses, of which there are now over 800, were established and garrisoned, the average distance between each being a quarter of a mile. They were constructed from material on the spot—wood, bamboo, earth, and stone; the walls were loop-holed and surrounded by trenches and palisades. In the *Report on the Control of the Aborigines in Formosa,* published by the Formosan Government, it is stated : "Where it becomes necessary to perfect the defensive arrangements, wire-entanglements, *charged with electricity,* are used or mines are run. These have great effect in giving an alarm of the invading savages. *Grenades are very often used in the course of fighting.* Telephone lines are constructed along the guard-road, and in

certain important places *mountain and field guns are placed.* One gun is sufficient to withstand the attack of several tribes."[1]

The italics are mine.

The guard-line system is still in force. The guardsmen are paid by the Formosan Government and are recruited from the Formosan Chinese, with a small sprinkling of Japanese. They are provided with uniforms and are paid from 7 to 15 *yen* a month. If a guardsman is wounded, he is given a bounty ranging from 40 to 100 *yen* upon recovery; and should one be killed in the performance of his duty, his family receive 100 *yen* as compensation. There are usually from two to four guardsmen in each house, whilst every fourth or fifth house is a branch superintendent's station under a Japanese or Formosan policeman; a police inspector, or assistant inspector, is in charge of every four or five branch stations. In districts where barter is officially permitted, an exchange office is attached to the superintendent's station, controlled by an official who is assisted by a native interpreter.

The Formosan guard-line is simply a line of outposts. Beyond the outposts stretches what is looked upon as enemy country. Behind are the Formosan villages which are to be protected. The guardsmen are essentially a fighting force, although for the most part they are a defensive one. They keep watch from their little strongholds day and night; they patrol the line between the guard-house continually. Neither natives nor Formosans are allowed to pass the line without special permits. "Even the savages who have permission to travel and communicate freely," say Mr. Takekoshi, "are not allowed to approach the lines except at certain fixed points.

[1] p. 16.

The sentinels have full permission to use their rifles whenever their challenge is disregarded."[1]

Again the italics are mine.

This state of affairs has existed since the guard-line was reorganized by the Japanese until the present time. Under the existing methods of administration it may continue so to exist for many years to come.

Mr. Takekoshi likens the lot of the garrisons of the isolated guard-houses to the life "led by those unfortunates in China, who in olden times were assigned to the garrisons far beyond the Great Wall, where they had ever to be on guard against the ravages of the furious Huns, a constant menace for so many years to the peace and tranquillity of the Middle Kingdom. The hardships they suffered and their lonely existence were a favourite theme with Chinese poets, who loved to descant upon the hard fate of these guardians of the public peace. The life of the Formosan guards is well worthy of being sung by our poets, and would furnish them with many a touching incident."[2]

It is a pathetic picture. But anyhow, the Formosan guards are there of their own free will. Moreover, they are outside, not inside, that electrified barbed-wire entanglement. Taking it all round, I think I would rather be a Formosan guardsman than a Formosan savage.

§ 5

From time to time, as I have mentioned, the guard-line is advanced, and the territory so occupied is then available for development once it has been settled. In some cases the natives have themselves

[1] *Japanese Rule in Formosa*, p. 214.

[2] *Op. cit.*, p. 215.

realized the advantages of living under settled Government, and then the occupation presents no difficulties. At other times every possible obstacle is put in the way of the advance, and a guerrilla warfare ensues in which the natives usually have the best of it, in spite of the troops equipped with the devices of modern warfare sent against them. The attacking force has an imperfect knowledge of the territory to be entered; the country consists of range upon range of steep hills, densely clad with jungle; transport difficulties are very great, and there is perpetual danger of troops falling into an ambush. The native warrior on his own ground can make rings round the heavily equipped Japanese soldier, who is unused to jungle work or to climbing hills. Under such conditions it is not to be wondered that the ordinary guardsman, who, although he wears a uniform, is far from being a trained and disciplined soldier, frequently deserts before an advance takes place.

The attacking force, the strength of which naturally varies with the objective and, when opposition is anticipated, with the estimated numbers of the enemy, consists of a main body, usually under the command of the Chief Police Officer of the Prefecture, a patrol detachment which acts as an advance guard, a transport section, and an engineering section, to which is entrusted the duty of felling jungle, making new guard-houses, roads, erecting telephone lines and wire entanglements.

Even an advance under peaceful terms means a considerable undertaking. For example, one of the most successful, which was made in 1904 and resulted in an area of 300 square miles coming under Government influence, involved a campaign of 99 days, the employment of 700 officers and men, and the

expenditure of £5,000. On another, undertaken in 1907 against the Taiyal tribe in the Taikokam district, through which we passed on our way to Kapanzan, stubborn opposition was encountered, and the expedition, which consisted of two forces of 1,000 and 500 men, sustained heavy casualties both among police, trained guardsmen, and baggage coolies. After an arduous campaign lasting nearly four months, the line was advanced and 90 square miles of new territory were occupied, this time at a cost of £12,600.

In these cases the line was advanced by the police working in conjunction with the Formosan guardsmen. On other occasions, however, it was considered necessary to send Japanese infantry on punitive expeditions against the aborigines, and, since the troops were unaccustomed to the conditions under which they had to fight, they did not always meet with success. In 1898, after a police detachment of an officer and nine men had been murdered on the east coast by the Taruko, a branch of the Taiyal tribe, on account of the violation (as the natives said) of a tribal custom, a battalion of infantry was despatched to take punitive measures, but, owing to the heavy casualties inflicted by the natives, it was forced to withdraw, and the expedition was abandoned. For some years the Taruko continued their activities unchecked until, in 1906, they made a sudden raid and killed the Chief Police Officer of the Kwarenko district and 30 camphor-workers. It was then decided to take operations against them on a large scale. A year later, two cruisers bombarded their villages from the sea, after which they were attacked on land by Japanese troops working in conjunction with a band of 500 'tamed' natives. Forty of the Taruko were killed, six vil-

lages were burnt, and the standing crops were destroyed.[1]

As a rule the punitive expeditions, which have been frequent, achieved their objects, inasmuch as a certain number of natives were killed and a certain number of villages were burnt. Sometimes the pacification of the district resulted, but usually it did not, for the natives, having inflicted what casualties they could upon the attacking force, took to the jungle, where they were secure from pursuit. The Japanese, having destroyed everything there was to destroy, then withdrew and matters went on very much as they had gone before. The modern infantry soldier has everything against him under such conditions, the native everything in his favour. Usually the police and guardsmen attained far better results than the military, from the point of view of the Formosan Government.

In some cases the failure of an expedition did more harm than good, for it left the natives defiant and with even less respect for the Government than they had had before; in other cases, although a display of force was made and certain villages received punishment, the effect was not lasting, since the district could not be occupied, so that lives were lost and considerable expenditure incurred without any useful result. And the fact remains, as even the Formosan Government must itself admit, that in spite of all these efforts and operations, in spite of these expensive expeditions and desultory campaigns extending for nearly thirty years, the natives of the Formosan hills, numbering less than 100,000, are still able to keep the Japanese out of half their colony and prevent them from developing what may yet prove to be the most valuable part of the island.

[1] *Report of the Control of the Aborigines of Formosa*, pp. 34 and 39.

The Japanese showed themselves a match for the Chinese, they were able to beat the Russians and they captured Tsintau from the Germans, but they are still being defied and excluded from the territory over which they hold nominal sway by the primitive people of the Formosan hills. For that reason I say that the Japanese have failed, and failed utterly, in their endeavours to solve the important question of bringing the natives under their influence. It is easy enough to pick holes in the policy of others, and so far my criticism has been purely destructive, but I shall try to show in the following chapter how, in my opinion, they might have succeeded and how they may still succeed.

LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY ONTARIO

CHAPTER XI

WHERE THE JAPANESE HAVE FAILED

We dine with Koshimura at the rest-house—An awkward moment—We meet some of the 'tamed savages' in full dress—We make friends—A Taiyal village—Striking similarities of language and custom between natives of Formosa and Borneo—Probability of their descent from a common stock—Failure of Japanese to bring natives under their influence—Some criticisms—Likelihood of methods successful in Borneo being successful in Formosa—The individual more important than the system—The story of Goho—Need for District Officers who can obtain personal influence over natives.

§ 1

AFTER we had been the rounds of Kapanzan Station we dined with Koshimura on the floor—there was no opportunity of doing anything else. The police sergeant joined us.

Koshimura had once confided to me that although he knew it was considered very bad Western table-manners to make a noise over one's food, he found it extremely difficult to do otherwise, since according to Japanese etiquette the reverse was the custom. He had, however, acquired some proficiency, but the sergeant had not. Frankly, the sergeant ate boisterously.

Then occurred an incident which even now makes me blush when I remember it. We were given a *gnu-nabé,* which is a kind of mixed grill and is looked upon as a great delicacy in Japan. It consists of small chunks of meat grilled over a charcoal fire. The fire is placed beside the table in a brazier and the grilling goes on while one is eating; one simply

helps oneself (from the grill) with chopsticks. The sergeant, Koshimura told us, was an expert griller, and he conducted the ceremony. The result was very good. We helped ourselves, but I have already admitted that I am not an expert with the chopstick. It is not my weapon. And after I had dropped one small piece of meat three times, my wife burst out laughing at my clumsy efforts.

Koshimura grew red, turned to her, and said very politely:

"Ah, Mrs. Rutter, you must not laugh at the way we eat. It is Japanese custom."

It was obvious that he was referring to the loud sucking noises of the sergeant, and we got hot all over to think that Koshimura should imagine that our manners were so vile as to laugh at him before his face. In private, admittedly, we might have our little jests at his expense; he probably had his at ours. But not in public. By such threads hang the decencies of social life.

We did our best to reassure Koshimura that I was the butt. I am not sure that he was wholly convinced even then. Either he was not, or he was a very considerate A.D.C., for, when we had eaten as much as we could manage, he moved the table and grill into the adjoining room. There he and the sergeant continued their feast with renewed gusto, the noises of the sergeant blending melodiously with the sizzling of the fat as more meat was added to the grill.

For all that we were glad they were not Chinese. Everyone who has lived in China knows how a Chinese diner shows his appreciation of a good meal. He belches. The better the dinner the louder and longer the belch. It sounds unpleasant. To us it is unpleasant. But it is simply the Chinese gentle-

man's way of saying to his host, "Thank you *so* much for such a delightful evening," and, to his mind, it is just as good a way as ours.

§ 2

The inevitable cold soft-boiled eggs were too much for us at breakfast next morning, and we made a frugal meal of cocoa, biscuits and bananas.

Then the Chief Police Officer appeared with a small party of Taiyal natives in full dress. This was what I had been looking forward to, and somehow I felt I was among friends at once. Among the Japanese, although they were so kind, so courteous, so hospitable, I felt nevertheless that I was among strangers; but here were people that I knew, people I had met hundreds of times before in the Borneo hills. But for their tattooing and their elaborate style of dress they might have been Muruts, those happy, likeable people among whom I had lived as District Officer in Borneo, in whose houses I had slept, whose feasts I had shared, whom I had gently persuaded to abandon headhunting.

So that there was no awkwardness about my introduction to these Taiyals. Their very name was reminiscent of the Tagals of Borneo. Perhaps in some strange way they felt I was a friend; anyhow, we soon had them round us, smiling and chattering.

They were finely built and well set up, with a single band tattooed down the centre of the forehead, perhaps slightly taller than the average Murut, but the same colour—that of a fallen leaf—the same expression, the same ways, the same mild manner, friendly without being familiar, deferential without being servile, the manner, in fact, which marks the Malay as one of the pleasantest natives in the world. They wore their hair long and their dress consisted

TAIYAL WARRIORS.

THE FRINGE OF THE SAVAGE COUNTRY.

of the usual loin-cloth and a sleeveless coat, gaily embroidered with red and blue wool; over this was a long cloth, similar to those worn by the women, stretching from the shoulders to the ankles, a garment not unlike the Malayan *sarong*, but divided and simply fastened at the top. In addition to this they wore upon the chest a peculiar square-coloured breast-cloth, ornamented with buttons, and upon their heads were closely woven skull-caps of rattan, one with a peak, looking like a jockey's cap, very firm, and some protection, I imagine, from a knife-cut in the spacious days of headhunting.

They were not at all shy, but the thing that really broke the ice was the black fox fur my wife was wearing. I saw them taking note of it, and soon they were jabbering with interest. Each one had to handle it and make a close inspection, murmuring as he did so, little 'wahs' of wonder. I have always found that primitive people are far more impressed by the comparative than by the unknown. I have seen a party of up-country natives conducted over a battleship and left quite cold by the experience, while they were lost in admiration at an electric torch. Anything which is an improvement on what is familiar to them excites their interest at once. The Taiyals use furs in the cold weather and hunt animals to get them: that was the reason why the black fox —head, eyes, and all—caused such a sensation.

I could not, of course, carry on any direct conversation with my new friends, although I would have given much had they been able to speak Malay, the language, I do not doubt, from which their tongue is mainly derived. But long experience with other primitive people has enabled me to keep up a kind of communication by means of smiles and gestures and pantomime, and in this manner, how-

ever ridiculous to an onlooker, to arrive at some degree of mutual understanding. It was not long before we were on very good terms, for once you can make a native laugh, he is your friend—anyhow, until it suits him to be otherwise.

Koshimura seemed to look upon these overtures with some disdain. He adopted that air of aloofness noticeable in a guest who accompanies an enthusiastic pig-keeper round the sties. It was quite obvious that for the life of him he could not see what there was to take an interest in, and he undoubtedly considered me very undignified. The police officer, however, appeared to be on very good terms with the Taiyals, all of whom, by the way, spoke Japanese. After a few words from him they proved quite amenable to being photographed. Even an old grandmother stood the ordeal without the least demur.

I was very anxious to procure some native clothes and weapons, and since Koshimura assured me that it would be impossible to buy anything from the Taiyals themselves, we went over to the Exchange, an excellent institution established by the Government to give the aborigines an opportunity of bartering their manufactures and produce for articles they require themselves. Unfortunately the supply had run low and there was little to be had but one of the rattan skull-caps, a string carrying-bag—of the same pattern as those in which heads used to be brought home in triumph after a successful raid—and a pair of bamboo earring-tubes, which the Chief of Police insisted on giving my wife as a present.

The Taiyals, however, soon saw what we were looking for, and in spite of Koshimura's gloomy prophecy, it was not long before an old man came forward with his rattan cap, which changed hands for

A TAIYAL GRANDMOTHER.

1½ *yen*. Then one of the young bloods produced his cutting-knife, in a sheath of wood painted vermilion, for which he asked 5 *yen*. The idea of paying a native his first price is unthought of to anyone who has lived east of Suez, but Koshimura was not helpful in trying to strike a bargain. In such cases he never was, and since the wealthy Japanese are very openhanded with their money, I suppose he considered it unseemly to chaffer with a native. However, since I was neither wealthy nor Japanese, I made no bones about it, and after a merry haggle in pantomime, the price was lowered by 50 *sen*. On that figure the Taiyal warrior stood firm, and he was sufficiently 'tamed' to know that as it was the only one in the market I should buy it, which I did.

After that a quantity of superfluous possessions were brought up for inspection. One of the square chest-protectors changed hands, and the old granny stripped herself of her brass bangles in her desire to make an honest *yen*.

We parted on the best of terms. I would have given much to have stayed longer with the Taiyals and to have made an expedition inside the guard-line to meet some of their brothers who were less 'tamed.' But even had I had time to do this, it would, as Koshimura assured me, have been 'not allowed.' And in any case we had to get back. We had our boat to catch in two days' time, and that evening Koshimura was anxious to take us to the great annual wrestling competition which was beginning in Taihoku that afternoon. So, saying good-bye to the courteous Chief of Police, we got aboard our trolleys and set our faces towards the plains.

§ 3

I was, however, intent on at least seeing the Tai-

yals in their own houses. So a couple of miles outside Kapanzan we left the trolleys and walked along a winding path which led through the terraced ricefields to a native village. We were accompanied by a Japanese policeman who spoke the language, put at our disposal by the obliging Chief of Police. Like most guides, he was not certain of the way and had to get assistance from the trolley coolies, but we reached the village at last. The houses, of which there were three, a short distance apart, were little more than shacks, built on the ground with the earth as floor; they had thatched roofs and walls of split bamboo, and they were no less dirty than their occupants.

About a dozen of the villagers—men, women, and children—came out to meet us. They were all very friendly and submitted to being photographed without a murmur. I was able to buy a good specimen of a sleeveless coat, beautifully worked, for 3 *yen*. These coats are made of grass-cloth, exactly similar in cut and pattern to the tree-bark coats worn by the Borneo Muruts. They were worn by most of the men, but the majority of the women had adopted tunics of Chinese cut.

Before we left Koshimura suggested that, since the natives believed that if they had their photographs taken they died young, it was usual to give them a few *yen* as compensation. I had already disbursed largesse as 'drink money' to our friends at Kapanzan, who were also alleged to be under the apprehension of an early demise, and I began to feel that Koshimura had really got the thing on the brain. Superstitious prejudices of natives are things to be respected, and no one respects them more than I, but this was merely a crude method of extortion. None of the Taiyals had ever seen a camera before they

THE TAIYAL VILLAGE.

SOME OF THE INHABITANTS.

became 'tamed,' and, had the fears Koshimura attributed to them been deeply rooted in their hearts, it is not likely that the prospect of a few *yen* would have induced them to accept the prospect of death with such complacency.

It seems a pity that the Formosan Government should encourage their natives to look for pecuniary reward from every visitor. It does not hurt the passing traveller to be fleeced a little, but it does hurt the natives to be turned into a race of beggars. No native is proof against being spoilt in such a manner, and the more he is given the more he is apt to try to get. The people of the Borneo hills would never expect to be given money for being photographed; the most one would do would be to throw the children a few coins to scramble for, or, after a night's lodging, present someone with an empty bottle or a disused tin.

§ 4

In the course of asking some questions at the village through the policeman, I discovered that two of the Taiyals' numerals—*pitoh,* 'seven,' and *opod,* 'ten'—were identical with Borneo dialects. It seemed, then, that the similarity of the Taiyals to the hill-people of Borneo which had struck me so forcibly a few hours earlier was something more than mere coincidence.

At the time I had no opportunity of following up this language clue, for other words I heard were unfamiliar to me, and I could obtain no dictionary of native languages at Taihoku. I have since found, however, in the first appendix to *The Island of Formosa,* a comparative vocabulary of nine native Formosan dialects. In each list there are to be found

words which are in common use among the Borneo people, and in most cases these words are distinct from the present Malay forms. For instance, the Taiyal words for 'star,' *mintoyan,* becomes in Murut *rembituan*; in the Bunun dialect *atsu,* 'dog,' corresponds to *tasu* in Murut; *adao* in the Tsarisen and Paiwan dialects to the Murut *adau*; the words for 'father' and 'mother' in Bunun, *tama* and *tina,* are *tama* and *ina* in Murut; while the numerals in Botel Tobago, the little island a few miles to the south-east of Formosa, are identical with those found in the Borneo dialects. In Appendix I of this book will be found a list of 38 words in Formosan and Borneo tongues, showing, in my opinion, how closely related the languages of both peoples must be, although the north coast of Borneo is 1,200 miles from the south coast of Formosa. Throughout both languages the consonant 'v' crops up (often being interchangeable with 'b'), although it does not occur in Malay, and, as one would expect, the dialects of the tribes in the south resemble the Borneo dialects more closely than do those of the tribes living in the north.

Several words are found which are common both to Malay and the Borneo dialects—such as *mata,* 'eye,' *kaki,* 'foot,' and *api,* 'fire.' On the other hand, there are some words which have no counterpart either in the Malay or the Borneo languages, and the dialects of the island often differ widely from each other. This is inevitable, for hills and head-hunting both make for isolated communities, and the same thing occurs in Borneo, where the words in use in villages only a day's march apart will often vary greatly. Moreover, in Formosa it is necessary to allow for considerable Polynesian influence, and Mr. Pickering has pointed out that some tribes have a language reminiscent of Mexican or Aztec, many of

their words ending in *tl*, as for instance *lukutl*, 'deer,' *hutl hutl*, 'beads,' *kwangoritl*, 'the neck.'[1]

The aborigines of Formosa fall into nine main groups, among which there are to be found considerable variations in custom as well as in language. The strongest tribes are the Taiyals in the north, who number about 31,000, the Bununs, who occupy the centre of the island and number 16,000, the Ami, whose territory extends in a narrow strip along the east coast from Kwarenko to Pinan, numbering 37,000, and the Paiwan, of whom there are 41,000, in the extreme south. Other tribes are the Tsarisen, Saisett, Tuou, Piyuma, and the Yami of Botel Tobago, the total native population, according to the latest Formosan Government figures, amounting to some 130,000.

It is not my intention to attempt to give a detailed account of these people: that has been done quite recently by Mrs. J. B. Montgomery McGovern, who gives an admirable description of them in her book *Among the Headhunters of Formosa.* But the origin of the Formosan natives has been the subject of much speculation, and as I do not think any traveller has noted the close relationship between them and the so-called Borneo aborigines, it may not be out of place to note, as well as the similarities of language, the similarities of custom which do exist.

First, although both races were headhunters in their primitive state, neither were cannibals, and, like a Murut in days of old, a Taiyal youth still has to obtain a head before he can hope to gain the affections of the girl he wishes to make his wife or receive his first tattoo marks, the sign of manhood. In both countries headhunting is on the wane. In North Borneo it is almost a thing of the past, but in For-

[1] *Pioneering in Formosa*, p. 74.

mosa the return of the warriors with their trophies is still hailed with feasting and dancing, as it used to be in Borneo; ceremonies are performed by priestesses and heads are kept in a special house, and, most peculiar parallel of all, while the warriors are on the war-path their women must abstain from weaving.[1] The reason given by the Borneo people for this custom is that changing movement of the women's hands would cause the men to lose their way in the forest. Omens, especially those noted from the calls and the flight of birds, are scrupulously observed; priestesses are common among both peoples; respect for elders is universal, and *aki*, meaning 'grandfather,' is a word found in both languages. There is among the Tsarisens, as among the Dusuns of Borneo, a curious veneration for sacred jars. Both people remove the lateral incisors of the upper jaw and pluck out superfluous hairs with tweezers; both keep dogs for hunting purposes, look upon them as valuable possessions, and treat them well; both use poisonous jungle creepers for stupefying fish in the reaches of a river.

Women have far more freedom both among the Formosan and Borneo pagans than among most primitive peoples; they may choose their own husbands, they may possess land, they often acquire considerable political power, and in some cases become chiefs; marriage between near relations is strictly forbidden, and this prohibition extends even to second and third cousins; adultery is, by native custom, punishable with death, though in North Borneo this penalty is no longer exacted. Upon death a corpse is sometimes kept for several days on a platform made of split bamboo and is then buried under or near the house, and the spirits of the dead

[1] Vide *Among the Headhunters of Formosa*, pp. 109 *et seq.*

are believed to take up their abodes in the summits of the highest mountains in the land.

In olden days the Borneo tribes had a peculiar practice called *sumungup*. A prisoner or slave was placed in a bamboo cage and prodded with spears and knives until he died; each prod was accompanied by a message to be given to a departed relative when he should reach the land of the shades. Mrs. McGovern describes an exactly similar custom among the Piyuma of Formosa: "On a festival day, held annually, a monkey—one of those with which the Formosan woods are filled—is tied before the bachelor dormitory, and killed by the young men with arrows. . . . The old people of the Piyuma tribe explain that in the 'good old days of old,' when their tribe was a large and powerful one, a prisoner, captured from some other tribe, was always sacrificed on these festal occasions, but now they . . . have to be satisfied with an inferior substitute. It seems that one of the reasons why a monkey is considered so particularly inferior a substitute for a man is that the former can at its death bear no message to the spirits of the ancestors of those who slay it. In the good old days every arrow that was shot into the body of the man bore with it a message to the spirit of the ancestor of the man who shot the arrow. Apparently it was regarded as an obligation, one that could not be evaded, on the part of the victim, to deliver this message—rather these many messages—immediately upon arrival in the spirit-world."[1]

Such examples of similarity of custom could be multiplied, and perhaps the most profitable field for the anthropologist is to be found in the little island of Botel Tobago, which lies 37 miles north-east by east of the most southern cape of Formosa, for its

[1] *Op. cit.*, pp. 118 and 119.

inhabitants, the Yami, are more likely to have preserved the characteristics their ancestors brought with them from the land of the emigration. As I have mentioned, their numerals correspond almost exactly with those of the Borneo tribes, and they have many customs in common with the Muruts, although Mr. Davidson has noticed that a Polynesian influence has been at work amongst them and that the boats they make are exactly similar in design and ornamentation to those made by the natives of the Solomon Islands.[1] Such influence is probably a late one, coming from Polynesians who, blown far out of their course, landed shipwrecked upon the island shores. The natives themselves have traditions to this effect, and in this connexion it is interesting to note that Mr. R. Swinhoe, the first ethnological authority on the Formosan tribes, writing in 1863, stated that the inhabitants of Botel Tobago had no boats or canoes.[2]

Enough has been said to show that there are at least probabilities for supposing that the pagans of Formosa and North Borneo sprang from a common stock. Whence did they come, these wanderers who have preserved their language and customs through so many centuries of change and varied fortune? Perhaps they travelled from the north-west, from Upper Burma, the Abor or the Naga country, filtering through the Malay Peninsula and Cochin China, driven always, like leaves before the wind, by some stronger invading race. Even when by some means they crossed those stormy seas and reached those far lands, till then peopled perhaps only by the birds and animals of the forest, or possibly by an older Negrito stock, they were not allowed to remain long

[1] *The Island of Formosa*, p. 586.

[2] *Notes on the Ethnology of Formosa.*

in peace, for they were driven by fresh invaders from the fertile plains they had found into the inhospitable jungle hills—in Formosa by the Chinese, in Borneo by the purer Malayan peoples—to those mountain fastnesses which, as their last strongholds, they hold like sanctuaries to-day.

There they live, a hill-race who have long forgotten that they were once sailors and roved the seas, less known perhaps than any other primitive people in the world, separated by a thousand miles of sea and two thousand years of time, yet their customs and social life upon the same level of the human scale—for they are far advanced from savagery, although they may still hunt human heads. They cultivate the land, they live in houses, they use iron and make weapons, they have an artistic instinct for decoration, and they are sensible to the charms of music of a kind. They live in simply organized communities where theft and other crime as we know it is almost unheard of, each village living as one family, as a tiny state of its own, holding all things in common, sharing good fortune and ill fortune too—the Utopia of the practical socialist.

§ 5

I have dealt at some length upon the similarities of language, custom, and mode of life which exist among the Formosan and the Borneo pagans, not only because, to the best of my belief, they have not been pointed out before and are therefore of some value to anthropologists and ethnologists, but also because it seems not unreasonable to suppose that the administrative methods which have been found effective in dealing with the Borneo tribes would be as effective if applied to those of Formosa. Given similar people living under similar conditions and

in similar country, it is not too much to expect that the same results might be obtained from the same form of government.

Hitherto the methods of the Japanese in dealing with the natives of Formosa have not been successful, as they themselves admit. This lack of success is, for Japan, a very serious matter, for she does not possess so much superfluous territory that she can allow 100,000 pagans to keep her out of 7,000 square miles of country, which, besides allowing for ample native reserves, could support a thriving agricultural population, to say nothing of its vast stands of valuable camphor-trees and its possible mineral wealth.

Yet this is the position in Formosa to-day: the Japanese are defied by the native tribes, and inside the electrified barbed-wire entanglement with which they have surrounded these children of the forest they can only venture with their lives in their hands. It is a humiliating position.

According to their lights, the Japanese have done their best. They have spared no pains to bring this region of swelling jungle hills under their influence. They have spent large sums of money. They have sacrificed many lives. They have tried both the method of 'suppressing' the uncompromising headhunters and that of 'developing' them alternately. They have not treated them barbarously, as the Chinese did; on occasions they have been unduly severe—Mrs. McGovern, for example, mentions bombs being dropped from aeroplanes on defenceless villages[1]—but once the natives have come under Government influence they have treated them well, even though they persist in the 'assimilation' principle. The trouble is that after nearly thirty

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 90.

years there are so many natives who refuse to come to any sort of terms.

The Japanese have met with extraordinary success in every commercial, industrial, economic, and scientific enterprise they have undertaken in Formosa. Why have they failed in this one essential thing, the settlement of the native population?

I believe the chief reason is lack of sympathy. When the Japanese first came to Formosa they were quite inexperienced in matters of colonial administration. They were confronted with problems they had never been called upon to solve before. Most of these they learnt to solve, simply because they were not too proud to learn from others how to solve them. Some might say that they sent commissions and individuals to pick the brains of other Governments, but the fact remains that they learnt what they wanted to know and, what was more, put their knowledge into practice.

But there was one thing they did not learn, and that was how to deal with primitive people, whom oppression had rendered intractable and truculent, such as those of the Formosan hills. Perhaps it was because they had so many other things to learn that this one was overlooked. Perhaps they thought it needed no learning. I am inclined to think that they underestimated its importance and despised the problem. They had an army; a battalion or so could deal with a handful of natives; that, I imagine, was what they must have thought. They made the mistake of underrating not only the strength, but also the indomitable character of those pagans with whom they had to deal. In fact, they never looked upon them as anything but a nuisance.

I talked to many Japanese officials on this subject when I was in Formosa, and they all gave me the

same impression, they all looked at the question from the same point of view. The natives were an obstacle in their way; they despised them as 'savages,' even though by then they had come to learn that savages can be a power to be reckoned with. They seemed to have no faculty for making friends with the native tribes: the thing never seemed to enter into their heads.

Working-class people, when they have got on in the world, not infrequently look down upon those who were once their equals, while persons whose station in life is above both would not think twice of talking to either in a friendly way. This, and I say it without any intention of giving offence, has been the position of the Japanese. They have not been a ruling race long enough to unbend to those who come under their sway. One may see exactly the same thing when a European labourer or mechanic who has had no previous experience of handling men goes to a good position in the East and finds himself in charge of a number of natives. There is always the danger that he will look upon them as 'blacks' or 'niggers' and will treat them, not perhaps with actual cruelty, but as creatures so far beneath him as to have no claims upon his sympathy or consideration.

And I say deliberately that, even if the Japanese have not treated their Formosan natives with actual cruelty, they have not treated them with sympathy. Even those with whom they have come to terms they are 'assimilating'; they are teaching them the Japanese language and instilling into them Japanese customs, not realizing that these pagans for whom they have made themselves responsible have a perfectly good language and perfectly good customs of their own. If you wound the individuality of a

race, you wound its very heart, and its death is only a matter of time. The Formosan Government makes its natives learn Japanese rather than send trained administrators to learn the native tongue; they are destroying the spirit of the pagan race rather than fostering it. That is why the pagans are slow to surrender to Japanese influence; that is why the Japanese have failed.

§ 6

It may be of interest to see how, if the Formosan Government adopted other measures, it might achieve better results. It is, I admit, easy enough to dogmatize as to how a country or a people should be governed, but I can claim to have some qualifications for making suggestions on this subject, inasmuch as I served for some years a Government which was confronted with exactly the same problems as those with which the Japanese are confronted in Formosa to-day. In my small way I did something to help to solve them, as a cog in the machine, not by any brilliant inspiration on my own part, but working on lines that were the outcome of a proved and successful policy.

When the British North Borneo Company acquired its territory, the size of Scotland, forty-four years ago, the country was in very much the same condition as the Japanese found the hills of Formosa. The natives had long been oppressed by the coast Malays, they were suspicious of strangers, they waged unceasing warfare amongst themselves. There was no semblance of organized Government. The cheapest thing in Borneo was human life. The country was a tropical wilderness; there were no roads and, save for the clearings of the native tribes, the jungle was everywhere. Yet a handful of Euro-

pean officers and a small force of Indian and native military police, with no wealthy Treasury behind them, within ten years had brought the greater part of North Borneo under Government influence and so administered the native tribes that the jungle paths were as secure as the pavements of Pall Mall. To-day the headhunters have ceased to raid and live at peace. The natives thrive and increase; they are treated with sympathy and understanding; their rights and customs are respected. They look upon their District Officer as their guide, philosopher, and friend. They bring him their cases to try, they go to him for medicine, they even ask him for advice about their erring wives. All this has needed patience, tact, and courage to accomplish, but it has been done. Given the right men to do it, I believe that it could be done in Formosa to-day.

The Japanese did make some experiments in this direction soon after the occupation, but unfortunately they did not go far enough. Officers were established along the native border so that they might get into close personal touch with the tribes, learn their language and customs, and gain their confidence. But instead of making these posts attractive and well paid and entrusting them to men of proved administrative ability, the Government apparently considered them of minor importance and to fill them appointed subordinate officials whose status and pay were little better than clerks'. Moreover, the officers were continually moved and were given no powers over the police, who acted as a separate body entirely, and finally, since the experiment did not turn out a success, it was abandoned in 1898, and the control of native affairs has been in the hands of the police department ever since.

This, obviously, was not the way in which the

problem could be solved. From all accounts the Japanese police treat the natives well. They live among them, speak their language, and are liked and respected. But a constable cannot do what a senior-grade officer could do, and in dealing with native races it is not so much the system which counts as the man. Natives are little more than children; in fact, when dealing with them one is dealing with a race in its infancy. So that a native should be treated not as a 'savage,' but rather as a child. He has the same quick prejudices, the same instinctive likes and dislikes, the same fears and superstitions and wild terrors as a child; he is as easily moved to hatred or resentment or sudden mistrust as he is to laughter or affection. His mind is wax, quick to receive impressions; he will meet cunning with cunning and courage with respect, and he expands to sympathy as a flower to the sun. Discipline, as we know it, is alien to him and must be enforced gradually. He resents compulsion; threats provoke him, and trickery arouses his hatred. And how can he look upon a mine or an electrified wire as anything but a trick?

I am no believer in the pampering of the native. I do not even believe in calling him my 'little brown brother,' for the simple reason that I do not think he would like me the better or respect me the more if I did. A native appreciates justice and firmness; these are the foundations on which to build; but one must use the mortar of humanity. This is all the more necessary with the Formosan, who has been so barbarously treated by the Chinese for centuries that he is become like a baited dog, ready to turn even upon those who would be his friends.

Even so there is evidence to show that the Formosan pagans, when approached and treated in the

right way, are not the uncompromising people the Japanese sometimes makes them out to be. There is the evidence of the Dutch and other Europeans to show that in the past they were tractable in their dealings with white men, and Mrs. McGovern mentions that the period of Dutch rule is still held by them to have been a kind of Golden Age.[1] There have been occasions when even a Chinese has won their affection, as the following story will show. A century ago a Chinese named Goho lived among the headhunting tribes who inhabited the foothills of Mount Ari, and became familiar with their language and customs. So great was his influence amongst them that he was appointed by the Chinese Government to supervise the native affairs of the district in an official capacity.

From time immemorial it had been the custom of the tribes to offer up a human sacrifice to their god at an annual festival, and hitherto former Chinese officials had found it convenient to humour the natives by handing over to them a criminal for their victim. But Goho, less callous than his predecessors, set his face against this practice and determined to wean the natives from their barbarous ways. Every year for forty years he dissuaded them from their purpose by giving them presents, such as pigs and cattle, instead of a criminal, hoping that in time he would cure them of their passion for human heads. But at last the instincts of their fathers came surging again within them. Pigs were well, cattle were well, nevertheless they must have for their sacrifice a mortal man, and going to Goho, they vowed that, deep as their respect for him was, if he did not supply them with a victim they would seize one of the Chinese and sacrifice him to their

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 53.

god. Goho realized, bitterly enough, that the time had come when they would be no longer denied, and at last he promised them that they should have their way.

"Go," said he, "to-morrow to the forest, and there you will see a man clothed in a red robe, with a red hat upon his head, and a red cloth over his face. When you see him, strike; for he is to be your victim."

On the following day the natives went to the forest as they had been told, and there they saw the man dressed in red, his face covered by a red cloth. Mad with the blood-lust, they struck at him. And as the head rolled away from the shoulders the cloth fell from the face, and then they saw that it was no other than Goho himself whom they had slain.

It is said that the tribe were so filled with remorse at having killed the one Chinese who had ever been their friend that they resolved never again to sacrifice a human being and never to take another human head—an oath which has been kept faithfully to this day. A shrine was built over Goho's grave and the anniversary of his death is still remembered. The shrine was rebuilt some years ago, the Formosan Government contributing to its construction, and the present inscription was written by Baron Goto, a former Civil Governor of Formosa, ending with the words, "May this stone tell of Goho so long as Formosan hills are green," while at the entrance of the shrine hangs a tablet written by Governor-General Sakuma in 1913: "A candle, while consuming itself, gives light to others."

Goho was an extreme example of the statement that it is the man, and not the system, which counts in dealing with a primitive race. In later years, too, it has been demonstrated that, once their confidence

has been won, the Formosan tribes can be as friendly as the Muruts of Borneo are to-day. Mr. Pickering relates how during his wanderings in Formosa he visited and held communication with some twenty tribes of aborigines, and in every instance found them hospitable and well disposed. More than that, he was able to win their regard. "Some twelve years after I had been settled in Singapore," he says, "a gentleman one day called at my office, and informed me that he had been stationed at the South Cape of Formosa, to erect a lighthouse there. During this residence he had made the acquaintance of the savages and the Chief of the district. Upon hearing that he was returning to England, a deputation of more than a hundred of the inhabitants waited upon him, and entreated him to find out 'Pi-ki-ling,' and beg him to come back to Formosa and fulfil his promise of returning to visit them again."[1]

Quite recently Mrs. McGovern was able to go about amongst them in spite of the warnings of the Japanese authorities, and, so far from being harmed, was hailed on one occasion as she appeared from the bed of a flooded stream to some of the Taiyal tribe (who to this day pray to the spirits of the Great White Fathers of Long Ago—the Dutch) as "the spirit of one of the beloved white rulers of old, returned from the elements."[2]

It seems clear that the Formosan aborigines are amenable to right treatment even when administered by an Asiatic. It is even clearer that they are prejudiced in favour of the white races. If the Formosan Government asked to-morrow for twenty young Englishmen with experience of administering native races, they would get the men to send into

[1] *Pioneering in Formosa*, p. 165.

[2] *Among the Headhunters of Formosa*, p. 83.

the Formosan hills. They would probably have thousands to choose from, and I believe that in this way the whole of the 'savage' area could be settled in five years.

But the solution does not lie there. Japan is too proud now to allow another race to do for her what she has failed to do herself. And rightly, for every nation must solve her own problems.

Mr. Takekoshi has a different solution to offer. Speaking of the aborigines, he says: "We cannot afford to wait patiently until they throw off barbarism, and spontaneously and truly entertain towards us feelings of friendship and goodwill. It is far better and very necessary for us to force our way into the midst of their territories and bring all the waste under cultivation. But how can this be best accomplished? It may be done either by pushing forward the present guards step by step, or by the method now adopted by Great Britain in British North Borneo and also in Rhodesia, of granting certain privileges to some private company and giving them for a certain fixed time the right both of administration and of legislation. . . . I must earnestly wish, therefore, that a chartered company could be organized after the British model to take up the cultivation of the savage districts in Formosa under the auspices of the Governor-General, and that for a certain fixed period, say for twenty or thirty years, this company be granted full powers to govern, to work the mines, to fell timber, to engage in agricultural industries, and also to construct harbours and build roads for facilitating internal communication. To this company also should be assigned the duty of educating and instructing the savage tribes, and it should have full liberty to take whatever action might be necessary in case any of the savages

offered resistance. If it be deemed unwise to entrust the whole of the savage districts to a single company, the territory might be split up into two or even into three sections and be given to as many different companies." [1]

I have quoted these suggestions at length because, coming from a Japanese, they are particularly interesting. But how does Mr. Takekoshi suppose that a Japanese Chartered Company is going to succeed where the Japanese Government has failed? Why should the door suddenly be opened to a company whose normal object must be dividends, when it is shut fast in the face of a Government which has no mercenary motives beyond the legitimate one of opening up its territory to peaceful trade? A Chartered Company may make good, but it is always open to suspicion. It may succeed, as the British North Borneo Company has succeeded, but the odds are always against it. A Crown or Imperial Government, with all the force of its credit and authority behind it, has a far easier task in opening up an unknown country than a company can ever have.

And were such a charter given, what a confession of weakness it would be! What an admission of failure! What evasion of responsibilities! No, Mr. Takekoshi, the solution does not lie there.

The task which Japan has begun she must bring to a conclusion. She can only bring it to a successful conclusion by getting her best men, sending them to another colony, such as North Borneo, the Federated Malay States, or the Philippine Islands, where similar conditions prevail, to learn proved and tested methods of administration, and once they have learnt their lesson, send them to serve as District Officers to govern the native districts of Formosa.

[1] *Japanese Rule in Formosa*, pp. 230 *et seq.*

They must be volunteers, for there can be no pressure for such service. They will have to sacrifice comfort, perhaps health, some of them perhaps even their lives. But theirs will be work worth the doing and they will have their reward. They will learn to live amongst these primitive people, speaking their language, becoming acquainted with their customs, gaining their trust, and teaching them the benefits of living under a just and benevolent administration. They will travel across those jungle hills from village to village, as a District Officer travels in Borneo, attended only by a policeman or two, sleeping in the native houses, trying cases, adjusting disputes, and making friends. They will find a way of settling the existing headhunting feuds by the payment of blood-money, inducing age-long enemies to make peace by swearing solemn oaths in their own fashion—oaths which, once sworn, they will find will not be lightly broken, for even a pagan knows how to keep his word. They must respect native prejudices and traditions; they must see to it that their people are not exploited—that their rights are recognized and safeguarded and, if the districts are opened up, that native reserves are made and that their lands and other property are not wrested from them by unscrupulous traders or speculators. Wherever they go they must plant seeds of confidence, and gradually good feeling will spring up and they will find that these once truculent natives will come to them not only to have wrongs put right, but to ask their advice on the little troubles of every day.

I do not pretend that it is likely to be plain sailing. There will be failures, there will be disappointments, there will be dangers. There may be outbreaks of headhunting; there may be native

risings which will be troublesome to put down. But in the end I am confident that the right men will succeed, just as I am confident that by this means alone, short of the extermination of the aborigines, can the land be given peace.

Once the foundations of such an administration have been laid, let the Government abandon the policy of 'assimilation.' Assimilation in the long run means nothing but the fading of a native race, and the object should be to make it bloom.

Let education, anyhow at first, be voluntary; let the natives preserve their own language, their own ways, their own ideals. Let Native Courts be established under the supervision of the District Officers to deal with cases involving breaches of native law and custom: as far as is consistent with humanity let the people be judged by their own standards rather than by those of an alien race. Let a police force be recruited from the native tribes, so that each policeman, with his uniform and his rifle, forms a bond between the Government he serves and the village from which he comes. Let native chiefs be chosen from the tribes and set up by the District Officer in position of authority; but let the District Officer be careful whom he trusts, lest he give power into the hands of the wrong man: for among so primitive and so impressionable a people one traitor in authority may undo the work of years. Above all, let him remember that these brown people of the hills have a tribal spirit and tribal traditions of their own, and let him be glad that they should keep them, for they will be happiest, and so most easily governed, when they are allowed to live their own lives once they are at peace.

Thus may the District Officer come to know and to understand—and perhaps to love—the people he is

A GROUP OF TAIYAL 'SAVAGES.'

AN OLD CHINESE GATEWAY IN TAIHOKU.
Showing part of the wall that formerly surrounded the city.

sent to rule; thus may he have his finger upon the district's pulse until he is so in tune with its beating that, like a mechanic with his engines, he can tell by instinct if anything is going wrong.

All this is not visionary; it is not Utopian. It has been done, and it is being done. I shall never believe that Japan cannot find the men who would do it too. And it will be well for those simple people of the Formosan hills and well for the Japanese themselves when the Imperial Government realizes that one good District Officer who can dominate and influence his natives in the right way is worth more than a battery of field guns and a hundred miles of electrified wire.

CHAPTER XII

THE END OF THE JOURNEY

Return to the plains—Koshimura goes sick—A call from Mr. Yoshioka—Japan's women pioneers—Koshimura recovers on drinking a bottle of *sake*—A visit to the garrison—Parting calls—We are 'seen off' from Taihoku—Departure from Keelung—The *America Maru*—The hero of Tsintau—Arrival at Kobe—Koshimura's long arm—Last reflections.

§ 1

OUR journey from Kapanzan to the coast, being mostly downhill, was accomplished in much shorter time than the ascent had been. We went careering down the slopes at a splendid speed. The brakes acted well, and they needed to, for the greater part of the way there was only a single track and often we came upon another trolley as we were rounding a sharp bend. On one of these occasions Koshimura, perhaps in the hope of getting some of his own back after the dinner incident, cheered us considerably by telling us that an important Government official had recently been flung off his push-car in a collision and killed. Koshimura seemed to find it amusing. He was in the second trolley.

At Taikokam we changed cars, and went on with one coolie apiece, leaving behind the police sergeant. We lunched by the wayside off the remains of the previous day's sandwiches, which we had thriftily preserved in case of emergencies. Koshimura, who said he had a bad cold coming on, refused to join us and, like Achilles, moped alone.

When we reached Toyen we found we had an hour to wait for the train, and, leaving Koshimura and his

cold in the station waiting-room, wandered round the town, accompanied by a police officer who spoke no English and by an admiring crowd of small children who had obviously never seen any human beings like us before.

The town was uninteresting, but we amused ourselves by watching Japanese playing tennis (with a soft ball, as is the custom) in the park. On the way back to the station we passed some baseball players going off for a match with a neighbouring team. I don't know how good they were at baseball, but they had dressed the part and looked toughs indeed. I thought I saw one of them even chewing gum.

Koshimura was now getting lower and lower. Although it had turned out a grilling day, he had muffled himself up in his overcoat. We were very sorry for him, but he was much more sorry for himself. He relapsed into silence and looked like a sick bird. It would have been cruel to have dragged him to the wrestling show, and since I had seen Japanese wrestling many times before, it was decided on our arrival at Taihoku to spend a quiet evening at the hotel.

After dinner I had settled down in a dressing-gown to write some letters in my room when I was told that Mr. Yoshioka had come to call. Hurriedly I dressed again and went down. He had dropped in for a friendly chat, he said. I was very pleased to see him—and rather flattered that he should have taken the trouble to come—and over some whiskies-and-sodas we had a long talk. He appeared to be intensely interested in everything English. He took in *The Daily Mail, The Times Weekly Edition* and all the supplements, and he also read several of the heavy reviews. He was a man of broad opinions.[1]

[1] Mr. Yoshioka is now Governor of Tainan Province.

We had an interesting discussion on the subject of those little ladies, members of what Mr. Kipling has called the oldest profession in the world, who for so many years have been one of Japan's principal exports to foreign countries. The thing had gone too far, he admitted, and was bringing Japan into disrepute, if indeed it had not done so already. Only a few months before there had been a case of an English sailor who, in one of the China ports, had mistaken the wife of a Japanese consul for a dweller in Red Lamp Street, and had (not unnaturally) addressed her in terms of endearment. The sailor could hardly be blamed, but it was a shameful thing for the Empire that such mistakes should be natural. So now, I learnt, the little people were being 'recalled.'

"They have played their part," said Mr. Yoshioka. "They have been Japan's pioneers. Where they went first, we followed. They showed the way. Now it is time they came back."

It seemed a very sensible and dispassionate point of view. But I could not help thinking of many exiles' bungalows in the East where (all unbeknown to maiden aunts at home) the absence of the little 'housekeeper' would be mourned when the clip-clap of her slippers on the boarded floor was heard no more after her 'recall.'

§ 2

When we had parted with Koshimura we had been afraid we had seen the last of him and that he would take to his bed for a week at least. But, to our surprise, he appeared next morning smiling, full of beans and apologies. He was quite fit again, he said. On his return home the previous night he had drunk

a bottle of *sake,* which seemed to be a panacea for all his ills.

"After one bottle," he told me with engaging frankness, "my face becomes red and I cannot walk directly."

But he further asserted that one bottle never failed to cure his colds. And that was the main thing, though it was reminiscent of the recipe of an 'old hand' of Kobe who used to assert that if you went to bed with a bottle of whisky, drank till you could see four bedposts at the bottom of the bed, and then went to sleep, in the morning your cold would be gone.

Before our trip to Kapanzan I had asked our friend the Staff Major if it would be possible for me to go over the Taihoku Barracks and to see a Japanese regiment on parade. He replied that I could not do so without the Commander-in-Chief's special authority, but that he would ask the Colonel to cable to Tokyo for permission. At the time I imagined that this was merely a polite and rather elaborate way of refusing my request, and thought no more about it. But Koshimura now informed me that the necessary sanction had been received, and a few minutes later the Major called for me in his car.

I was taken to Headquarters and introduced to Colonel Suzuki, the commanding officer of the regiment stationed at Taihoku. Nearly all his officers appeared as well. There was no parade, unfortunately, as there was a holiday for the wrestling (about which the whole town was mad), but we went round the lines. Everything was very smart and soldierly, and the men fairly leapt to attention when the Colonel appeared. The barracks were brick buildings on modern lines. I noticed that every man had a bed, and the men's boots (the first thing any-

one who has been an infantry soldier looks at) seemed fairly good. The packs were smaller than ours and made of dog's skin: there must be a wholesale slaughter of dogs going on somewhere in the Island Empire.

The officers' mess was rather cheerless; one missed those deep and comfortable arm-chairs that are found in our own. We watched a Hotchkiss gun team at work, and I rather disconcerted the Major by asking the weight of the gun. The bayonet-fighting squad, armed with dummy rifles of wood, was excellent, and the men went all out at each other, yelling as loud as they could; I was told that they put in a great deal of practice at night over rough ground. I was also taken round the lines of the mountain battery; the officer in charge was needlessly apologetic about his horses.

Everyone came to see me off, and had I been the Commander-in-Chief himself I could not have been treated with greater deference. Having in other days attended (and cursed very heartily) many inspections of distinguished visitors, I was immensely tickled at being, for once, on the other side. Moreover, it was good to be among soldiers again, and I think I pleased the Colonel by telling him so.

§ 3

Having left the Military Headquarters, I was again confronted with the problem of obtaining money to pay for our hotel bill and tickets to Japan. The Bank of Taiwan remained uncompromising, and even the genial hotel manager seemed rather dubious when it was suggested that he might cash an English cheque—small blame to him, for he would have had to wait three months before it could have been cleared. Finally, I betook myself to the offices of

Messrs. Samuels & Co., the Formosan agents of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank. I think the manager must have liked my open, honest face: anyhow, much to my relief, he agreed to hand over a wad of *yen* on the strength of the letter of credit, although the name of his firm was not given as a 'correspondent.'

I mention these very personal matters merely to show how easy it is for a traveller to get stranded in Formosa. The best way to avoid trouble is to obtain a plentiful supply of Japanese money before sailing.

The remainder of the morning was taken up in getting Japanese and U.S.A. visas on our passport and saying good-bye. Koshimura relieved me of my remaining six cards for various dignitaries and then came to lunch. Afterwards we walked over to the station to catch the train for Keelung, where we were to embark on the Osaka Shosen Kaisha's *America Maru* for Kobe. We were saved any trouble with our luggage, as the excellent hotel manager went ahead with it himself and personally saw it into our cabin for us. Managers of hotels in Liverpool or Southampton would achieve much popularity if they followed this example of seeing to their guests' comfort, even though they might be kept rather busy.

Koshimura had told us that a few people were coming to the station to see us off, but when we arrived we found assembled everyone we had met in Taihoku, including Mr. Suyematsu. It was extraordinarily kind of them, we felt, but rather like the final curtain of a revue when everyone troops in. At the best of times being 'seen off,' either from railway-stations or from docks, is an ordeal, but being seen off by a large party of Japanese officials, the majority of whom speak indifferent English and

some none at all, is something worse. However, we shook each warmly by the hand, and then prayed that the train would start on time and so save an anti-climax. Of course it did nothing of the sort, so that we had to start talking once more and then said good-bye all over again, during which time I was introduced to Lieut.-General Horinchi, the Japanese Commander at Tsintau in 1914, who, I was told, was to be our fellow-passenger to Japan. Then the train started at last, and we left our friends waving and bowing upon the platform.

The General sat next to us on the way to Keelung. He had come to Formosa on a semi-official visit only, but he was in full uniform, as befitted the hero of Tsintau. He spoke no English, but very fluent and very bad French, with what I imagine was a strong Japanese accent. As my own French is execrable, we managed to understand each other, but my wife, who speaks the language as it ought to be spoken, did not fare so well.

Keelung, so called after a Chinese Emperor of the eighteenth century, is eighteen miles east of the capital, an hour's run in the train. Its harbour is not, and never can be, a really good one, being too small and too exposed, but the Japanese have done their best with it and have concentrated on making it the chief port of Formosa. They have dredged it, removed an island which blocked the inner harbour, and built a long breakwater at the entrance, costing nearly a million sterling, to protect it from the storms which the north-east monsoon brings sweeping in. The harbour now affords a good anchorage not only for merchant vessels, but for a naval squadron and transports, besides allowing large steamers to be moored alongside the wharves. There are concealed batteries on the surrounding

hills and photography is 'not allowed.' The Japanese are always very fussy about cameras near their fortifications, and before we had started Koshimura had particularly requested my wife to pack hers away.

The station adjoins the wharf, and we walked on board the *America Maru*. Koshimura came with us to see that we had what we wanted. I persuaded him, against his better judgment, to have a weak whisky-and-soda, and then he bade us good-bye with many protestations of goodwill. The last we saw of him was his slight figure, in his braided tunic and trousers rather baggy at the knees, waving a handkerchief on the quay as the *America* steamed slowly out. We felt that we had parted from a friend. For if I have occasionally alluded to his idiosyncrasies—or what seemed idiosyncrasies to us—I have only done so in a good-humoured way with intent to create a picture of him rather than a caricature. He had been of the greatest service to us and his help had been invaluable. He was an untiring staff-worker, and the arrangements and itineraries he had drawn up had always been so well worked out that there had never been a hitch throughout the trip. Koshimura is one of those young men of whom one says (usually after they have become successful) 'he will go far.' We owed him much, for apart from his official services we learnt from him many things about Formosa and Japan, and I like to think that he, on his side, was able to polish up his English on us.

§ 4

We found the *America Maru* a better boat in every way than the *Sourabaya* and were very comfortable. The cabins were good and the food was excellent.

We were the only foreign passengers, but both foreign and Japanese meals were provided, for which we praised the fates. At our table sat eight other Japanese; usually nobody spoke a word, although we all bowed ceremoniously to each other both on coming to our seats and leaving them. Eating in a dead silence is bad enough, but trying to make conversation with a silence encompassing you, as a fog surrounds an arc-lamp, is dreadful. I tried to talk to my neighbour, but he spoke no English, and I was amused to see that, having endured Western food and cooking for two days as part of his education, he finally gave it up in disgust and went back to Japanese instead.

I had many long talks with the General. As we were making the open sea after leaving Keelung Harbour I heard a laugh at my elbow and was startled to find him leaning over the rail beside me, dressed in a kimono and a villainous-looking cap. It was such a transformation from his be-medalled uniform that for a moment I did not recognize him. But he too preferred Japanese ways. He was an unassuming old gentleman, with a habit of punctuating his sentences by expectorating very heartily over the side of the ship. As he said he was *très faible* we gave him some Mothersill, with which he was so delighted that he gave my wife a packet of picture-postcards in return. He told me that he lived very simply in Japan, and he was so entirely devoid of military pomposity and so ingenuous and simple that he reminded me of the Roman generals of old, who, having won their battles, returned to their farms to lead the simple life again. I could almost picture him planting his own *padi* field. He had a great admiration for the French, with whom, many years previously, he had learnt his soldiering: that was in

the days before the Japanese military authorities began to study German methods. He always seemed in the best of spirits—somehow or other all Japanese do. It is a great national gift, and the unruffled and smiling front which they always seem to show the world is probably one of the secrets of their success. For it takes a man to crack jokes (and laugh at them) when a high sea is running and one is *très faible.*

Thus, after three pleasant, uneventful days we reached Kobe. Here we found Koshimura's long arm still with us, for the Osaka Shosen Kaisha's agent, having been warned of our arrival by a wireless message from Taihoku, came off to bring us away from the ship in a special launch and saw our luggage safely landed.

So ended what must most certainly be the most splendid trip we can ever hope to have. We carried away with us from what should be called the Isle of Kindness the most happy memories of its smiling plains and sun-kissed mountains, of its prosperous undertakings and of its courteous and bowing officials. And when afterwards, sitting in a deep arm-chair in the great hall at the Oriental Palace Hotel of Kobe, I counted up the visiting-cards I had acquired, I found that there were a hundred and twenty-nine.

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APPENDIX I

THE following words are given to show the affinity between the Malay, Murut (North Borneo), and Formosan native languages. The Formosan words are taken from Appendix I of *The Island of Formosa*. The fourth column shows the equivalents in the Bunun dialect which, speaking generally, appears to be the nearest akin to Murut, and in the fifth column will be found the closest equivalent to the Murut words in any of the nine main dialects. Out of this list of 38 words, which have not been specially chosen, 19, or 50 per cent., in the Bunun dialect and 30, or 80 per cent., in the general list, are found in Borneo. On the other hand, only 5, or 13 per cent., in the Bunun list, and 14, or 36 per cent., in the general list are pure Malay.

English.	Malay.	Murut.	Vonum (or Bunun) dialect.	Formosan nearest equivalent from 7 dialects.
One	Satu	Iso	Tasi-a	Asa (Botel Tobago Yami)
Two	Dua	Duoh	Rusya	Roa (Botel Tobago Yami)
Three	Tiga	Talu	Tao	Atoro (Botel Tobago Yami)
Four	Ampat	Apat	Pa-at	Ap-pat (Botel Tobago Yami)
Five	Lima	Limoh	Hima	Rima (Botel Tobago Yami)
Six	Anam	Onom	Noun	Anum (Botel Tobago Yami)
Seven	Tujoh	Turu (Bajau Pitoh)[1]	Pitu	Pito (Botel Tobago Yami)
Eight	Lapan	Walu	Vao	Wao (Botel Tobago Yami)
Nine	Sembilan	Siam	Siva	Waru (Tsarisen) Shiem
Ten	Sa'puloh	Opod	Massan	Po (Tsarisen) Mappo (Taiyal)[2]
Man	Orang	Ulun	Vananak	Utu (Piyuma)
Woman	Perempuan	Duandu	Vennoa	Vavayan (Paiwan)
Child	Anak	Anak	Uwa'a	Rarak (Piyuma)
Father	Bapa	Ama	Tama	Ama (Paiwan)

[1] The Bajaus are a race of sea-gipsies inhabiting the coasts of North Borneo. They have been converted to Islam, and are later comers than the Muruts. *Pitoh* is also found in Banjerese and Javanese.

[2] My guide gave *opod*.

English.	Malay.	Murut.	Vonum (or Bunun) dialect	Formosan nearest equivalent from 7 dialects.
Mother	Mama	Ina	Tena	Ina (Piyuma)
Son	Anak laki laki	Anak kusai	Uwa'a	Rakei (Taiyal)
Head	Kapala	Ulu, uhu	Vongo	Tonnohu (Taiyal) uru (Tsarisen)
Hair	Rambut	Abuk	Koruvo	Vukos (Ami)
Eye	Mata	Matoh	Mata	Mata (Ami, Piyuma, Yami)
Nose	Hidong	Tadong	Ngutos	Ngaho (Taiyal)
Mouth	Mulut	Kabang	Ngurus	Angat (Tsarisen)
Tooth	Gigi	Nipuh	Niepon	Niepon (Bunun)
Ear	Telinga	Telingoh, tahingoh	Tainga	Taringa (Ami)
Breasts	Susu	Susu	Tsitsi	Susu (Piyuma, Yami)
Hand	Tangan	Palad (Illanun, lima)[1]	Ima	Rima (Paiwan, Tsarisen)
Foot	Kaki	Kukur, lapap (Dusun)[2]	Vantas	Kakai (Taiyal), dapal (Piyuma)
Blood	Darah	Raha	Kaidan	Damo (Tsarisen)
Fire	Api	Apui	Sapos	Sapui (Tsarisen)
Water	Ayer	Weig, Siang	Ranum	Nnai (Piyuma)
River	Sungei	Sungoi	Haul	Pana (Paiwan)
Mountain	Gunong	Tidong	Rivos	Gadu (Paiwan)
Sun	Mata hari	Adua, Mata adau[3]	Ware	Adao (Tsarisen, Paiwan)
Moon	Bulan	Bulan	Voan	Vuran (Piyuma)
Star	Bintang	Rembituan	Mintokan	Vituan (Tsarisen)
Cloud	Awan	Gaun	Ruhon	Tounm (Ami)
Wind	Angin	Angin	Heuhan	Ware (Paiwan)
Rain	Ujan	Dasam Uran (Illanun)	Koranan	Uran (Kuvarawan)[4]
Rice	Bras	Wagas	Terras	Vokas
Dog	Anjin	Tasu	Atsu	Wasu

[1] The Illunans are another race of Mohammedan settlers, who came originally from Mindanao in the Sulu Islands.
[2] A pagan tribe closely related to the Muruts.
[3] *Adau* means 'day,' *mata adau* 'eye of day.'
[4] A sub-group of the Taiyal tribe.

APPENDIX II

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE FROM 1897 TO 1922

	Revenue.	Expenditure.
1897–98 .	£1,128,000	£1,049,000
1900–01 .	2,227,000	2,147,000
190–065 .	2,541,000	2,044,000
1910–11 .	5,539,000	4,120,000

	Revenue.	Expenditure.
1915–16	£4,564,000	£3,825,000
1916–17	5,576,000	4,268,000
1917–18	6,542,000	4,616,000
1918–19	8,050,000	5,533,000
1919–20	10,017,000	7,232,000
1920–21	12,027,000	9,533,000
1921–22	11,203,000	9,451,000
1922–23	10,600,000 (Budget)	10,600,000 (Budget)

These and the succeeding figures are calculated at Y 10 = £1 sterling.

APPENDIX III

ITEMS OF REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE, 1923–4 (BUDGET)

Revenue

Ordinary :	
Inland taxes	£1,479,419
Receipts from public undertakings and State property	6,891,350
Stamp receipts	229,336
Various licences	444
Miscellaneous receipts	60,972
Total	8,661,522
Extraordinary :	
Proceeds of sale of State property	93,001
Loans	900,000
Miscellaneous receipts	10
Surplus of the preceding year transferred	333,830
Total	1,326,841
Total Revenue	9,988,364

Expenditure

Ordinary :	
Taiwan shrine	£2,500
Administration Office	249,948
Local Governments	1,377,660
Custom-house	50,826
Harbour Office	8,904
Judicial Courts	98,130
Prisons	101,858
Police	23,538

Hospitals	£107,925
Central Investigation Institute	94,648
Education	240,955
Reformatory	2,603
Communications	354,281
Expenses for Government Railways	1,053,880
Monopoly Bureau	3,010,308
Forests improvement, etc.	304,977
Adjustment Fund of Loans transferred to special a/c	411,510
Other Expenses	231,271
Reserve Fund	200,000
Total	7,925,722
Extraordinary :	
Expenses for public works	1,304,459
Expenses for social enterprise	8,336
Expenses for encouragement of industries	129,924
Subsidies	544,262
Starting of enterprise of expenses for Wine monopoly	75,650
Total	2,062,632
Total Expenditure	9,988,354

APPENDIX IV

ITEMS OF EXPORTS AND IMPORTS FROM 1897 TO 1922

	Exports.	Imports.	Total.
1897 :			
Foreign Countries	£1,275,929	£1,265,929	£2,541,859
Japan proper	210,464	372,372	582,837
Total			3,124,696
1900 :			
Foreign Countries	1,057,128	1,357,066	2,414,194
Japan proper	440,211	843,903	1,284,114
Total			3,698,308
1905 :			
Foreign Countries	1,062,960	1,096,387	2,159,348
Japan proper	1,366,150	1,348,383	2,714,533
Total			4,873,881
1910 :			
Foreign Countries	1,198,609	1,985,256	3,183,865
Japan proper	4,793,725	2,907,009	7,700,735
Total			10,884,600

	Exports.	Imports.	Total.
1915 :			
Foreign Countries	£1,543,027	£1,278,177	£2,821,205
Japan proper	6,019,289	4,058,749	10,078,038
Total			12,899,243
1916 :			
Foreign Countries	3,165,247	1,543,003	4,708,251
Japan proper	8,061,981	4,952,462	13,014,443
Total			17,722,694
1917 :			
Foreign Countries	4,021,579	2,109,937	6,131,516
Japan proper	10,549,689	6,774,450	17,324,139
Total			23,455,655
1918 :			
Foreign Countries	3,339,400	3,355,451	6,694,852
Japan proper	10,560,050	7,059,135	17,619,186
Total			24,314,038
1919 :			
Foreign Countries	3,562,228	6,413,276	9,975,504
Japan proper	14,188,554	9,052,676	23,241,230
Total			33,216,734
1920 :			
Foreign Countries	3,517,294	6,036,673	9,553,967
Japan proper	18,081,611	11,204,084	29,285,695
Total			38,839,562
1921 :			
Foreign Countries	2,354,162	4,043,329	6,397,491
Japan proper	12,889,687	9,352,116	22,241,804
Total			28,639,295
1922 :			
Foreign Countries	3,056,348	3,692,187	6,748,436
Japan proper	12,730,148	8,217,343	20,947,493
Total			27,695,929

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